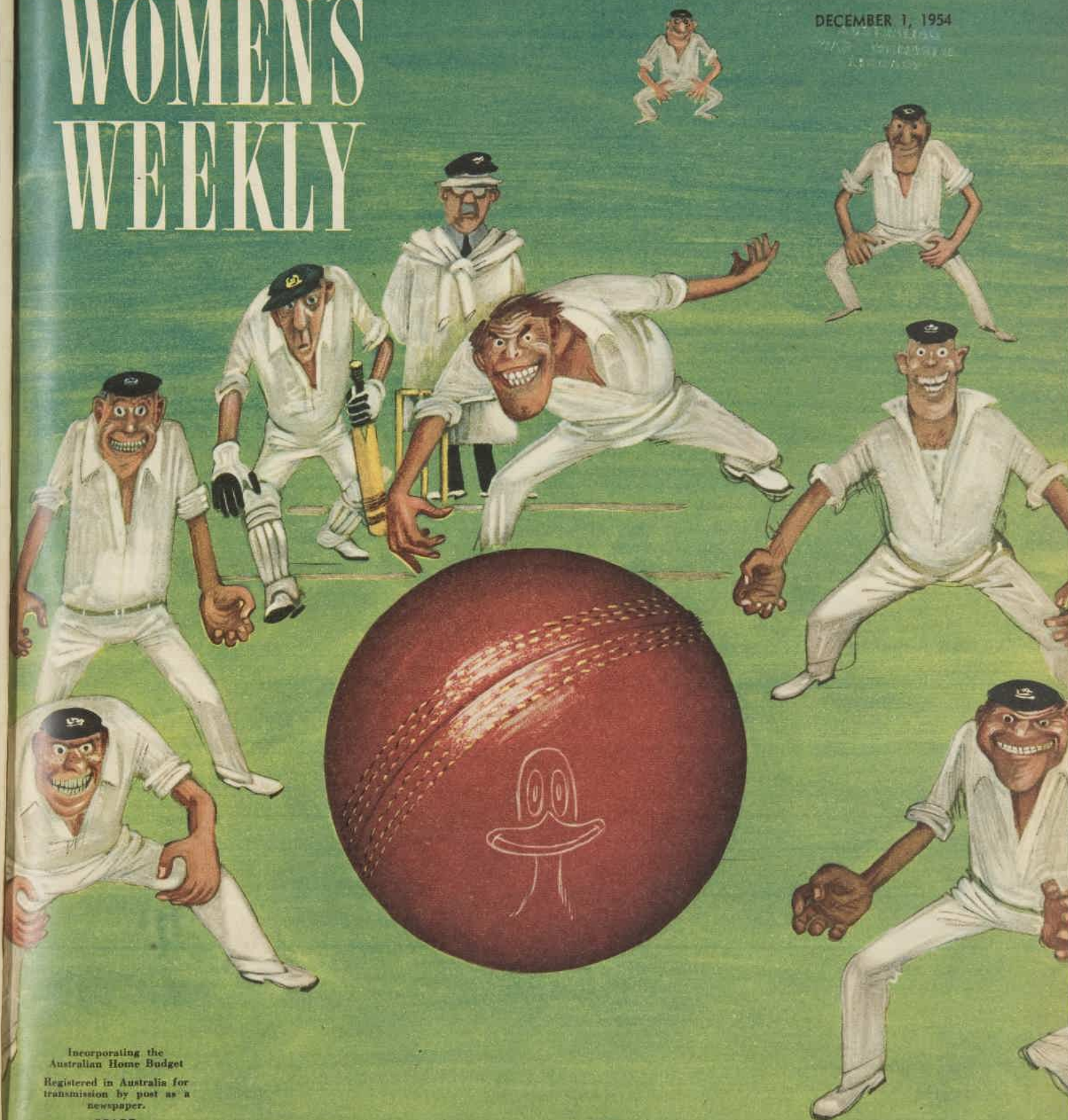


The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

Over 750,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

DECEMBER 1, 1954



Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget
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PRICE



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by WEP

wep



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7/7

by **YARDLEY**



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 1, 1954.

Vol. 22, No. 27

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE WORTH TO YOU?

A FEW weeks ago the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia got a shock.

It came in the form of a cheque for £50, sent to the association by an elderly woman living in England.

An accompanying letter explained that 50 years ago the writer had been rescued from drowning at Manly, Sydney. Her cheque was her appreciation, a little delayed but still real, to the surf life-savers of Australia.

The shock to the Surf Life Saving Association was not that the woman had waited so long to show her gratitude but that she had shown any gratitude at all.

For she is one of the very few of the 91,034 rescued by the association who has expressed any thanks, either in words or deeds, for having her life saved.

To nearly all Australians the surf life-savers—now 8000 strong—are a source of national pride.

Their entirely voluntary work of saving life on Australian beaches from Broome to Cape York has won this country admiration from people all over the world.

Most Australians are proud of this, but not, it seems, sufficiently proud to convert their feelings into cash.

So, apart from modest Government grants, it is left to the lifesavers themselves not only to save life but to raise the money for doing it.

It's not that they expect people to pay for having their lives saved. They don't.

But lifesavers are human, with human appreciation of thanks for services rendered. And lifesaving equipment is expensive.

And that's a thought every swimmer who places any value at all on his or her life should bear in mind during the surfing months ahead.

Our cover:

● At this time of the year the population is divided in two — those who care passionately about cricket and those who don't. Wep, we think, in letting his imagination loose on the subject, has produced a cover to appeal to both factions.

This week:

● Your paper this week is twice as big as last week's, which had to be reduced in size because of the paper shortage caused by the waterside strike. Now that supplies of paper are assured, this and the next two issues are extra large to make up for the temporary reduction.

● When we chose the picture of the two sets of Slack twins as the winner of the ten-guinea award in our twins contest (see pages 12 and 13), we sent a wire to the sender, Mrs. T. T. Slack, of Coll's Harbour, N.S.W., asking were the children hers, or otherwise related. We liked Mrs. Slack's answering telegram. She wasted no words. It read, "All mine." We had a most difficult job in choosing pictures for publication from the hundreds of excellent ones received. Shortly we will publish a page of triplets from the same contest.

● Colin Simpson, whose story on native customs in the recently discovered "Shangri-la" valley of New Guinea appears on pages 24 and 25, is the author of two books about New Guinea. The second of them, "Adam in Plumes," was published last month. It tells the story of another beautiful valley, the Wahgi, which, says Colin Simpson, more richly deserves the title of "Shangri-la" than the newer discovery. Gold prospector Mick Leahy first found the Wahgi valley, and he, his brother Dan, and Patrol Officer James Taylor explored it in 1933. Until then its existence, with its half-million native inhabitants, was unknown to the white man. Simpson's book tells the story of the patrol and of the men who made it, and of the valley's development today as one of the richest agricultural areas of New Guinea.

Next week:

● December is the month of parties. Next week a five-page cookery section, our "Big-Sandwich Cook Book," gives you recipes for American-style sandwiches, so suitable for informal entertaining. Three of the pages are in color, illustrating seven of the outstanding recipes.

Letters from our readers

I HAVE read many letters in various publications complaining of young couples who make love in public on beaches, in parks, etc. I wonder have these people stopped to think how hard it is for young people living in hostels or rooms to find somewhere private. Many are just casual "parkers," of course, but many are going steady or are engaged couples, so please turn a blind eye and give them the benefit of the doubt.

"Young Married," Laura, S.A.

WHY is it necessary for radio quizmasters to natter on while the contestant is trying to worry out the answer to a question? Surely they can be allowed to think quietly for a few seconds. The listener-in would take the silence for granted.

M.D., Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

● 10/6 will be paid for each letter published on this page.

WHY do people frown more than they smile? I tried a smile campaign when I realised how much I was frowning. I got so many smiles back I intend to keep smiling.

Miss V. Read, Woodbridge, Tas.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 408WW, G.P.O.
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BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
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PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 491C, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

PEOPLE often say they refuse to discuss politics or religion. I think these two vital subjects are most important to debate because, more than any other factor, religion and politics affect the lives of every one of us.

E. Kathleen Jensen, Warri-moo, N.S.W.

I AM shocked at the number of mothers who allow their children to run around with measles spots and chicken pox sores still on them. It is so unfair to the sick children and to the other children with whom they play. Mothers who do this—and there are plenty of them—say they can't keep their children in bed. I say it is simply lack of patience. If these thoughtless mothers were fined £50 their children would be tucked up in bed, and they would find the patience to keep them there. "Mother of Two," Kahibah, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

The new
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sponge cloth—
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—out with smelly
dishcloths....

WETTEX



LOOK! Illustration on the left is a magnified dishcloth fibre. Every pore takes and holds dirt, germs, grease. IT SMELLS. On the right is Wettex cellulose fibre. It has no pores. It can't hold on to filth. WETTEX STAYS PURE and HYGIENIC.

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THE ROYAL BOX

DISCORD and tension, from the start, are the keynotes of the theatre party given by young American diplomat HILARY THORPE for BALDWIN CASTLE, American Ambassador on his way to Aristan, and his wife, CORNELIA.

The party itself was only a last-minute arrangement thrust upon Hilary as Castle reached London unexpectedly early. Cornelia demanded to see the play "Gold of Pleasure," starring JANICE LESTER, and booked out for months; and though LADY LAURA WHITFORD solves this difficulty for Hilary by arranging for him to have the use of the Royal Box at the theatre, this is only to impress him with her social standing as she disapproves of him as a suitor for her daughter ALTHEA. Her choice is the MARQUIS OF VALCOURT. Hilary also entertains AHANI, the Ambassador from Aristan, with his wife and mother-in-law; and JOE RACINA, American newspaperman, and his wife, JUDITH.

Cornelia creates further awkwardness by insisting on entertaining Janice Lester, her manager-husband, HUGO ALBAN, and leading man, EVAN NEVILLE, between acts. Castle, meanwhile, is dodging Ahani's anxious attempts to have a private talk with him, but agrees to go to his Embassy after the theatre.

While the party waits for Castle to join them for dinner at the Savoy Hotel, INSPECTOR KIRTLAND informs Hilary that he has been found dead in Ahani's car outside the hotel. NOW READ ON!

Instalment two of a brilliant mystery serial BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

STANDING beside the handsome marquetry desk in the spacious sitting-room of the suite which the management of the Savoy had put at his disposal, the Chief Inspector did not present an especially impressive appearance; on the contrary he seemed somewhat overshadowed by his imposing surroundings.

The suite was one of those "facing the sea"—that is, the river Thames—generally reserved for film stars, chief executives, commanding generals, and visiting Royalty or near Royalty; everything about it, in both size and style, was suggestive of appropriate surroundings for such luminaries. The large porcelain lamps in the sitting-room were extremely decorative; but the light which filtered through their shades of painted parchment was designed to prove becoming rather than revealing.

In its tempered radiance it would have been hard to determine whether Mr. Kirtland's eyes, shielded by glasses with large tortoise-shell rims, were blue or grey; but their gaze was direct, and the movement of his hands, as he occasionally selected a sheet from the stack of engraved note-paper before him, was swift, definite, and without waste of effort.

Joe Racina, at least, had felt no surprise on learning that this was the Chief Detective Inspector of the Bow Street Police Station, who, in view of the circumstances, had taken over the investigation of "this unfortunate occurrence" in person. In his long experience as a journalist Joe had come to learn that it is the man of undistinguished appearance, which does not stand out from the crowd at any gathering, who is frequently the most successful detective.

Inspector Kirtland rubbed the knuckle of his right forefinger across his moustache and looked quietly at the group before him.

"First of all, I want to thank each and all of you for consenting to come here at my request," he began. "I am sorry to inconvenience you and, as a matter of fact, you are all free to leave. There's no question of detaining you, not the slightest, or of insisting that you make any statements. But, after all, it is my duty to make inquiries, ladies and gentlemen, into such a regrettable happening as this. Mr. Castle, who passed the evening in your company, is dead, as you know. The body has already been removed, in charge of Sergeant Griffin, to the Horseferry

Road Mortuary, where the coroner will hold an inquest after the police surgeon has completed an examination. There are circumstances which indicate that Mr. Castle did not come to his end from natural causes. Both the house surgeon and our police surgeon are of the opinion that he was poisoned."

"Poisoned!"

The exclamation was as simultaneous as the one which had greeted the announcement about Scotland Yard, but it was far less uniform in its effect. The word came in a frightened gasp from Althea, a smothered oath from Thorpe, and a sharp ejaculation from De Valcourt.

Joe and Lady Laura made no audible reply. The former lighted a cigarette and stood with it between his fingers, watching the Inspector and waiting for him to go on; the latter pressed her lips closely together and looked away.

"It will make things easier, of course, if I may talk to you separately," the Inspector continued imperturbably, after glancing towards each in turn. "I therefore suggest that the ladies withdraw to the large bedroom which connects with this sitting-room at the right, where I am sure they will be very comfortable, and the gentlemen, who will, perhaps, not be in quite so much need of rest, take the smaller bedroom at the left. I will then ask you to come to me one by one. Sergeant Griffin, who should be back from the mortuary at any moment, will write down in longhand replies to my questions, and I shall ask each person to whom I have talked to read what the sergeant has written and to sign it, if it is found to be correct—otherwise, of course, there will be an opportunity to make corrections before the signature is affixed. I shall take notes on what seem to me salient points, but I shall depend on the sergeant's record for details.

"There are perhaps some matters you will desire to impart only in confidence; I assure you that confidence will be properly respected. And before we begin, I feel it is due to you to let you know,

To page 10

"I'm crazy about you. Why don't you marry me and come along to Aristan?" Baldwin Castle had said impetuously.



Thrill
to your fingertips



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EVER FAITHFUL

PENNY felt restless and curiously dissatisfied. Without any obvious reason, too. It was a lovely sunny afternoon. A Saturday. There was all the rest of today and all tomorrow to enjoy herself.

She and Richard had come to the beach early, bringing their packets of sandwiches and cake and fruit for lunch and going to one of the crowded beach shops for malted milks.

They were both lying on the sand, sun-bathing. Richard had slipped a triangle of paper under his sunglasses to protect his nose, but Penny scorned even sunglasses, and she could feel the heat soaking into her skin. But, after a while, the glare made her see little squiggles of light when she shut her eyes, so she turned over and lay with her head on her folded arms.

Right in front of her nose she could see the grains of sand, suddenly separate and of infinitesimally different colors. When she turned her head a little she could see the stretch of concrete sea wall. Children in bathing-suits scampered precariously along the top, laughing and chattering and, every now and then, one of them would leap on to the sand below and race towards the sea.

A whole group of them did so at that minute, and Richard sat up quickly and irritably, because they had scattered sand all over him.

"Isn't he sweet?" As Penny uttered the words, Richard looked at her disapprovingly.

"No one is sweet who sprays sand all over us. Those kids should be taught not to jump so close to people. It's most inconsiderate."

"I wasn't talking about them. Look!" Penny stretched out her hand. Fast on the heels of the group of children, a tiny puppy had tumbled off the wall. It landed on its nose, righted itself, and

then sat looking comically bewildered and dazed.

"You poor little thing. It's all right," Penny wriggled along the sand and the puppy looked at her solemnly and then lumbered over and sniffed her finger.

"Belongs to those kids," said Richard, watching the group splashing in the shallows.

Penny nodded and coaxed the puppy to come nearer. "He thinks he's lost, poor mite," she agreed, and found that she was a little surprised at Richard's concern. Children and puppies weren't usually of sufficient interest to him to evoke comment.

"Ought to be on a lead," said Richard. "There's a by-law that all dogs on the beach must be kept on a lead."

"On a lead?" Penny's eyes widened. "A scrap of a puppy like that on a lead? How absurd! He is a darling, isn't he?"

She gathered the puppy in her arms. It reached up and tried to lick her chin and then decided to chew the fringe of the towel that was on her knees.

"Don't make a fuss of it," said Richard. "Before you know where you are, you'll be landed with it. I'll take it down to those kids. Children should learn to be responsible for a dog when they take it out."

"Oh, they're enjoying themselves," she protested. "Look, they're having a lovely time."

The puppy suddenly bounded from her lap, growled menacingly at a wisp of seaweed and then, its expression changing rapidly from aggressiveness to delight, it ambled back to her and started digging energetically in the sand.

Richard brushed his legs and edged away, but the puppy sneezed, looked at him inquiringly, and then went on digging.

"I wonder what he is," Penny cocked her head sideways.

"Mongrel," said Richard disinterestedly.

"I know. That is what is so interesting. He's a bit of a bull terrier, I should think, and a bit of a fox terrier, and... anyway, I think he's adorable."

Richard said nothing and Penny pursued her thoughts aloud.

"I'd love to have a dog again." Her eyes clouded as she remembered the succession of dogs in her life. She had lived in the country and there had been two cocker spaniels and an Irish setter.

But when she was fifteen her father had died and she and her mother had had to move to Melbourne. The dogs were given to friends because it would have been cruel to confine them to suburban streets after the freedom they had known all their lives.

And now that her mother was dead, too, Penny lived in a boarding-house and there could be no thought of her being able to have a dog. All she could do was to toss an understanding word to any dog she might pass and to snatch a momentary delight in a casual encounter, such as this one with the charming puppy.

Richard adjusted the piece of paper over his nose. "Dogs," he said, "are a nuisance in a suburb."

Penny knew that he was thinking of their future home. She and Richard had no more than an unspoken "understanding," but she knew that, within the next few years, he visualised a pre-fab or even a more ambitious brick-veneer villa in a new suburb for them both.

They weren't exactly engaged. They just went about together. And, Penny admitted to herself, she was glad enough of Richard's company for days on the beach and visits to the pictures. The companionship made up for their dissimilarity of outlook.

A romantic short story
BY MARJORIE WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY BROADHURST

"Dogs need freedom." She sighed and watched the puppy prance away to sniff at a mussel shell and then prance back again to thrust his nose in the hole he had dug. Then she turned to Richard eagerly. "But, even in a suburb, you can take them for walks. And they can run around in the garden."

She had a vision of a tiny garden of her own and a puppy, like the one in front of her, playing round her feet while she hung out the washing or tended a hopeful vegetable garden.

"In the garden!" Richard fumbled in his jacket for his cigarette case. "Scratching up all the seedlings and burying bones all over the place. No, thank you."

"I'd see that it didn't do that, Richard. I'd love to have a dog. When I was at home alone all day, it would be lovely to have a dog to talk to."

As she spoke, she realised that she was crystallising thoughts that had never been uttered. Perhaps she was assuming too much.

What foundation had she for thinking that, just because Richard was the only man she had ever gone out with, working in the same office threw them together, and because he took her companionship for granted, he would lead to the fulfilment of her innermost hopes and dreams? Life was puzzling. There were times when she just did not know where she was.

Richard was shaking his head.

"You're thinking about when you lived in the country," he said. "In a suburb it's different. Dogs have to be kept on a lead on the beach. If you take them shopping you have to see they don't go into any shops, and tie them up outside. And they run away and kill people's fowls. Dad had to pay three pounds because my young brother's dog was suspected of killing some chickens. And they get run over..."

Penny covered her eyes with her hands. "Don't," she said. "But you can train them to come to heel. You can look after them."

"No," Richard shook his head again. "No dog is worth all the trouble it makes."

"Any dog is worth the trouble," she insisted.

"I would never consider owning a dog," he said.

"Never?" Penny looked at him bleakly.

"Never," said Richard.

And so, incredibly, it went on. It was their first quarrel. It was the first time Penny had ever really disagreed with Richard. Quite often she had held herself back from expressing her own opinion, because she was not very sure of herself and Richard was so clever at his job and so com-

petent and tidy-minded; so full of common sense and so often supported by the views of others. She felt that naturally he must be right and she must be wrong.

This, too, was the first time Penny had ever insisted on something she really wanted. Perhaps she had never wanted anything so terribly much before. But when she was married she must have a dog.

They both became very angry and they both said all sorts of dreadful things that Penny could not even remember when she thought about it afterwards.

Richard became so furious that he went off in a huff. He gathered up his clothes and strode from the beach, boarded one of the noisy trams that clanged towards the city, and left her.

Left her sitting on the hot sand, with the puppy's cold nose nuzzling her hand.

Penny did not even watch him go. She stared out at the blue sea and wondered whether she had been entirely stupid... wondered what being in love really was.

In those dreams that every girl hugs to her heart, she had visualised the culmination of a formal proposal. At the appropriate time, after due consideration, Richard would have come to it.

Sitting there, looking at the bright sea and the white sails of the yachts and the blue haze of the mountains beyond, Penny felt miserable.

With her mind a turmoil of regret and bewilderment, she got up and started to wander along the beach. She scuffled through the sand and the soles of her sandals scrunched over shells and strands of seaweed.

All around her happy groups sunned themselves or towelled the water from their heads and limbs. Fathers lay back placidly, mothers kept a wary eye on toddlers, older boys and girls ran into the sea and swam out with strong, easy strokes. All seemed to be enjoying themselves except her.

She walked on and on, past the outcrop of rocks and round the point where the sea wall ended. The sun got lower and a glittering path of light stretched across the sea. She had almost reached the far breakwater when she realised how far she had come. The beach was quite deserted here.

She stood gazing dispiritedly across the sea. Some time she would have to collect her clothes and the picnic basket, but there was no real hurry

To page 47

Penny looked in surprise as a young man, striding along the deserted beach, called out "Hey" to her.



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STREAMER ENDS

A short short story

BY FAY NORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

THE blue streamer flutters in my fingers. In a moment or two it will tauten and snap—the broken halves will go flying to the breeze and I'll be waving goodbye to the girl I love.

People on the wharf are milling like cattle. Streamer vendors are plying their wares. Men, women, and children in the crowd jostle each other as they make frantic last-minute efforts to throw the colored whirls of paper to their friends on board.

"Ohs!" of delight mingle with "ahs!" of disappointment as a streamer hits the deck or bounces against the ship's side and goes plop into the water.

The ship's rails are lined with passengers. Streamers are criss-crossed and curled, making a rainbow canopy that stretches from the ship's rails to the wharf.

I keep the fixed grin on my face because from where I am I can see her clearly, and she can see me—the girl with the spray of wattle pinned to her lapel—and I don't want her to know that I'm knocking at the knees.

Jennifer is smiling too, for my benefit.

I often wonder why I fell so hard for her. I'd been around. I'd met other girls, glamorous blondes, gorgeous redheads, soulful-eyed brunettes.

This one was different. A nice little girl, no glamor, but to me she was beautiful.

It might have been the way her short brown hair curls so naturally round her head. Maybe her thoughtful grey eyes, or the dent in her chin, or maybe it was just her quaint little accent.

When I first met Jenny, she wasn't having much of a time. She didn't know many people. An English migrant, she lived in a cheap boarding-house and worked in a place where they made cellophane bags. She was saving up to go back to England.

I'd often thought of going to England myself. As a youngster, when I was full of ambition, I've said to myself, "Someday, I'll go to England," but it was never anything more than a dream.

To Jenny it was dear and familiar.

It was country lanes and buttercups, and thatched cottages and quaint old churches. It was London fog and drizzling rain and trudging to work in snow boots. It was friends and relations and white Christmases and holly. It was home—and it was twelve thousand miles away.

No wonder she was homesick, poor kid.

As an average Australian, I did my humble best to make her feel that Sydney wasn't such a bad sort of a place.

Lazing on the beach on a Sunday morning with the hot drenching sunshine baking me almost black and her a pale biscuit color, sunglasses to keep off the glare, blue water at our feet and a bluer sky above, there seemed to be nothing more we needed to do than trickle the sand through our fingers and talk.

Afterwards we'd race each other to the surf. She became quite adept at shooting the breakers. In the afternoon we'd watch the eighteen footers. At night, we'd take a ferry trip across to Manly.

Jenny loved the harbor. She loved

the busy little ferries, like jewelled beetles crawling their way over the water.

I took her to Katoomba, and the Jenolan Caves. She saw the Bridal Veil and the Three Sisters, and the scenic railway. It was all very new and wonderful to her.

But she went on making cellophane bags and saving up to go home.

I took her to see the Queen. As an average Australian, I'm not much of a flag-waver. I didn't wave at all. I couldn't.

Both my arms were occupied. I was holding Jenny up so that she could see above the heads of the people in front, and she was waving and cheering like mad. Because to Jenny, the Queen wasn't just the Queen, she was England.

So I guessed that Jenny's homesickness was the kind you couldn't cure.

But I didn't give up trying. I took her home to meet my people. I reckoned if Mum and the old Dad couldn't make her feel at home, then nobody could.

They fell in love with her, too.

They wouldn't hear of her going back to the boarding-house. She was installed in our guest room.

She seemed happier. She helped my mother with the cooking, played the piano, and potted round the roses with the old man.

Our next-door neighbors came from Surrey and that made her feel better still. When we weren't playing tennis in the evening, we used to crowd round the piano. Jenny liked our sing-songs.

I used to sing at concerts and in amateur musicales and parties.

It was Jenny who said, "Why, Don, you've got the best untrained tenor voice I've heard."

It was Jenny who urged me to take up my lessons again.

As a bathroom tenor, I didn't think I was too bad, but as a professional singer — it sort of staggered me. Still, anything to please her.

At night we used to practise. It was easy to take the top notes with Jenny playing the accompaniments. I began to put my heart into it, to revive those old hopes and dreams. I knew that if anything

substantial came of them, I'd owe it to Jenny. You could have knocked me down with a bedraggled feather when I won that radio quest which entitled me to a trip to England and six months' study abroad.

That's why I'm standing here on the deck of the liner, holding on to this streamer, and Jenny is holding on to the other end on the wharf.

Yes, I'm on my way. Me, not Jenny, that's what's so strange.

Down below, someone gets busy in the engine-room. There is a snort from our funnel, and slowly, almost imperceptibly, we begin to move.

Streamers are snapping right and left now and people are laughing and crying.

Jenny is running along the wharf, running with the ship, keeping our streamer intact.

The ship's band is playing the Maori Farewell, and they're singing. Everybody is singing. Most of them are off-key and it doesn't matter.

I try to join in but my notes are too husky. I must have a bit of a cold.

We are under way. The gap between the ship and the wharf is widening, but I can still see her, a white-clad girl with the wind in her hair, a broken blue streamer curled about her, gallantly waving me on . . .

She's going to England herself next month. But only for a trip. She has decided to settle here after all. You see, she fell in love with an average Australian, and we'll be married as soon as we get back.

(Copyright)

Jenny was homesick for England, for the country lanes and buttercups, thatched cottages, old churches, and white Christmases.



**Denny liked planes and he liked sailing-boats but he hated air hostesses
A gay and lighthearted story**

BY ROBERT NEFF

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

SEVEN hours after he steered the airliner off the Chicago Airport, Captain Theron Denslow landed at Los Angeles. He went at once to Operations, signed the crew schedule and dropped his expense form in the company mailbox.

His day's work done, he immediately hoisted his flight kit to depart for the harbor. Summer was here and his head was full of pleasant visions of sailing his own Tahiti ketch. The dispatcher stopped him.

"Denny," the dispatcher said, "the chief air hostess has asked for a captain to talk to the new training class. You know, give the girls a few tips on how to fit into a crew. Stuff like that. Only take a few minutes."

"Oh, no! Not me!" Denny protested. "Find yourself another boy. I just got in from a long, tough flight. I'm suffering from cockpit fatigue and I've got to go home and rest." Denny started for the door. "Besides, you know how I hate man-hunting hostesses. This is a job for a married man or one of those birds like Marty Farrell."

Captain Farrell was the accredited airline wolf. Tall and dark, with a toothy smile, his incredible love life made interesting conversation wherever flight crews found time hanging heavy on their hands.

"The chief pilot picked you," the dispatcher said. "He said to see that you went in there and did your duty."

"Oh. The chief," Denny sighed resignedly.

"Room Nine," the dispatcher said. "They're waiting for you. Breathlessly."

Room Nine was crammed with wriggling, chattering, self-conscious young females undergoing transformation into cool, efficient air hostesses. A blackboard filled with flight numbers and code abbreviations of cities, pull-down charts of cabin seating arrangements hung on the walls. A hostess kit had been unloaded on a table to reveal at a glance its mysterious and seemingly inexhaustible contents. Louise Jordan, the chief, was valiantly trying to pound the intricacies of tickets into twenty wavy and bleached and otherwise processed little heads.

"Ah." She paused with her best welcome-aboard-sir, glad-to-have-you-with-us smile. "Captain Denslow, girls."

Denny faced the roomful of gorgeous pupils, took a deep breath of cosmetic-scented air—and couldn't think of a single suitable word to say. What could you say when you hated air hostesses? Not women. He didn't hate women. Just air hostesses.

Why, the only reason these girls came to work for an airline in the first place was to bag a husband. The average air hostess was lucky if she lasted six months before turning in her flying suit for a ruffled apron. And these girls knew it. Like a class of F.B.I. trainees analysing a simulated crime, every one of these luscious dishes was probably practising on him right now.

Speculating on his matrimonial status, how much dough he had in the bank and what kind of technique would best knock him over. That was all an airline meant to these girls. A happy hunting ground.

Suddenly he realised he was talking, rapidly and straight from the shoulder, telling these girls a few things about air hostesses that he'd had on his mind for some time.

"Girls," he said, "remember, when you're in a stop-over town with your crew, you're just one of the boys. You'll be on an expense account, same as the pilots. So, when we all ride to town in a cab, don't just stand there when the driver says 'Two dollars, please.' Dig out your fifty cents and lay it on the line."

Denny's attention was drawn to a redhead, who wore at least six heavy silver bracelets, and whose shoulder-length hair resembled a huge, red mop charged with static electricity. She scribbled industriously in her notebook as he spoke.

"And when the captain calls your hotel room and asks if you want to go to dinner," he admonished, "he isn't asking for a date. He means the crew will probably eat together, and that, as a member, you're invited too. So bring along your purse. Same thing if, after dinner, he suggests a show. He's not offering to take you on a spree. It's just that you're both stuck in a strange town and you might as well—"

Miss Jordan, who was getting red in the face, interrupted. "Well, I believe Captain Denslow has covered everything. And since he has to drive all the way to Long Beach, we'll reluctantly let him go . . . Thank you, captain."

Grinning with satisfaction, Denny left. He heard Miss Jordan excuse the class, reminding them that the hair stylist and beauty adviser would be on hand the following morning.

Halfway to the parking lot, Denny heard rapid footsteps, and the redhead with the notebook drew alongside. "Captain Denslow," she said breathlessly, "would you give me a lift to Long Beach? I wouldn't dream of asking, but after that heart-warming talk about fellow crew members and all—"

Denny noticed the girl was kind of cute when you got



Operation

past that mop of hair. Small, even nose; nice cheekbones. "Sure," he said. "Glad to give you a lift."

He started towards the parking lot again, thinking about sailboats and mentally tying a few nautical knots. After a time he realised the redheaded trainee was having trouble matching his long-legged stride.

"Sorry," he said. "I forgot you."

"That's all right, captain," she said, her green eyes seeming to laugh at him. "A captain can't spend all his time thinking about his crew. Even I know that."

Denny wasn't a person who enjoyed being rude. It was just that air hostesses always seemed to bring out the worst in him. He grinned. "The crews all call me Denny, Miss—"

"Milbanks. Lari Milbanks."

"And now, Lari," Denny said, as they drove on to the road, "tell me about yourself. How did you happen to become an air hostess?"

"Well," she said, "to a small-town-business-college short-hand teacher it sounded pretty glamorous. I thought I'd like to wear a cute uniform and travel and meet people."

"I'll bet, Denny thought. Man people you planned to meet."

"But," she went on, "I haven't even been up in a plane yet, and already my head is full of other plans. I'm pretty sure, Denny, that a long flying career is not for me."

"But you seemed so interested when I talked back there," Denny said. "You made notes on everything I said."

"Oh, those," Lari laughed. "Those weren't notes on your lecture, silly." She became thoughtful. "Funny how that happened. I've been trying to remember Aunt Maurine's fruitcake recipe for months. And somehow, just seeing you standing there brought it right to my head. And all the while you were talking I kept remembering recipes and how to iron the points on a shirt collar and things like that. You have a funny effect on girls, Denny."

"Nonsense!" Denny exploded. "That's ridiculous. I'm sure the rest of them weren't thinking such foolishness."

"Oh, yes, they were, Denny," she insisted.

"How do you know?" he demanded defiantly. Actually, women being the way they were, he had an unhappy hunch it was true.

"Oh, I guess women just understand each other."

"I understand them, too," Denny blurted. "Tell me, Milbanks, how come you haven't sounded me out yet to see if I'm married?"

"Oh, please, Denny. Don't call me Milbanks."

"O.K., Lari. But don't evade the question."

"Oh, goodness," she said. "Men are so stupid about fundamental things."

"Like what?"

"Well, for heaven's sakes," she said. "We managed to find out about you before you ever came to class. You're twenty-eight, single, good-natured on most subjects, honest, ambitious, and a pilots' pilot, whatever that is. You're five feet eleven, a hundred and seventy pounds. You always speak to the old people on your flights, and kids worship you." She paused for breath. "You're double-A-one marriage fodder, Denny."

"Why, that's—that's— Do women always operate this way, Milbanks?" he asked in astonishment.

She nodded gravely. "Where you're concerned they do, Denny. And please don't keep calling me 'Milbanks,' or I'll feel I'm losing ground."

Denny gripped the wheel fiercely, his eyes glued to the road. Lari, he realised after a time, had inched over to his side of the seat.

"Listen, Milbanks," he said angrily, "this has got to stop! I hate hostesses! I don't want any part—"

"You only hate them because you're afraid of them," she interrupted. "People always hate things they're afraid of."

"I'm not afraid of them!" he all but shouted. "I just don't want them breathing down my neck. I enjoy my life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness; I don't want anybody trying to take them away from me!"

"Why, Denny, so do I." She eased him back against his seat with a small hand. "There's nothing I think more of than life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. I picture them all the time. Side by side, that is, with a husband."

Captain Denslow exhaled a shuddering breath. "We're coming into Long Beach," he said. "Where shall I drop you?"

"The bus station," she said quietly.



Husband

"The bus station? Don't you live in Long Beach?"

"Gracious, no," she said. "I live back the other side of town. I just rode down to Long Beach to get a crack at you before those other cats went into action."

"Oh, no!" This was the most shocking thing that had ever happened to Denslow.

"Well, you can't blame me for trying, captain. After all, if there had been anything to you, I would have been in on the ground floor."

Denny drew up before the bus station. Lari opened the door. "No hard feelings, captain," she said and, leaning across the seat, kissed him firmly on the mouth.

For no logical reason the kiss completely short-circuited Denny's nervous system. He could only swallow and nod.

"Golly, I almost forgot," Lari said. She thrust a silver dollar into his hand. He hardly noticed it, though. What caught his eye was the glistening behind her lashes as, with a small half salute, she walked away. Commonsense told him he had done nothing to feel guilty about. But with air hostesses commonsense never seemed to work. He drove away feeling like a dog.

For several weeks Denny flew night freight, arriving in Chicago mornings, sleeping days, out again evenings. Hating air hostesses the way he did, he gave as little thought as possible to trainee Milbanks.

Then one morning his cab pulled up to the Chicago hotel as a westbound crew was boarding another cab for the airport. He recognised his old buddy, Marty Farrell, and waved.

Then he saw the gorgeous creature getting into Farrell's cab. Her face, with light, natural make-up, was incredibly lovely, and her hair, short and feathery under a jaunty air-hostess cap, was the color of light mahogany.

Homer, his flight engineer, shook his arm.

"Buck up, cappy. It's just another cabin monkey. But what a dish!"

Ernie, the co-pilot, added, "Man, you should see that Farrell pitch! I was with them last trip. Never saw such pitching."

"How—how did he do?" Denny asked, suddenly jealous.

Ernie shrugged. "Who knows? Of course, if I had to bet money I'd say—"

"Never mind, Ernie!" Denny interrupted. "I'll sleep better today not knowing."

Four days later Denny managed to get a day run. On the first day's flight plan, typed in that manner so dear to administrative assistants, he found her name: "Milbanks, Lari; Hostess, Second."

She wasn't in the coffee shop before the flight. Miss Oberland, Hostess, First, a seasoned veteran with a sharp tongue and a flinty eye, had taken her aboard early to check the silver. Shortly after the take-off, Denny gave the controls to the co-pilot, adjusted his cap to a rakish angle and went back to the cabin. Oberland was working up the aisle, setting up breakfast trays. Lari was in the galley unboxing paper cups.

"Why, Captain Denslow, the pilots' pilot," she greeted. Her lips parted in a lovely smile and her green eyes twinkled mischievously. She gave Denny sensations that caused him automatically to glance out the window to be sure the plane was proceeding normally.

"Hi, Lari. Sure nice to have you on my flight. How is it going?"

"Oh, you know, in and out and roundabout,"

To page 30

He faced the row of beautiful smiling girls and decided to talk to them straight from the shoulder and tell them a few things.



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Continuing The Royal Box

from page 3

as fully as I am able to do so,
what has taken place up to
now."

He paused, as if in indecision,
and again brushed his
knuckle back and forth against
his moustache.

Hilary Thorpe cleared his
throat.

"On behalf of myself and the
Embassy, with which I have
been in touch by telephone, I
want to express my appreciation
for your courtesy, Inspector,"
he said. "And I'm sure I also
speak for the others here present
in saying so. But that thought
impels me to point out that
we are not all here. I mean
all who, at one time or another,
were together during the course
of the evening."

"If you're referring to His
Excellency, the Ambassador
from Aristan," replied Inspector
Kirtland, "he's on his way
here. This was at his own
suggestion, not at ours," he added
almost hastily. "When he heard
what had taken place he offered
to come here at once and give
us whatever information he
had."

"There were others, too,"
Hilary continued. "Miss Janice
Lester, her husband, and her
leading man all joined us for
refreshments in the first entrance;
so did the wife and mother-in-law
of the Aristanian Ambassador,
though the latter remained in the
retiring room only a few moments.
But if this is a question of poison . . ."

"Aye, perhaps so," agreed the
Inspector. "But I can't very
well send for them, you know.
Perhaps after I have gathered
and studied all the particulars,
I may ask them in the morning
to assist us, if they will. But
just now I'm afraid it wouldn't
do."

Joe Racina rose. "May I
make a suggestion, Inspector?"
he asked. "Miss Lester and I
are old friends. I've known
her for years. If you'd like, I
could telephone her, or even
go direct to her hotel, explain
the situation and ask — as a
favor to me, you understand,
and without so much as mentioning
you, unless you wish it —
that she and her husband and
young Neville join us. In that
way, you could have everyone
here who could have any connection
with this — this unfortunate
affair. Except the Aristanian
ladies, and they didn't eat
at the table with Castle — in
fact, I don't think they even
spoke to him."

"If you wish to do that on
your own proper responsibility,
Mr. Racina, I couldn't stop
you, of course. But it's not
within my province even to suggest
it."

"That's good enough for me,
sir. So, while you're conferring
with whichever one of us you'd
like to talk to first, I'll step out
and see what can be done about
it."

"That will be quite satisfactory
to me. But before you go, I'd
like to have you hear the preliminary
remarks which I think the occasion
calls for."

"As a matter of fact, I'd like
very much to hear them," Joe
replied, reseatting himself.

"Well, as I was saying, before
I discuss anything with any of
you individually, I feel you have
a right to know what has transpired
so far, as fully as I can put
the facts before you. I was
summoned from Bow Street
station, which is only a short
distance from here, when the
officer in charge of a police
wireless car reported that he
had been called to this hotel
and had found a gentleman
dead in a motor car carrying
diplomatic plates."

This time the response to his
statement was less of a startled
exclamation and more of a respectful
and regretful murmur.
The surprise and shock occasioned
by the news of Castle's
death had passed, and the In-

spector's hearers were now intent
on learning more about the
details of the tragedy.

"I decided to take charge of
the investigations myself. When
I reached here — and it was only
a matter of minutes before I did
so — we had no clue as to the
gentleman's identity. The
chauffeur could only assure us
that the Aristanian Ambassador
had directed him to drive a
guest to the Savoy, and that
this passenger had appeared in
possession of all his faculties
when he entered the car. We
immediately got in touch with
His Excellency by telephone
and he told us who his guest
had been; also, that Mr. Castle
was expected to join a supper
party at the Savoy, where Mr.
Castle's wife — or perhaps I
should say his widow — was
awaiting him."

"As she was of course the
person who should have first
been notified, the manager of
the Savoy thereupon went with
me to the grillroom, intending,
after proper preparation, to
break the dreadful tidings of
her husband's passing to Mrs.
Castle as gently as might be.
But it developed that Mrs.
Castle had been taken ill, and
that Mrs. Racina had assisted
her to the ladies' room; also
that she was still quite unable
to appear. We therefore called
Mr. Thorpe aside, as being the
most logical member of the
party to approach, in Mrs.
Castle's absence. This explains
why you first learned of Mr.
Castle's death from him."

ONCE more the
Inspector rubbed the knuckle
of his right forefinger through
his moustache before continuing.

"You understand, we must
take things as we find them,
ladies and gentlemen. Had Mr.
Castle died in the car of apparently
natural causes — a heart
attack, let us assume — there
would have been no question
of an investigation. The car belongs
to a foreign diplomat, and
we take it as a matter of course
that foreign ambassadors are
men of character above suspicion.
But the house surgeon and the
police surgeon both gave it
as their opinion that Mr. Castle
had been poisoned, and a small
circular box of obviously
foreign workmanship was found
open on the floor amid a scattering
of what looked like white
pellets of some sort. Specimens
of these are being analysed by
our laboratory."

"Now, when you come to
poison, there are only three possibilities.
The poison was taken
accidentally; the poison was
taken by Mr. Castle on his own
volition and in the full knowledge
of the fact that it was poison;
or the poison was administered
through design or ruse by
someone bent upon murder. It
is my duty to find which of
these three alternatives is the
correct one."

"It is my profession to make
such a tangled skein come out
straight, and we usually manage
to do just that in an ordinary
professional way, without
flaming it up with magic
tricks or unknown arrow
poisons and so forth and so on. In
this case, I hope quite earnestly
we learn it was not a murder.
But the surgeons both mentioned
a very quick-acting poison.
If, therefore, the fatal
poison, whatever it may have
been, was not accidentally
taken, or Mr. Castle was not
intent upon self-destruction,
the murderer is one of those
who was with him during the
past few hours. In short, one
of you."

"Sit down, Mr. Thorpe."

Inspector Kirtland was now
settled in a businesslike manner

at the marquetry desk, with a
plentiful supply of paper spread
out before him and a fountain
pen in his hand. Slightly behind
him, at his left, Sergeant
Griffin, whose plain clothes
added to his generally unobtrusive
appearance, was installed at
a small table; he was even more
plentifully supplied with paper
than his chief, and also held a
fountain pen, which, in his case,
was already poised for action.

The Inspector, after glancing
briefly in his assistant's direction,
as if to assure himself that
the latter was prepared, motioned
Hilary toward one of the deep
armchairs, upholstered in
flowered cretonne, which stood
nearby. The counsellor let himself
easily down into it.

"I'm at your service, Inspector."

"Then suppose you begin by
telling me all you can about
Mr. Castle."

"Joe Racina can probably
give you more details than I
can and I'm sure he'll be glad
to. I'm a career man — Castle
wasn't. So I don't know as
much about him as if I'd been
associated with him, at one post
or another, over a period of
years. He was one of the good
men and true, who also happened
to be wealthy, that came to
the aid of the party — the
winning party — in the last election.
So he became an ambassador."

"You mean that's all there is
to it?"

"No — although that's been
the case often enough to make
it likely here, too. Conceivable,
anyway. Understand, I'm not
criticising the way our Foreign
Service is run, I'm just telling
you about it, because it's so
different from yours. As a matter
of fact, Castle wasn't just a
wealthy man — I mean, he
could have been important to
our government in lots of ways,
even though he wasn't trained
for diplomacy."

"Could you tell me some of
them?"

"Well, to start with generalities
and then get down to cases
— at least, as many as I can
supply — my country alone now
uses more petroleum than it
can produce. So the oil reserves
in the Middle East, especially
in Aristan, are supremely
important not only to the
United States but to all the
free world."

"Quite so. For fuel and all
that."

"Not only fuel. If we didn't
have gasoline, we'd work out
something else; alcohol, maybe.
But lubricants. Even a steam
engine can't be run without
heavy oil for the bearings and
gears and what not. You can
have all the fuel in the universe,
but without the lubricants from
petroleum the world's machinery
would come to a standstill within
a week."

"And Castle was a petroleum
tycoon, as they say in the
States?"

"Yes. But what's much more
important, he was the man who
managed to secure a treaty between
Aristan and the United States,
which gave us a concession
for oil exploration and
development, when several
others had failed. He was quite
young then, too. I don't know
much about the circumstances.
But there was some sort of compact
among the nations to the effect
that they should not bid
against each other for those
rights in Aristan. They figured
that the old Sultan — the father
of the present one — could be
left to dangle and that, eventually,
they'd get hold of the
concession on their own terms."

"How long ago was this?"

"I should think it was twenty-
four or twenty-five years — something
like that. Maybe a little
earlier."

"And just what part did
Castle have in all this?"

"A rather theatrical one.
While the syndicate people were

To page 53



LOVELACE
LEGS

WHEN YOU'VE REMOVED
UNSIGHTLY HAIR WITH

Silkymit

HAIR
REMOVER

A few short minutes every
three or four weeks with
a Silkymit glove and your legs
take on new glamour.
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it away and leaves the skin
silky smooth — petal soft.
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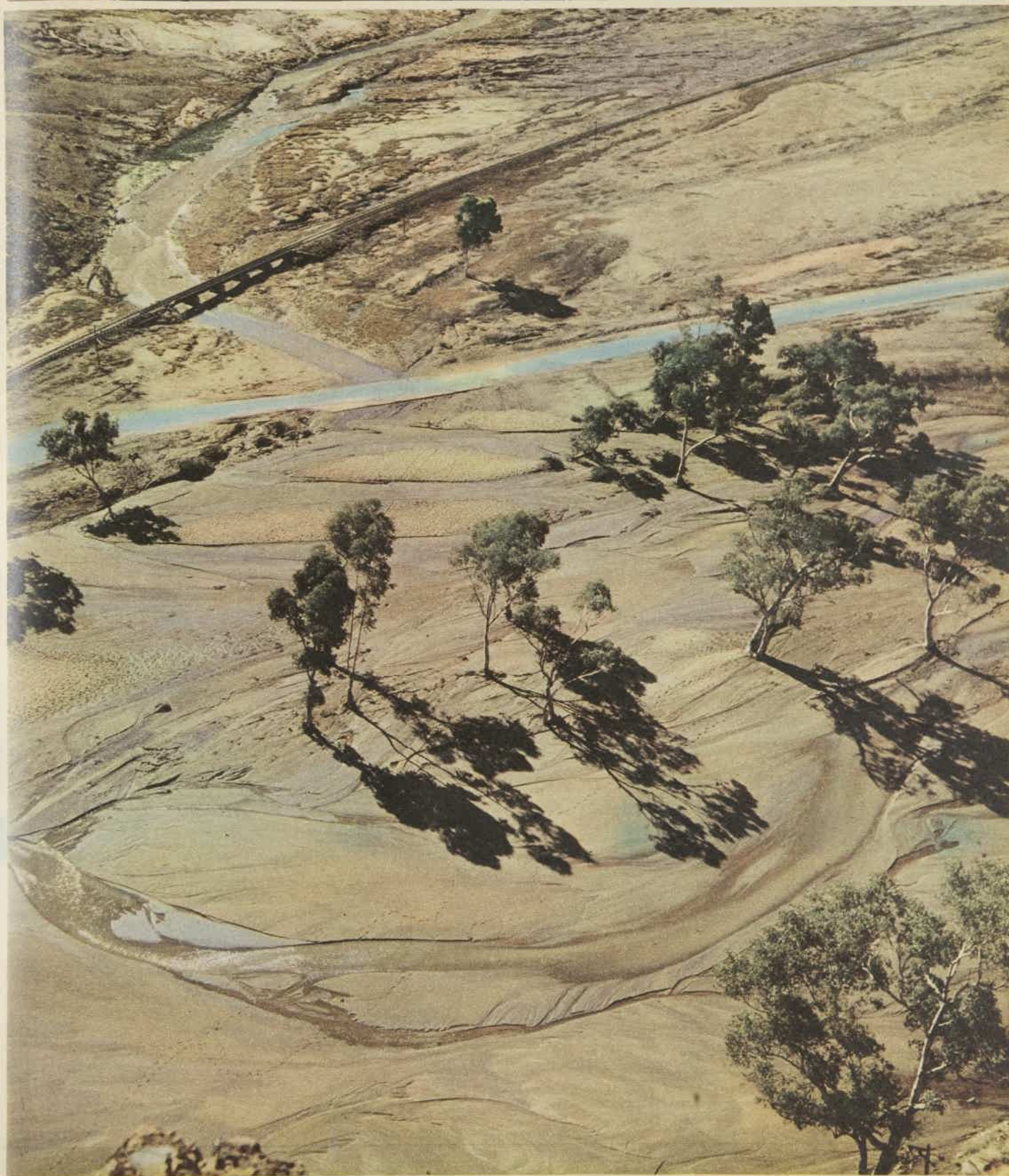
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PICTURE PARADE



FIRST OF
A SERIES:

Beautiful Australia

• This unusual aerial view of Alice Springs was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg. Usually Central Australia is photographed in brilliant sunshine. But heavy rain had fallen, and the River Todd, at most times a sandy river bed, was running a banker.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 1, 1954

Page 11

WINNERS IN OUR TWINS CONTEST



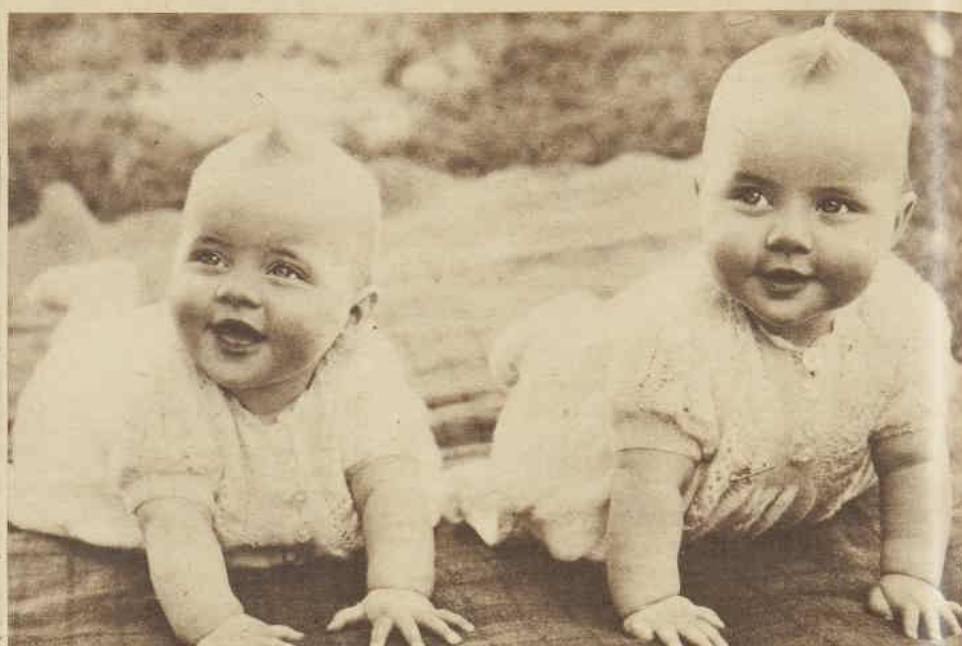
1913 PORTRAIT of Charlotte and Caroline van Prehn, now Mrs. C. Gobe and Mrs. A. van Prehn, of Chateau, N.S.W. The sisters say they now cannot identify themselves in the picture.



THE FENNER BROTHERS, Peter and Paul, photographed during the past year. Their mother, Mrs. E. Fenner, of Foord Avenue, Hurstville Park, N.S.W., entered this picture in our contest.



GREGORY AND SUSAN ADRIAN, aged five years, make an attractive "pigeon pair." Mrs. C. Adrian, of Bayview Terrace, Geelong, Queensland, submitted this picture in our twins contest.



DIANNE AND SANDRA TAYLOR, aged ten months, daughters of Mrs. J. Taylor, of Cortis Street, Mt. Gravatt, Brisbane. Of the many pictures of children in this age group that we received this was the most appealing.



BOY SCOUTS Raymond and Sydney Lough, of South Belmore, N.S.W., aged nine years, look workmanlike.

THE DOOLEY BROTHERS, John (left) and Matthew are 83. Sent by Mrs. M. Pritchard, of Pagewood, N.S.W.

DUTCH-BORN Gerda and Jannie Zevenboom, of Blackwood Park, S.A., aged eleven.



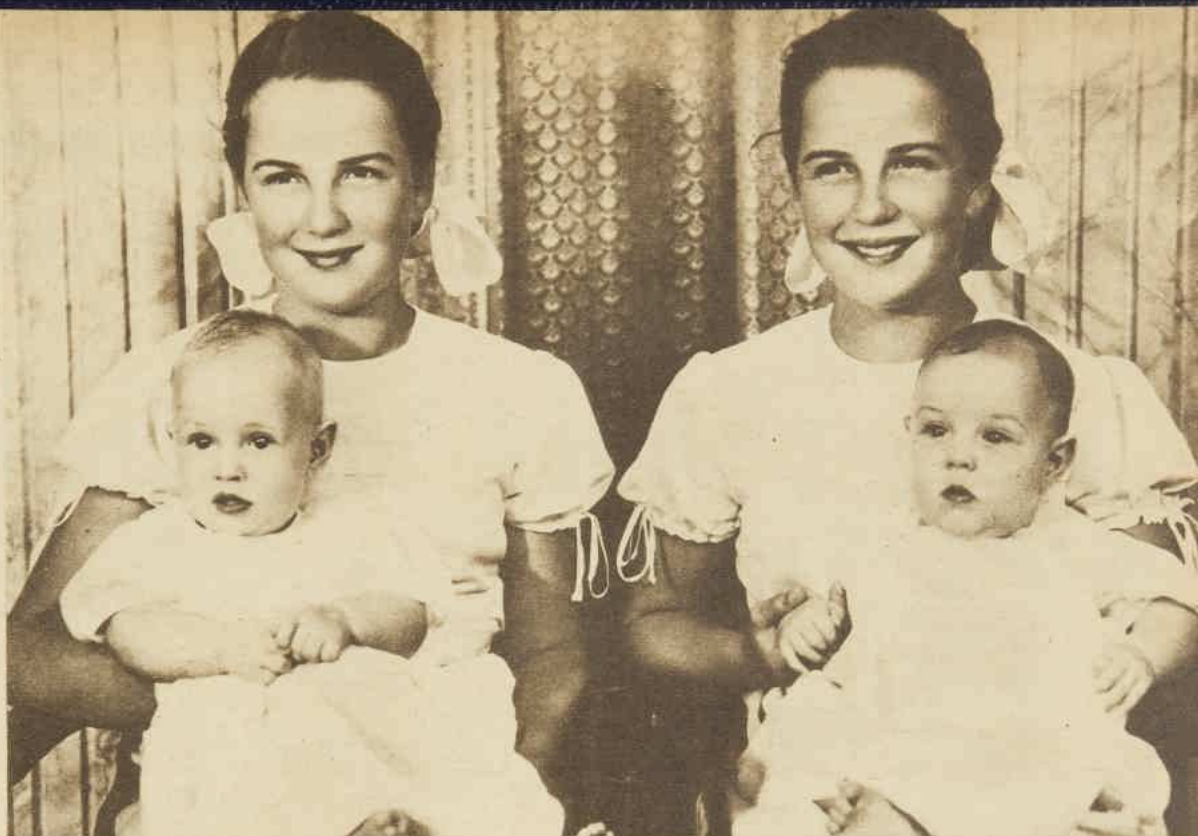
WIDE-EYED WITH EXCITEMENT at having their photograph taken are two-year-old Rosemary and Joan Loschiavo, of Church Street, Middle Brighton, Victoria. In addition to hundreds of pictures of twins entered in our contest, we also received so many of triplets that we decided to make a separate section of them later.

Two of a kind

Here are the winning entries in our twins contest. We received so many good pictures of triplets that we decided to make a separate section for them.

FIRST prize of £10/10/- for twins goes to Mrs. T. T. Slack, of Coff's Harbor, N.S.W., whose two sets of twins appear at right. Three guineas will be paid to the senders of other pictures on these two pages. Shortly we will publish a page of triplets, awarding ten guineas for the best picture, and three guineas to others.

Judging a contest has seldom been more difficult. The pictures we received were, without exception, charming—and there were hundreds of them from all over Australia.



FIRST PRIZE is awarded to Mrs. T. T. Slack, of Coff's Harbor, N.S.W., for this picture of her two sets of twins, Denise and Frances, holding John and Peter.



ENTERING MILITARY CAMP to begin their national training are Jim and Jack Craig, of Carnegie, Victoria. Their cousin, Miss Sylvia Stubbs, of Hunter Street, Wonthaggi, Victoria, who submitted this picture of the twins, says their resemblance to each other caused their officers plenty of confusion while Jim and Jack were doing their training.



THE TUCKER BROTHERS were aged eight when this picture was taken. The wife of one of them, Mrs. L. D. Tucker, of Longerenong, Victoria, sent it in.



AGED EIGHT are Wendy and Gloria Matthews. Sent in by Mrs. G. E. Matthews, of Cleveland, near Brisbane.




BORN IN 1869 were Mrs. Jessie Rankin and Mrs. Joan Buchan. Sent in by Mrs. M. Buchan, of St. Peters, Sydney.



IDENTICAL SPOTTED FROCKS are worn by Thelma and Valmai Stephens, whose address is Giru, Queensland.



THREE-MONTHS-OLD Robert and Michele Braithwaite, of Guildford Road, Maylands, Western Australia, whose picture was submitted by their mother.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 1, 1954



Super-absorbent
Dri-Glo NAPS for
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supply now,
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QUEEN MOTHER IN U.S.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH, the Queen Mother, is warmly greeted by the U.S. President and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower as she arrives at the White House for a brief stay during her visit to America. In Washington the Queen Mother was also the guest of the Australian Ambassador, Sir Percy Spender, and Lady Spender at the beautiful embassy

● Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, has just completed a three weeks' tour of the U.S. and Canada. The visit was a great success and is generally acknowledged to have done much to cement Anglo-American good will.

Her Majesty's unfailing charm and good humor, even when confronted by headlines calling her "Mama Liz," won the hearts of most Americans and proved once again that the 54-year-old Queen Mother is one of Britain's most successful ambassadors.



SECRETARY OF STATE John Foster Dulles (left) welcomes the Queen Mother at the National Airport, Washington. Her Majesty stayed for two days at the White House.



NEW YORK Cathedral (above) was filled when Her Majesty attended Columbia University's Charter Day. THE QUEEN MOTHER addresses the Charter Day dinner of the Bi-centennial Year of the Columbia University.



HER MAJESTY leaves Hyde Park after lunching with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Mr. and Mrs. John Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt and Queen Elizabeth are old and devoted friends.

MARGARET'S HOME ON ISLAND CRUISE



THE ROYAL DRAWING-ROOM is comfortably furnished for all climates with attractively patterned chintz-covered settees and armchairs. A spacious, lofty-ceilinged room, the walls are painted a soft eggshell and complement the lime-green curtains. Over the grey marble fireplace hangs Norman Wilkinson's painting of Britannia's launching.



BRITANNIA'S DINING-ROOM with its mahogany expanding table, which seats 32 people. The table and carpet are removed for dancing, leaving a beautiful 50ft. by 40ft. floor. When a dance is given, tables are arranged in bays, cabaret style. Princess Margaret will entertain officially and informally here. The dining-room is also the cinema.



The Royal yacht Britannia will become Princess Margaret's home for a month next February, as she cruises among the islands of the West Indies. It will carry her own belongings — even the brass-plated names of the Queen's household on cabin doors and telephones will be replaced with those of her own entourage. Princess Margaret will entertain in Britannia, and has had long-playing records of dance tunes and sheet music sent aboard for informal dances.



BELOW the bridge are duplicated all the major navigational aids, including a radar set. This Royal chartroom (above) was specially installed for the Duke to keep up his navigation. At left: View of the bows of Britannia as seen from the saluting bridge.



SUN LOUNGE. The glass-fronted, wood-panelled sun-lounge opens out on to a large sun-deck. The lounge is furnished with wicker chairs with checked and pastel-shaded mattresses and pillows. At the left is a built-in radiogram. Behind the wall panel is a concealed record cabinet sure to be used a great deal.



PRINCESS MARGARET, whose West Indies trip has been hailed with excitement and song, is expected to invite calypso singers and steel band musicians from the islands to entertain her guests on the Royal yacht. The Princess will invite young officers to dine with her each night as well as official guests.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 1, 1954

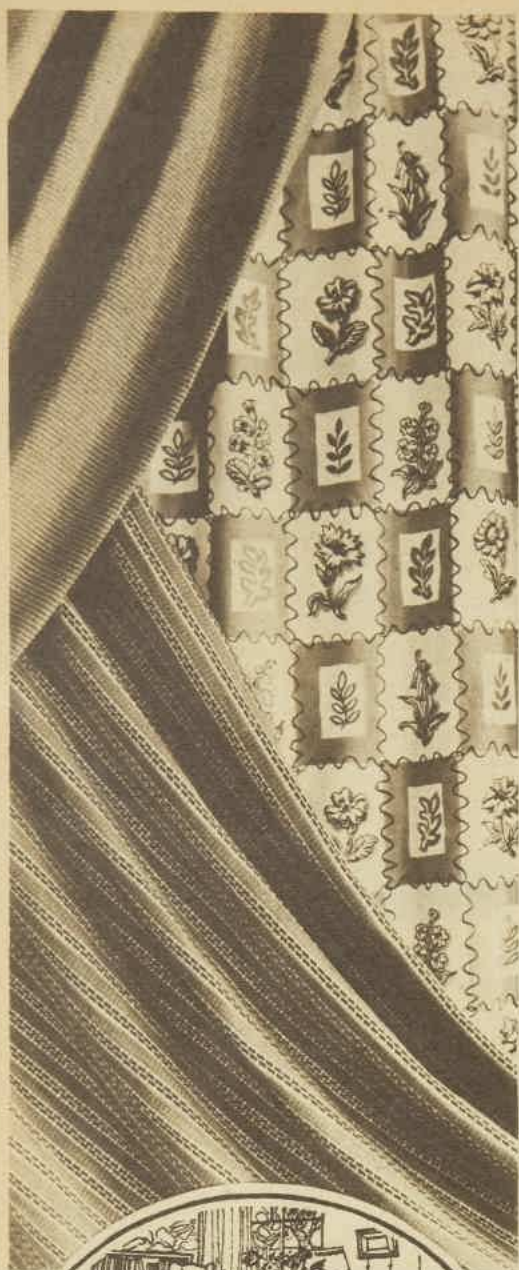
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SUITE, above, which will be used by one of Princess Margaret's two ladies-in-waiting, Miss Iris Peake and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish. The suite was used formerly by Lady Pamela Mountbatten. **BELOW**, the Queen's private drawing-room which Margaret will use. The desk, which is a built-in kneehole type, will contain stationery carrying her own cipher. The curtains are chintz.



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VETERANS of the famous Fighting Third ("Old Faithful") Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, swing down Martin Place during their march through Sydney on November 22, after returning from three years' gallant service in Korea.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 1, 1954



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Choose from this selection and watch eyes sparkle with joy on Xmas morning.

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New gaily coloured plastic lids on all ETA Gift Jars.

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FREE TRANSFERS!

Use these on your empty jar or pack and make a bright kitchen container

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(chocolate coated)
1½ lb. Jar



Salted Mixed Nut Kernels
1½ lb. Jar



Cellophane Bags —
12 oz. Mixed Nuts in Shell



Composite Cartons:

(5½ oz. Whole Blanched Salted Peanuts,
5 oz. Salted Cashews, 5 oz. Salted Mixed
Nut Kernels)



Almond Fourrés
1½ lb. Jar



Salted Almonds
1½ lb. Jar



Scorched Peanuts
(chocolate coated)
1½ lb. Jar



Salted Cashew Kernels
1½ lb. Jar



Utility Gift Pack: 3 Plastic Canisters,
Almond Fourrés, Salted Peanuts, Salted Cashews



Plastic Packs
Assorted Nut Kernels



Sugar Coated Peanuts
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Whole Blanched
Salted Peanuts
1½ lb. Jar

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FIRST THING IN THE MORNING
EVERYONE'S BREATH IS "PUNGENT."
I ADVISE MENTASOL CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE.
IT CLEANS TEETH AND DEODORISES THE MOUTH
BETTER THAN ANY
OTHER TOOTHPASTE

says leading Sydney dentist. Name withheld for
professional reasons but letter held on our files.

"Brush away Morning Mouth!"

DENTISTS SAY

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"Morning Mouth" ... that stale, furry taste you
often have on waking. Don't greet your family
with it! Don't take it to work with you!
Get rid of it first thing in the morning by
cleaning your teeth with Mentasol — and
have a clean fresh mouth all day long.

Mentasol is the original chlorophyll
toothpaste ... proved 50% more effective
in destroying mouth odour than
ordinary toothpastes. What's
more, no toothpaste — white
or chlorophyll — will brighten
your teeth better than Mentasol.
Questioned on what they
thought of Mentasol, 7 out
of 10 answers from Australian
dentists said, "Better
than any other toothpaste".
Get Mentasol today.

Mentasol DESTROYS
ALL MOUTH ODOURS



Comedienne Anna Russell

is a woman
of many
faces

WAGNERIAN winged
helmet and golden
plaits are worn by
Anna Russell as she
reads criticisms of
her Broadway show
making fun of "The
Ring" operas. Some
of the New York
critics were unkind.



THE CHORISTER. One of Anna Russell's
comedy turns is this skit on choral singing.



THE LIEDER SINGER. Anna's flexible face
looks appropriately mournful in this pose.



STRAIGHT FACE. She was trained in
music at the Royal College of Music.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 1, 1954

Brilliant song satirist



THE LIEDER SINGER AGAIN, but this time with a different hat. Her face has been compared with a collapsible camp-chair by her admirers.



"I CAN SING LOUDER THAN YOU," she says, and she shows how.

Whirlwind Australian tour in April will be "mad fun" for artist

A one-woman tornado will descend upon Australia next April and blow across the country for twelve and one-half stormy weeks. Australia probably will never be the same again.

SHE is song satirist Anna Russell, a breath-taking combination of Bea Lillie, Hermione Gingold, and her own inimitable and inexhaustible self, who is to make the longest and most intensive tour of Australia ever undertaken on behalf of the A.B.C.

She will be seen and heard—oh, how she will be heard—in Toowoomba and Horsham, in Perth and Rockhampton, in Broken Hill, in Launceston, in Melbourne, in Sydney, and in many other places now blissfully unaware of the shattering experience in store for them. She will give 42 concerts in all.

This splendidly blond Englishwoman, whose flexible face has been likened, not unjustly, to a collapsible camp-chair, is not in the least daunted by the prospect of the rugged Australian tour. Quite the contrary.

"It will be mad fun," Miss Russell whooped, flinging her arms over her head. "I've been wanting to go to Australia all my life. I've met hundreds of Aussies, adored them, all of them. I do hope they are going to like me in Australia. Do you think they will?"

Juke-box hit

BEFORE the question could be answered, Miss Russell bounded out of the chair in her New York flat, sprang to a gramophone in the corner, and shouted, "Have you heard my newest recording? It's called 'Chlorophyll Sal' and it's a hit in all the juke-boxes."

"Imagine me in the juke-boxes, with my Royal College of Music training. Isn't it simply mad?"

Miss Russell set the gramophone needle to "Chlorophyll Sal," then burst into song.

accompanying her own voice throughout the recording, and laughing appreciatively at the lunatic lyrics as if she were hearing them for the first time.

She wrote both the words and music to "Chlorophyll Sal," as she has for her other gems. "Hello, Hello, Oh Jolly Good Show," "A Lily Maid Sat Making Moan," and the rest of the songs in her popular long-playing record albums. "Anna Russell Sings?" and "Anna Russell Sings Again?"

As the last notes of "Chlorophyll Sal" died away, the Junoesque singer vanished abruptly into her kitchen, and reappeared with a large glass clutched in each hand.

Easy day

"LET'S have a drink," she boomed. "Today is my day to relax. No concert tonight. I'm just going to take it easy."

Miss Russell taking it easy is quite a sight.

She sits in each of a half-dozen chairs for at least thirty seconds at a time, bounces up to make a sudden phone call or to answer a constantly ringing telephone, admits visitors, farewells departing guests, fills an empty glass, empties a filled glass, laughs, tells jokes, sings snatches of her latest parodies, now and again shouting "Isn't this fun?"

This almost frightening display of boundless vitality makes interviewing something of a strain. It is well-nigh impossible to keep Miss Russell on a consecutive path of autobiographical narrative.

She is constantly bounding down conversational detours and bypaths with a happy shout, "Oh, that reminds me of a perfectly mad thing that happened to me in Edinburgh . . ." and away she goes, leaving autobiography dangling in mid-air.

In the course of a boisterous afternoon certain facts

about Miss Russell's career were eventually laid bare.

The most intriguing, perhaps, was the revelation that she started out to be a serious musician.

Miss Russell was born in London, the only daughter of the late Colonel Claude Russell-Brown, C.B. and D.S.O. She is the only daughter in a distinguished military family for three generations.

She was sent at an appropriate age to the Royal College of Music, where she became proficient in voice, piano, composition, and cello. She married a French horn player in a symphony orchestra and prepared to devote herself to a respectable musical life.

Opera was the beginning—and the end—of her serious music. Soon after her graduation from the Royal College, an innocent conductor engaged Miss Russell to sing the card scene from "Carmen," in which the gipsy heroine foresees her lover's and her own death in the cards.

The sight of this tall and robust young woman, so obviously cheerful in the face of tragedy, groping in the bosom of her low-cut evening gown for the cards was too much for the opera audience. Howls of laughter converted the card scene into a theatrical shambles.

Miss Russell tried again in "Cavalleria Rusticana." She was playing the leading role of Santuzza with a touring British opera company whose tenor was about half her height.

In the climactic scene the tenor is supposed to throw the heroine to the ground, but all this one could manage was a brave shove.

Miss Russell turned on her ankle, tripped, slid across the stage, and crashed into the painted scenery, a magnificent church, which promptly came tumbling down about her embarrassed ears.

The audience, orchestra, and

entire company were reduced to helpless laughter. The performance eventually ended, and with it Miss Russell's operatic ambitions.

She and her mother migrated to Canada, with the musical life behind them, Miss Russell having also divorced her horn-playing husband.

Their sedate life in Toronto was interrupted when Anna agreed to take part in an amateur entertainment for the benefit of Canadian troops. She was a particularly animated member of the chorus, so animated that the director singled her out.

"You had better do a comic sketch," he said with rare prescience. "You look funny to me."

Miss Russell wrote, played, and sang an operatic parody, which was the hit of the show. She has been doing that sort of thing ever since, to the vast amusement of audiences in America and Europe.

All her tricks

MISS RUSSELL is taking her "whole box of tricks" to Australia. It's some box, too.

Miss Russell is constantly adding to her considerable repertoire, dashing off parodies and music on planes, in railway stations waiting for trains, even on restaurant menus.

One of her newer opuses is



FEATHERS add to the effect in this make-up as a British music-hall artist, when she sings "Hello, Hello, Jolly Good Show." This is one of several songs she has composed.



FRENCH HORN PLAYER is another of her acts. She married a musician in Britain and later divorced him.

something called "La Danza by Spike Jones Rossini," which calls for a highly co-operative conductor.

Miss Russell premiered this in Cincinnati. At its conclusion she whipped out a pistol and fired it at symphony conductor Thor Johnson, who toppled over supine, to the vast entertainment of his orchestra, as well as the audience.

She is one of the busiest entertainers in the world. In addition to her constant round of recitals, she appears on television and occasionally on Broadway.

Recently Miss Russell returned to her first love, the opera. She played the part of the hideous witch in the New York City Opera Com-

pany's production of "Hansel and Gretel."

The New York Times critic commented approvingly, "She made altogether the most imposing witch . . . her skin was a bilious blue, resembling nothing so much as a mackerel left out too long in the sun . . . her nose, in length, curvature, and size, was akin to one of the flukes on the anchor of the U.S.S. Missouri."

Miss Russell is the voice of the witch in the new film version of "Hansel and Gretel," in which all parts are played by puppets called "kinemins."

It is generally agreed, however, that the puppet version of the witch is not nearly as repulsive a broom jockey as is the forbidding figure of Miss Russell in person.

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THAT WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE,"

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wonderful Zealon sox that don't need
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beautiful as the day they left Holeproof.

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Perfection Shirts, PTU's Undershorts, Ties, Denim Sportswear,
Zealon College Suits and Rainwear.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Mrs. Bob Stephen (left), Mr. Ben Fuller, and Mrs. Fuller were among more than one hundred and fifty guests at the pre-Christmas party given by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Johnston, of Facluse, at the Pickwick Club.



LEAVING St. James', Turramurra, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. John Street. The bride, who was Dianne Ayrton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Ayrton, of Warraneer, was attended by her sister, Annabelle Ayrton, Jan Milson, and Jennifer Street.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



TWIN SISTERS Elisabeth (left) and Margaret Thompson, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Thompson, of Wollstonecraft, who are engaged. Elisabeth's fiance is David Blumer, and Margaret is engaged to Bob Williams.

TWO of Sydney's prettiest brides-to-be, Wendy Birks and Jennifer Street, have chosen the same month—January—and the same church—All Saints', Woollahra—for their weddings.

The daughter of the late Mr. Norman Birks, of Adelaide, and Mrs. Neville Manning, of Bellevue Hill, Wendy will marry Andrew Clayton, of Edgecliff, on January 5.

She will be attended by Sara Hordern and three former school friends from Adelaide, Mary Alice Bowen, Cecily Hayward, and Briony Sharp.

Jennifer tells me that she and her fiance, Graham Thorp, of Neutral Bay, are spending a lot of time these days house-hunting.

Graham and Jennifer, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Street, of Darling Point, will be married on January 14.

Mrs. John Allen and Mrs. Bill Gordon will be matrons of honor at the wedding, and the two flower-girls are Graham's nieces, nine-year-old Vikki Jones and her sister, Jennifer, who is seven.

MORE than 150 guests will shower good wishes on Joy Dearkins and her fiance, Jack Radford, at the pre-wedding party to be given in their honor by Jack's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Radford. The party will be held at the Radfords' home at Point Piper on Saturday, November 27. Jack and Joy have chosen December 6 for their wedding at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay, and the ceremony will be followed by a reception at the Australia Hotel.

"WE'VE had a wonderful trip," Mrs. Max Smithers, of Dover Heights, told me. Mrs. Smithers and her daughter Joy have recently returned from a seven months' tour of England and the Continent, but Mrs. Smithers' main reason for leaving home was to see her brother, Dr. George Walker, of Cambridge University. They hadn't met each other for twenty-seven years.

THEY'RE ENGAGED

Joan Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Williams, of Burwood Heights, to Gordon Maxwell, of Concord West.



IN THE FOYER of the Theatre Royal are Mrs. Dick Opie (left) and Mrs. Ken Youdale, who were among the first-night audience of "Dear Charles." Mrs. Opie wore a gown of grey chiffon, and Mrs. Youdale chose a brocade ballerina.

FIVE interesting weeks' holiday are in front of pretty sisters Sonia and Merelyn Hopkins, of Killara. They left on board the Oronsay for a round trip to San Francisco and back. Sonia and Merelyn will visit Auckland, Suva, Honolulu, and Vancouver on the way, and Sonia says they'll disembark at Vancouver and travel by steamer and train to San Francisco to board the Oronsay once more—this time bound for home.

BOUFFANT white tulle gown accented with black guipure lace will be worn by Susan Hutchinson, of Pymble, when she celebrates her coming of age with a dance at Girraween, Killara, on Friday, December 10. Susan's brother, Ted, will be among the guests, and others include Margaret Windeyer, Shirley Hollings, Margaret and John Logan, Ian Newton, and Brooks Anne Wilson.



WED AT ST. MARK'S. Donald Baldry and his bride, formerly Jennifer Hinder, daughter of Mr. M. C. Hinder, of Palm Beach, and Mrs. H. Hinder, Double Bay.

GUESTS. Mrs. Katie Calbraith and Mr. Barry Lyle between dances at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Ian Platt-Hepworth and Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson at the Pickwick Club.



QUARTET. Mrs. Douglas Lamb (left), Mrs. Jimmy Hayden-Smith, Mr. Hugh Giblin, and Mrs. Reg Robson at the annual cocktail party given at Victoria Barracks by the N.S.W. Branch of the Royal Australian Artillery Association. Mrs. Lamb wore a dress of navy taffeta, and guipure lace trimmed Mrs. Hayden-Smith's black linen dress.



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parably luxurious, the
dew-fresh bouquet of this
slusive fragrance endears



to delight the hearts
of our lovely women.
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150 years go into the subtle
blending of precious oils to pro-
duce the lilted fragrance of
Mouson perfumes. Steeped in the
romance and tradition of the
capitals of Europe, each per-
fume is filled with culture and
grace, each has a unique character
to delicately emphasise
your personality and charm.
Luxurious, fragrant Mouson
soaps and velvety Mouson
creams repeat the elegant
motif of such enchanting
perfumes as Trajana,
Gamic, Cuir de Russie,
Valse de Vienne—
and above all Lavender,
surrounding you always
with a delicate aura
of loveliness.



Where
cooking
is the:

BADGE OF MANHOOD

Specially written for The Australian Women's
Weekly by COLIN SIMPSON, well-known
Australian author and traveller

The people of the region that includes
the recently discovered "Shangri-la"
valley in the heart of New Guinea have
some customs that appear to us very
strange.

ONE of these is that no
male, from his boy-
hood initiation until he has
grown up and fathered
children, is supposed to eat
any food grown or cooked
by a woman.

Even after a man is mar-
ried, he and his wife will cul-
tivate separate halves of their
garden, and he will cook all
his own food.

More often than not the
food is sweet potato, which is
the staple food of these tribes,

who are called the Huri and
the Duna.

When a man has had two
children the taboo does not
seem to apply any longer.
Then, I was told, he can eat
woman-grown and woman-
cooked food without fear.

Fear of women, fear of the
effect women may have on a
man's masculinity and health
and strength, is common to a
number of people I have been
among in inland New Guinea.

Boys, when they are aged
about eight or nine, leave
their mothers and are taken

to live in the men's houses.

Men and women live in
separate houses. The male
members of a family usually
live together. Women also
live together in family groups,
but wives of the same man
generally live in different
houses.

A wealthy old man of Tari
—his name is Ivaia, he is one
of the "chiefs" and he owns
many pigs and much land—
has fifteen wives.

Another, a very strong and
intelligent fellow named
Punga, has nine. The bride-
price for a young woman may
be 15 pigs, and many men
can afford only one or two
wives.

No anthropologist has yet
been into the area where I
recently spent nine days, stay-
ing with Assistant District
Officer Bill Murdoch in his
cane house with a kunai-grass
roof at the outpost Govern-
ment station of Tari in west-
ern Papua.

From Tari—where I was in
company with Hans von Alder-
stein, a film director of As-
sociated T.V. Pty. Ltd. of Syd-
ney, which intends to make a
film in New Guinea—we flew
with a famous New Guinea
pilot, "Bobby" Gibbs, into the
"Shangri-la" valley the
natives call Lavani.

It took us only about ten
minutes to fly from Tari in
through the 9000ft. pass of this
spectacularly formed valley,
walled with mountains up to
14,000ft., twice the height of
Kosciusko and very much
steeper.

It would have taken 4½ days
to walk in over the mountains
and, in any case, we were not
permitted to do that because
the area is still uncontrolled
and a good deal of tribal fight-
ing is going on.

We came down to within
50ft. of the floor of the
valley, where perhaps 3000
people live, and observed it
thoroughly, but we could not
land.

I shouldn't like to live in
this "Shangri-la." The country
outside this great hole in the
mountain range is much bet-
ter than inside.

We flew over the farmlets
—these tribes do not live in
villages—of part of a popula-
tion of probably 50,000 people

who have never been visited
by white men. Patrols will
start penetrating this new area
next year.

Only one white man has
been into Lavani on foot—
John Zehnder, an Australasian
Petroleum Company geologist
who went over the mountain
wall on a side trip from an
escort patrol. He went in to
investigate an oil seepage re-
ported by natives who had
been into Lavani.

However, I was able to
establish quite definitely that
the people who live in Lavani
—this valley about 15 miles
long by eight miles wide—are
just the same type as the
people who live in the sur-
rounding region, including the
people we were among at
Tari.

The first white man to come
into contact with the tribes of
this region—though he wasn't
near Lavani and his patrol
passed south of Tari—was the
late Jack Hides. He called the
tribesmen "wiggled dandies of
this Papuan Wonderland."

The men of the area wear
elaborately coiffured wigs of
their own hair. These are
studded with flowers—red-
purple Bachelors' Buttons
and bright yellow everlasting
daisies.

They also have another
type of decorative wig, shaped
like some medieval headpiece
from Renaissance Italy and
painted with red ochre. This
is worn only by just-initiated
young men.

So much of the vast island
of New Guinea had to be ex-
plored and opened up and its
natives brought under control
that it was not until two years
ago that the Administration
got around to establishing a
station at Tari.

Shortly after the Govern-
ment station was set up, two
missions opened in the area.

One is a Methodist Mis-
sion conducted by the Rever-
end Roland Barnes and the
other is an Unevangelised
Fields Mission headed by Mr.
and Mrs. Twyman.

A few days before we ar-
rived at Tari, Mrs. Twyman
had a third child, Fiona, the
first white baby born in the
area.

Mrs. Twyman told me that



NATIVE MOTHER places baby on a palm leaf mat in a net bag she will carry on her back. This child, healthy enough now, was prematurely born and would have died, but it was taken and cared for by Sister Joyce Walker, of Tari's Methodist Mission. The mother's joy is easily seen here.



ASSISTANT DISTRICT OFFICER William Murdoch went to this low, grass-roofed Tari house to arrest a native wanted for a tribal killing—but the wanted man had fled. The Tari area is still comparatively unknown to white men.



SISTER WALKER has saved the lives of many native babies who would have died but for her care.

Mouson exclusive perfumes and luxury soaps at leading stores and chemists.
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Strange customs of New Guinea natives

their Huri cookboy would not go near the baby, would not look at her.

He said that if he looked at the baby his blood would turn to water.

Men will not go near a woman in childbirth and they will not look at a child until it is about three months old.

The Huri women living round the U.F.M. were very excited about the white baby. They used to come to the house and call softly to Mrs. Twyman in the native tongue, "Bring the baby out for us to see."

The U.F.M. schoolteachers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Erkkila, are making very satisfactory progress in teaching the natives to read and write. They say the girls are brighter than the boys.

"Wonderful job"

OVER at the Methodist Mission, where Mr. and Mrs. Barnes have two small boys whose playmates are the local picanninies, I met Sister Joyce Walker.

Sister Walker, in the words of the Medical Assistant attached to the Government station, Mr. Lloyd Yelland, "is doing a wonderful job among the native mothers and babies."

The infant mortality rate among these people is appalling. It has been estimated as high as 50 per cent., meaning that one out of every two babies dies in infancy.

Sister Walker had just saved the lives of five babies in two months. They were brought in with dysentery and pneumonia, and would have had no chance of living had she not given them such modern treatment as chloromycetin.

Native therapy is very crude. A child will be rubbed with clay to make it strong. The common adult treatment for a stomach-ache is to apply stinging nettle as a counter-irritant.

The Tari people are realising that Mr. Yelland's and Sister Walker's medicines are more effective than their own. Increasing numbers of them are coming in for treatment. Very often their injuries are

fight wounds, the men's from arrows, the women's from sticks wielded by other women or irate husbands.

A woman brought in a prematurely born baby to Sister Walker, who took it and cared for it until it was eight pounds in weight and doing well. Then the mother was told, "You can take it home now."

"Oh, no," said the mother. "You keep it for more moons (months) yet. If I have to rear it, it will die."

She (the smiling woman in the photograph on the opposite page) has the baby now and it is thriving.

Mothers wean their babies by feeding them pre-masticated potato and sugarcane juice from their own mouths. (And I have seen a native woman feed a piglet in the same way from her mouth.)

It is nonsense to suggest that primitive peoples are naturally endowed with wisdom in the matter of mothercraft and medicine. They are really very badly in need of the knowledge and techniques that civilisation's experts can bring to them.

Odd mothercraft

SISTER WALKER has seen babies given hunks of pig fat to chew when they were only ten days old.

At first the native finds it hard to comprehend why white people are prepared to do so much to help them. They tend to think that the whites must be "getting something out of it."

But gradually they learn to appreciate and be grateful for what is done for them.

The more I see of the work of the administration and the Missions in New Guinea, the less patience I have with those who say, "Why should we interfere with these people? We should leave them alone to live their own simple lives in their own way!"

I am quite sure that if the Tari natives were asked today, "Do you want the Administration officer and the missionaries to pack up and leave you?" the answer would be an alarmed and resounding "No!"



SHELLS are money at Tari. Women (above) who have brought in vegetables to sell to the Government station are being paid in small conch shells by Punga, a native headman employed as interpreter. Incidentally, Punga boasts nine wives.

"PAN PIPES" of bamboo are played by a picturesque seignior (left), with his hair wig studded with Bachelors' Buttons and brilliant everlasting daisies.

POLICEMAN (right) of the Royal Papuan and New Guinea Constabulary points out the white man's camera to his smallest son.



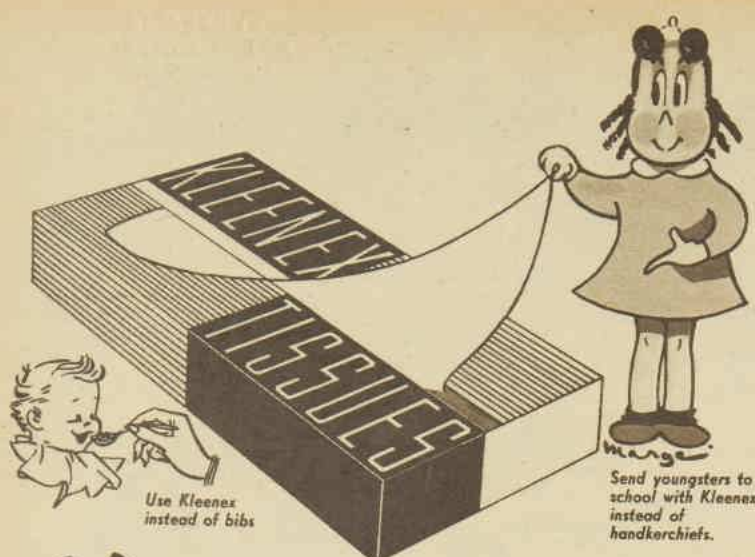
COOKING in the "Shangri-la" region is done by first heating stones, then placing them on top of bundles of vegetables, wrapped in leaves, in the earthen oven. The men are lifting the hot stone with wooden tongs. Sweet potato, corn, sugarcane, and taro are the staple diet of these natives.



WATER IS POURED on the stones to create steam. Then earth is heaped over and this makes, in effect, a primitive pressure-cooker. Alternatively, and for quick meals, food is cooked in the ashes. The hot stones method is for feasts.



TWO HOURS later the oven is opened and the well-cooked food eaten by the men, who do all their own cooking. "Woman" food is taboo.



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MOTHER



"Oh, boy! Oh, boy! I've had a lot of good
ideas for these holidays."

ON TARGET



"You and that catapult!"

It seems to me

TAKE a pint of milk, two eggs, four spoons of sugar, two spoons of glucose, and two spoons of brandy. Drink the mixture four times a day between meals—and it could be you're a six-day bike-rider.

I picked up this recipe, with a great deal of other novel information, at last week's six-day cycle race at Henson Park, Marrickville, Sydney.

It was the first held in Sydney for 14 years. Its promoter, Mr. Jack Walsh, ex-amateur cycling champion, says it is the first amateur six-day race held anywhere in the world.

All the week, while the major part of the sporting world was absorbed in tennis and cricket and racing, a smaller but devoted band of followers watched the cyclists.

I went out once mid-week, and on Saturday night to see the finish when the South Australian team, Jim Nestor and Morrie Martin, were acclaimed as winners. Between them they had covered more than 1800 miles.

It was Jim Nestor's sixth wedding anniversary, a coincidence that the crowd appreciated.

In between the two visits it would occur to me at intervals of the day or night (with a slight shudder) that the boys were still pedalling round and round.

If you went to a football match and started asking about the rules, you would be treated with some contempt. Cyclists are different. They are used to the fact that there is a great mass of the public ignorant of the finer points of the sport.

"People think of push-bikes in a sort of derogatory way," one enthusiastic follower explained to me. "Yet a bike is the fastest means by which a human being can propel himself with physical effort. Ever think of that?"

"A man can reach more than 60 miles an hour on a bike."

"It isn't a cheap sport, either. Each of those racing bikes is worth between £40 and £50. The tyres alone are worth £6/10/- a pair, and the average cyclist in an event like this needs 12 pairs. Hear that blowout? That's money."

A six-day race is one of the stranger forms of sport. It must be outstanding as an endurance test. One rider from each team of two must be always on his bike, always moving.

DURING the night and at meal hours there are "neutral" periods when none tries to gain an advantage and the resting rider can snatch some sleep. About four hours in the 24 is the usual ration of sleep.

The race goes to the team with the greatest mileage. If two or more teams are even in mileage, then the winner is decided on the points awarded for sprints.

It is the sprints and the "jams" which provide the public entertainment. A jam starts whenever a rider, seeking to gain a lap, breaks away from the pack, and the others go hell-for-leather after him.

All sorts of smaller prizes, including money, and ranging from a case of pineapples to a dozen pairs of stockings, are donated for sprints.

Judging by the number of sprints won by Lionel Cox, Olympic representative and crowd favorite, he and his partner, Johnny McDonagh, must have finished the week with a remarkable collection of property.

In the centre of the ring I met what you might call the "back-room boys" of a six-day race. They are the trainers and mechanics who keep riders and bikes in working order.

While a mechanic tinkers with a spare bike, a trainer is very likely spooning rice into the mouth of a recumbent rider, massaging his legs, or spraying him with a mixture of water and eau-de-Cologne from a spray-gun.

For the duration of the race the world of the bike-rider centres on his tent. There were 14 of these tents, one for each team of two riders.

Inside them and spread round on the grass was an array of domestic equipment. There were beds and lounges and cushions and blankets, alarm clocks, bottles of milk, and as big a battery of vacuum flasks as you are ever likely to see assembled in one place.

The cyclists ate their three meals a day, mainly steak and eggs, in a cafeteria set up under the grandstand. In between they consumed a staggering amount of coffee, milk, rice, and pineapples.

"A cyclist is like an engine," said Mr. J. Dwyer, president of the N.S.W. Amateur Cyclists' Union, who escorted me on a tour of the tents. "He has to have fuel."

Devoted officials of the teams saw that these snacks were kept up in good supply. The father of one competitor, Harold Jensen, drove every night after his day's work from Camden, picking up on the way a block of ice, a dozen eggs, and six jars of rice pudding.

It was at this tent that I picked up the recipe for the super-egg-flip given at the top of the column.

Evidently it works. Jensen and his partner, Keith Manny, finished second.

BESIDES refuelling his team, a trainer, so one of them told me, has to help keep the boys happy.

"It's all right now while the crowd's here," said one. "The cheering makes it easier for the boys. But after midnight, when all the watchers have gone home, it's harder."

In these dark watches of the night, the "neutral" period, when there is no sprinting, the Dutch cyclist Tinus Van Gelder strapped a portable radio on his back. Another rider played a tin whistle.

The great problem in these stretches is keeping awake. It is at such times that a six-day cyclist must often wonder whatever made him take on such a form of amusement.

Many of the riders, after a day's rest on the Sunday, had to return to their normal jobs. For the next couple of weeks most of them will see the track in their dreams.

I left the track reflecting that it isn't surprising that six-day races are held only at intervals of years. It would be necessary, I should think, for competitors to forget the ordeal of the last one before they embarked on the next.

By Dorothy Dray



Dorothy Dray



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Elastic Tops

Extra High Heel - Nylon reinforced



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This Christmas, Fitwear have made your gift hunting problems just a memory.
At your favourite store you'll find a super selection of Fitwear longwearing socks.
Fitwear socks are worn by men of all ages.

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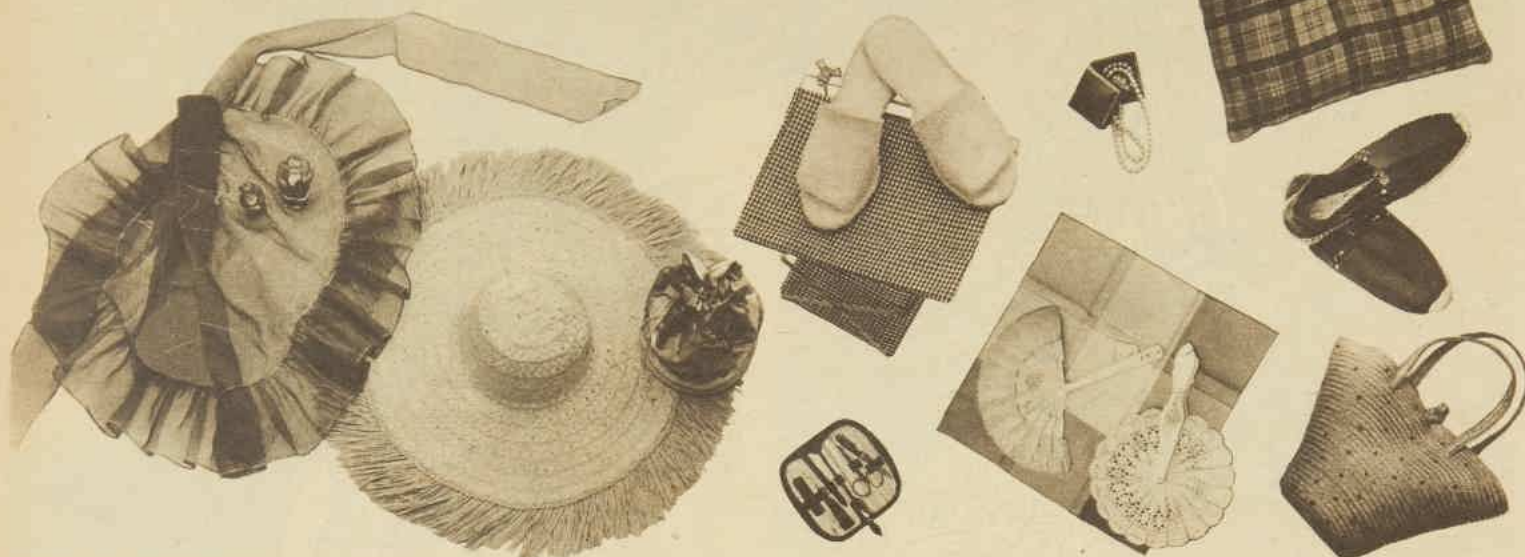
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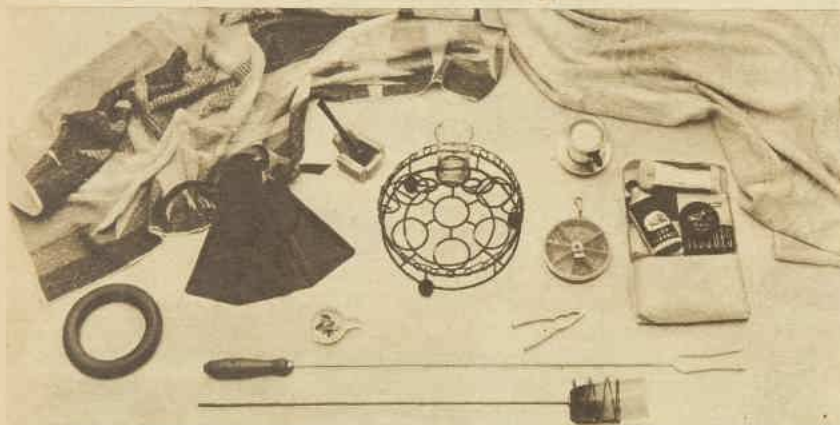
Wonder STRETCH
They stretch to fill all feet. A snugfitting sock that assures comfort, longwear and lasting satisfaction. Smartly packed in attractive gift pack. 12/- pair.

They are pretty,
practical,
and inexpensive

Christmas gifts from the shops



GIFTS FOR GIRLS (above) include, from left, organdie apron, 12/11 at Farmers; straw beach hat, 12/11 at Anthony Horderns; beach bag, 17/11 at Anthony Horderns; manicure set, 19/6 at Grace Bros.; washable scarf, 21/- at Grace Bros.; leather trinket box, 9/11 at Farmers; check handkerchief, 4/11 at Farmers; Viennese fan, 19/11; feather-edged fan, 23/11, both at Snows; cushion (top right), 19/6 at Anthony Horderns; belt, 5/6 at Farmers; shoes, 10/- at Farmers; handbag, 10/11 at Grace Bros.



PRACTICAL PRESENTS for men include patterned beach towels (top left and right), 16/11 each at Farmers; green rubber slippers for spear fishermen, 20/6 at Farmers; English pipe, 20/-, in novelty porcelain stand, 5/11, both at Grace Bros.; barbecue glass stand, 5/11 at Cursons; one-cup coffee drip pot for bachelor, 10/6 at Farmers; plastic-topped box for fishing tackle, 12/6 at Mark Foy's; car-cleaning kit in Christmas package, 18/6 at Grace Bros.; rubber deck quait (lower left), 5/3 at Farmers; ceramic ash tray, 6/6 at Anthony Horderns; nutcrackers, 8/6 at Farmers; toothbrush fork, 5/11, and glass holder for barbecues, 5/11, both at Cursons.



GIFTS FOR CHILDREN include toy saxophone (top left), 9/11 at Mark Foy's; handbag in cottage design, 20/6 at Snows; plastic bunny money-box, 10/11 at Grace Bros.; turtle rubber float for young bathers, 16/11 at Farmers; child's umbrella, 7/11 at Grace Bros.; space gun (next umbrella) with circular "ammunition," 9/6 at Mark Foy's; Donald Duck felt slippers, 16/6 to 18/3 at Grace Bros.; snowstorm paper-weights (from left), 6/11, 3/11, 4/3, 3/3, all at Cursons; miniature skier in white fur, 5/9 at Cursons; toy French horn (lower left), 22/6 at Mark Foy's; key rings with school badges, 10/6 at Farmers; toothbrush holder, 2/6 at Anthony Horderns; Christmas manger group, 21/- at Cursons; skittle set, 11/6 at Snows.



MOTHER WILL LIKE THESE. They are (from top) washable pot-holder, 4/6 at Anthony Horderns; memory tickler, 13/11 at Grace Bros.; five-piece kitchen set, 19/11 at Farmers; Mammy peg apron, with hidden pocket, 10/6 at Farmers; striped scarf, 6/11 at Farmers; pre-shrunk white fabric gloves, 16/6 at Grace Bros.; lacy fan, 10/11 at Snows; black tote bag, 19/11 at Grace Bros.; set of biscuit cutters in bag, 2/6 at Anthony Horderns; candles, 9d. each or 5/3 the set at Farmers; fish-shaped candlesticks, 6/11 each at Cursons; basket, 19/11 at Farmers; cushion, 5/11 at Grace Bros.; tea-cosy, 13/11 at Grace Bros.

Star's new career as M.P.'s wife



ACTRESS Valerie Hobson smiles encouragement to a shy youngster presenting her with a bouquet at a charity bazaar in London. The star has custody of her two children by a former marriage.

She plans to revive the political salon

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

English actress Valerie Hobson will give up her stage and film career and devote her time to reviving the political salon of former years when she marries John Profumo, Conservative M.P. for Stratford-on-Avon, in January.

"I will have a new life," said Miss Hobson, "and will be able to give up the stage without regrets."

AS the wife of a Member of Parliament, I will take politics very seriously."

Valerie Hobson's engagement to handsome 40-year-old John Profumo, who is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, was no surprise to people in the theatre world.

He was often seen among the audience at the theatre where she starred in "The King and I," a current successful musical in London.

He proposed to her backstage after a show.

Miss Hobson was formerly married to Anthony Havelock-Allan, and has custody of the children.

There was a time when a brilliant young parliamentary secretary would have been frowned on by the Conservative Party for marrying an actress, and particularly one who had been married previously, and was the mother of two children.

However, this attitude to the re-marriage of divorced persons has now changed.

At present, Valerie Hobson is busy house-hunting.

"John's house is much too small for us," she said, as she turned the pages of a magazine featuring photographs of England's stately homes.

"I am busy hunting for a more suitable home," she said. "It must be a very large one."

When she and John Pro-

fumo marry they will live in his house until they can find something bigger.

His home is not really a small house by present-day standards.

I visited it several times before Sir Charles Gairdner left to take up the post of Governor of Western Australia.

A very great friend of John Profumo's, Sir Charles made this Chester Terrace house his London home.

Sir Charles' estate is in Ireland.

Profumo's house, which is a two-story with very large rooms, is considered an ideal

House-hunting

size with the present servant shortage in London.

In it he has entertained extensively and elegantly.

His collection of fine Chinese jade includes some very exquisite pieces.

As Chief of Staff to the British Mission in Japan in 1945, the year before he re-entered the House of Commons, he knows the East well.

The handsome parliamentarian has a wide number of friends in Royal circles, as well as in the political and diplomatic spheres.

Signed photographs of members of the Royal Family with their Christmas greetings on more informal pictures

stand on the piano in his house and on small tables.

There are charming autographed photographs and snapshots of the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess and her children.

A man of cultivated tastes, Profumo is a close friend of the Duchess, and is often in her party at the theatre.

He was a frequent visitor to "Coppins," her country home.

Valerie's friends predict that her new home will be one of the loveliest in England.

They say she has perfect taste in interior decoration, and is a wonderful hostess.

Valerie Hobson is determined that her second marriage will have the solid foundation of a costly home, as well as the atmosphere for the brilliant political gatherings she intends to hostess.

"She is a very sincere person," one of her friends told me, "and, although her first marriage ended in divorce, she took her vows at the altar very seriously."

"She even went with her former husband every year to the church where they were married to re-dedicate her vows."

"The old organist who played at the wedding came up and played for the re-dedications."

Valerie Hobson has always

been interested in politics, but her emergence on the political scene will be gradual.

"However," she said, "I am prepared to do a little public speaking if necessary. I have had quite a bit of platform experience, opening such things as Red Cross bazaars and homes for spastic children."

The engagement has caused a flutter throughout the ranks of the Conservative Party women's associations.

Now that a brilliant actress is marrying into the party, and is prepared to take a leading part in its activities, they foresee a revival of the influence of "political wives."

"Political wives" can have a very dull time, or they can make a fascinating career of it," a spokeswoman from the Conservative Central Office told me.

"Miss Hobson is going the right way about making politics really interesting," she added.

Valerie Hobson, who has often been described as "the most unattractive of actresses," has caused a few raised eyebrows since she announced her engagement and intention to retire from the theatre.

There has been a rumor that she would find it difficult to break her contract with the producers of "The King and I." However, Miss Hobson has

counteracted this by saying that she did not believe the producers would stand in the way of her plans to marry and retire.

"They have always been so sweet and understanding," she said.

Valerie Hobson flew to New York when the part of the Governess in "The King and I," which Gertrude Lawrence had played so successfully in New York, had to be filled for the English production.

In theatre circles it was thought that Evelyn Laye would be chosen for the role, but Valerie flew back with the contract.

When she marries, a new

"Gracious lady" role

leading lady will have to be found.

While Valerie Hobson intends to make her new home the centre of brilliant political gatherings, she does not intend to restrict her invitation lists to people in the political who's who.

She intends to include famous artists among her guests.

"I have always painted," she said, "and have many friends who are artists."



VALERIE HOBSON, wearing a pearl and platinum engagement ring, with her fiance, John Profumo, Conservative M.P. for Stratford-on-Avon. The couple intend to marry in January, when Miss Hobson will give up her stage career.

"Sir Matthew Smithson, the painter, is one of my closest friends, and is godfather to one of my children."

Sir Matthew Smithson has painted Miss Hobson eight or nine times at turning points in her career.

At this turning point he will probably paint her again.

Miss Hobson's own paintings will hang in her new home.

An oil landscape by Noel Coward, which is now on the wall of her dressing-room in the theatre, will also hang in her house when she has removed the grease paint for the last time.

In spite of her busy life as an actress, artist, public speaker, and wife and mother, Valerie Hobson has found time to dabble in designing.

She designed shoes named after her which are currently selling in several big London stores.

She loves clothes, and is extremely well dressed in a thoroughly English way.

The daughter of an Indian Army officer, she was brought up to be a gracious lady.

When she retires from the stage Valerie plans to be just that.

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English players miss family life

Test team enjoys tour fever but likes break from cricket

By MARGARET HUGHES, English cricket writer

Millions of cricket lovers in England will be setting their alarm clocks and rising early on bitter winter mornings to tune in for the latest scores in the first Test match at Brisbane.

IN hotter climates, cricket fans will rush out for a paper to read how the runs were made and the wickets taken.

Never before has public interest been so keen and the many thousands in Brisbane who will be lucky enough to see the first Test will be envied all over the world. For this may prove to be the closest fight which either country has yet staged, and all over a tiny urn which never leaves the Holy of Holies in Lord's Cricket Ground.

Foreigners are bewildered by nations which can become so excited or so depressed about a game which lasts six days, when great international crises leave the same people placidly sane.

Never try to find out why cricket, which often can be exasperating, even dull, has so many fanatical enthusiasts, because no one will be able to answer you.

Nor can the game itself be explained easily.

Neville Cardus, one of the greatest cricket writers, was asked once during a match at Lord's to give some pointers to the son of the Emperor of Japan.

After two hours of dull play, the Prince, still in the dark, left the ground murmuring, "No wonder the British are such a philosophical race," while the expert could be seen mopping his brow. Demanding a cup of strong black coffee, Cardus exclaimed: "I've decided to give it away. He's got me so mixed up that now

I don't know what it's all about!"

If you know nothing about cricket when taken to your first match, remember that asking the wrong questions might spoil a beautiful friendship and the right ones might stump your escort. Just relax in the sun, let the atmosphere of a Test match seep in, and make up your own mind about the play and players.

After a few more visits you will find suddenly that you have learnt the secret. The game will have taken a grip on you and you will never be able to give it up.

When Len Hutton goes out to open an English innings he will feel nervous only for his team, because he has reached the stage where he no longer

worries about his own performance.

But he can recall vividly the first time he opened an innings in Australia.

Walking out to take guard at the wicket, he did not hear the applause for his entrance, but noticed the sudden silence as Lindwall measured out his bowling run.

As he saw Lindwall racing towards him a thought flashed through his mind: "If I get out first ball, millions in the north of England will say, 'Poor lad, he'll do better next time.' But down in the south of England they'll say, 'What did they want to send him for?'"

Hutton is now the great pivot of England's batting, just as Bradman was for Australia before he retired.



AUSTRALIAN cricketer Keith Miller with his young son Denis, who is named after Denis Compton, the matinee idol of English cricket. Compton and Miller are close friends.



THREE STALWARTS of English cricket, Len Hutton, captain, Denis Compton, and Alec Bedser are no strangers to Australia. Since their arrival the English cricketers have been overwhelmed by Australian hospitality and found it difficult to accept every invitation.

When the team was in Adelaide recently, the English captain was entertained in Sir Donald's home and played billiards with Bradman's son.

After the game he took the boy aside.

"Look, lad," he said, "if you've got any ideas of following in your father's footsteps, just you think again. We had enough trouble with him."

Compton and Miller are great friends off the field.

When Denis comes in to bat you will see Miller bang his forehead with his fist and say: "You very good batsman, Mr. Compton, but you must go."

This is a throwback to the days when they both played wartime cricket in India and armed rioters forced through the fences, stopped the game, and gave Compton the above ultimatum.

Today these two rivals still carry out the ceremony.

As the cricketers from England travel from State to State they are publicly feted and treated generally as important celebrities.

The eyes of the public are focused on them everywhere they go.

This is one of the reasons why it is necessary for them to be not only good cricketers but also good ambassadors.

Some of these famous cricketers, Len Hutton, Denis Compton, Godfrey Evans, and Alec Bedser, have, for many years, been used to the glare of publicity.

They have only to pull a muscle before lunch and the whole of England will be aware of the injury by a quarter past six that night.

They appear on radio and

Chosen from this obscurity to travel thousands of miles in order to play cricket for England against Australia — the lifelong ambition of every English cricketer — and to be thrown into the hurly-burly of international cricket away from home is a big enough strain in itself.

Suddenly to become an important social figure as well is very nearly overwhelming to a newcomer.

For this reason, an invitation to a private house to spend a quiet, restful day out of the spotlight is a welcome relief to the English cricketers.

They love to sit down for dinner with a family, possibly very similar to the ones they left behind in England, to discuss with father or son the Melbourne Cup or Australia's chances in the Davis Cup and to help with the washing-up.

A touring cricketer has to play, talk, eat, and sleep cricket. He is mixing all the time with eighteen others who are doing the same thing.

In addition, when he is at home, his father, brothers, and other male relatives are only too willing to gibe when he makes only a few runs. They are ready to tell him just how he should have bowled and where he made his mistake when he was out. They will want to discuss the day's play in detail and to gather little personal tidbits they can repeat in the office the following day.

Each of the cricketers with whom I have discussed this told me that he is glad his womenfolk are not too interested in the game.

"It would be the straw that broke the camel's back," said most of them, "if the wives criticised our cricket as well."

I was glad to be able to pass this view on to a Sydney housewife whose husband had asked several of the cricketers to call at his home for a meal whenever they had any free time. She was a little worried that they might be bored because she knew nothing about cricket.

I should think her house might become the most popular rendezvous in Sydney, because a hostess who knows and talks no cricket is the person the cricketers most look forward to meeting.

Always in spotlight

television programmes, make speeches at functions and dinners, and take part in appeals for charity.

By now they are acclimatised to this perpetual round of social activity.

However, there are others in the team who are as young in this social aspect of touring as they are in their cricket.

Some of these young men live and play cricket in small counties away from the big towns. Their names and pictures seldom appear in the columns of the larger newspapers.

OUR PETER MITCHELL WILL QUEST

Requests for application forms and examination papers in our Peter Mitchell Will Quest are being received from intending candidates in widely scattered parts of Australia.

GIRLS in capital cities, including Canberra, and in small towns and isolated country areas in many States are sending in the form that will secure them the necessary papers to enter the contest.

Interest is widespread in our unique quest to find the 15 unmarried Australian women under the age of 30 who will be the first beneficiaries under the terms of the Trust.

It is not a search for perfect women, nor is it merely a beauty contest. It is a quest for 15 young Australian women of the best type.

Extracts from the will explaining the qualifications necessary to win prizes were published in The Australian

Women's Weekly on November 17.

The prize list is:

FIRST PRIZE,
£512/16/8.

SECOND PRIZE,
£256/8/5.

THIRD PRIZE,
£128/4/3.

TWELVE PRIZES
OF £64/2/- each.

These amounts are the results of calculations based on the instructions in the will.

To obtain the necessary papers, intending candidates must first fill in and return to us the form published on this page.

The completed application forms and examination papers

must be returned to us not later than January 1, 1955.

Papers can be returned to us

earlier than this date, if completed.

Prizes for the 15 successful women candidates will be awarded in April, 1955.

After the closing date of January 1, 1955, women candidates' completed exam-

ination papers will be marked by professional examiners.

The trustees have set 50 per cent. in the written examination as a minimum standard for eligibility of candidates for further consideration.

FILL IN THIS FORM

When you have filled in this form return it, with a self-addressed foolscap envelope bearing 3½d stamp, to:

"Peter Mitchell Quest,"
Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me the papers necessary to make application to benefit from the Peter Mitchell Trust. I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

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*Established in the
Paris Collections*

THE SHORT EVENING DRESS

High in elegance is the short-skirted evening dress. Created by Paris, it now has a world fashion monopoly for theatre, dinner, and dancing.



● Jacques Fath's short-skirted gauze evening dresses (above) both have lace "bed jackets" in a matching color and are worn with chic little evening hats. Note: Satin shoes with pointed toes. The satin can match, or be in contrast.



● Christian Dior's cardinal-red tulle dance dress (above) has a strapless bodice-top prettily veiled over the bosom. The bouffant skirt stands out stiffly from the waistline. Paris news: Matched-to-the-dress colored beads, here used by Dior for a twisted necklace and bracelet.



● Hubert de Givenchy uses shades of yellow for his superbly designed dress in shadow-tissue taffeta. The moulded bodice flows into a full skirt, finished with a side-draped sash.



● Hardy Amies, of London, chooses ice-pink tulle for this exquisite short-skirted ball gown. The skirt billows stiffly from a narrow waistline. The dress has an enormous matching stole, worn to veil the strapless bodice-top.



Tailored Beachwear by Liberty

"DON". Smartly tailored from shape-retaining, long-lasting satin laces in attractive shades of royal, aqua, cherry, gold, sage and black. Approx. prices:
Boys: 2-7, 22/6; 8-13, 29/11; 14-16, 35/11.
Men's: Skirtless, 42/6; with skirt, 54/-.
See the Liberty range at your favourite store.
From 22/6



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World's largest maker of Foundation Garments.

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So easy to clean . . .

The only Egg-Beater in Australia with detachable propellers!

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● A ballerina-length wedding dress in crisp cotton is a popular and pretty choice for the summer bride.

THE dress on the right is the perfect answer to a country reader who writes for advice about her wedding dress. Below is her letter and my reply.

"I AM being married early next year, and am searching for a design for a wedding frock and would like your opinion. The wedding is in a large country town and it is pretty sure to be very hot, and I have to drive a fair way to the ceremony. Would a skirt without a train be suitable? Also what material do you think best? My dressmaker needs a paper pattern, so could you have one cut, please? I have a 34in. bust."

As you have to cope with excessive heat, I advise a wedding dress with a ballerina-length skirt made in plain or embroidered white cotton organdie. The design I suggest is illustrated (right). See how exquisitely simple it looks with its bare top and tiny matching bolero worn for a "cover up." The bolero idea has an added advantage, because later, minus the bolero, the dress will make a perfect summer dance dress. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Lines under the sketch tell how and where to order.

"WOULD you assist me by suggesting a style for a black taffeta ballerina? I want it nice and plain, but with some unusual finish. I also want the frock to have short sleeves."

A moulded bodice top finished with short sleeves above a fitted midriff and wide skirt would be a charming design for taffeta. Character could be added to the design by a shallow square-cut neckline dipping to a low V at the back. Have the point of the V finished with a narrow self material bow with long, fly-away ends.

"PLEASE advise me what you consider to be a fashionable style for a suit to be made in junior navy linen. I want the suit to have a touch of white. I am nineteen and am considered to be a smart dresser."

Fashion's favorite ensemble look for summer is the two-piece costume. For you, I like this idea carried out with a sleek, slim skirt topped by a dramatic middie blouse styled with a large sailor collar and above-elbow-length sleeves, deeply cuffed. A white accent could be introduced by an embroidered emblem on the sleeve and a matching strip trim around the collar and cuffs.

"MY problem is a sports skirt and blouse suitable to wear at a country golf club. I want the skirt made in light wool and the blouse in cotton, but am quite at sea about colors and style. I have a 26in. waist and 34in. bust, am just about medium height, and always wear flat-heeled shoes."



D.S. 116.—Ballerina-length wedding dress and matching bolero. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

ton, but am quite at sea about colors and style. I have a 26in. waist and 34in. bust, am just about medium height, and always wear flat-heeled shoes."

I suggest you have your skirt made in a light worsted type wool featuring a small black and white check. Wear the skirt with a classic shirt made in pink poplin. Have the skirt slim in front, with a deep pleat centre back, and for interest a slit pocket over each hip. Have the waistline finished with self material slots and belted with a narrow pink leather belt. Have the shirt styled on the lines of a man's, with long sleeves which can be buttoned at the wrist or worn rolled above the elbow.

"I WANT to have a separate skirt, blouse, and short jacket made for dull days and would like your ideas about color. I want it in subdued shades, as I am rather tired of all the floral and bright colors I have in my wardrobe."

Caramel, black, and white would be a subdued and subtle combination for your separates. Use the colors in the following combination: caramel for the skirt, black for the jacket, and white for the blouse. Complete the ensemble with a wide belt in black patent leather.

"LAST year I had a day dress in floral sheer, and as I have plenty of the material left over I would like to lengthen the skirt into a ballerina. The skirt is slightly flared, so how could this be done?"

A flounced hemline would be a simple and effective way

to convert the skirt of your dress to ballerina length. Decide the new length you intend the finished skirt to be, as this will govern the width of the flounce, which you can sew to the edge of the original skirt level.

"NEXT year I want to have a good tailored suit, and as my tailor will make it early in January I would like your advice. The suit is to be black, but I can't decide on the type of material or color for a blouse. Please help me with this problem."

You could not choose a smarter or newer material for next season's suit than tweed. I think black tweed would look wonderful worn with a pink jersey blouse, matching pink gloves, and other accessories black.

"WOULD you advise me what you consider the most becoming shaped hat for me to wear? I am 44, have my hair permed and wear it short. I usually wear a soft grey or navy-blue."

Small uncluttered shells, caps, and pill-boxes are the most flattering shapes for a short-cut coiffure. White would be the most becoming summer color to wear with navy-blue and soft grey.

"I WOULD like your advice on the newest styles for a coat-frock buttoning from the collar to the hem."

The newest designs for coat-frocks incorporate many of the current trends in styling and fabrics. For hot weather the best material choice would be a plain or printed cotton. Style details include back or side fullness, sailor collars, jewel buttons, and braid trims.



If a heart



is your target . . .



try a little mischief

a daring perfume by Saville

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UNBELIEVABLE

how comfortable...

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iron in a jiffy. It's so simple—
just whisk through lukewarm
suds, rinse in tepid water and
use cool iron while still damp.

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TRADE MARK
'Celanese' FABRIC
IRON WHILE DAMP USING WARM IRON

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A PAIR

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Ansell

— THE HOUSEHOLD WORD IN RUBBER

FOR TEENAGERS:

Giving credit where it's due

Credit is due to one of Sydney's busiest teenagers, pretty 19-year-old Margaret Bull, of Longueville, Sydney.

SHE is president of the Australian Broadcasting Commission's Youth Concert Committee.

Audiences at the A.B.C. Youth Concerts are limited to young people under 25. One of the tasks of the committee, of which Margaret is president, is to advise the A.B.C. about the running and organisation of such concerts.

As president, Margaret presides at the monthly meetings when a roster of the members is made for the group who will organise musical programmes or talks at young people's institutions, clubs, and societies.

These programmes are the most interesting part of the committee's activities, and through them the members hope to foster an appreciation of orchestral music in young people.

Music for the recorded programmes can be chosen by the club or society the committee is visiting, but the talks about different aspects of music and musical instruments are even more popular than the music.

Being president of the Youth Concert Committee usually means that Margaret has at least two nights a week taken up with the work of the committee or with the programmes they give.

"We go out at night straight from work," she said. "Sometimes we have tea in the car on the way out or else a meal is provided for us when we get there."

"We go to a lot of places," said Margaret, "Thornleigh Girls' Home—we've had several programmes there—the Longueville Music Club, the Royal Alexandra Children's Hospital, and the Margaret Reid Orthopaedic Hospital, where the programmes are given to the nurses, not to the children."

"And at the beginning of each year," she went on, "we go around to the places where there are young people of our own age so we can get more subscribers for the youth concerts."

AT a rough guess I'd say that most of us have heard the Waltz from Strauss' "Thousand And One Nights" many hundreds of times, but few of us have heard the complete operetta. We can now remedy that with two 12-inch LPs, and what a delightful experience it is! Not only will you hear the famous Waltz but literally dozens of other Strauss melodies—polkas, waltzes, marches—that you'll instantly recognise as old friends from many out-of-context hearings.

ALTHOUGH the libretto was suggested by the Arabian Nights, Strauss wisely refrained from the pseudo-Oriental and penned a score of pure Viennese gaiety. The dual starring role of the Sul-

MARGARET BULL, pretty teenage president of the A.B.C.'s Youth Concert Committee, has a demanding but enjoyable leisure job.



That was how Margaret became a member of the committee. She was a member of the Longueville Music Club when the Youth Concert Committee visited them with one of their shows about eighteen months ago.

Margaret was asked if she would join. She accepted, and at the beginning of this year she became the president.

But she wasn't a stranger to

don't mean only the famous ones.

"But I still have time for tennis and social activities, and, of course, the youth concerts."

During the day Margaret works as a secretary to a solicitor, and at the week-ends she plays tennis or goes swimming.

"And," she said, "I just love to get out into the country with a gun in my hand."

Margaret is still interested in the Longueville Music Club and attends their meetings every six weeks.

She loves dancing and going to parties or having friends for an informal evening.

"I collect records of my own and we often have musical evenings at home," she said.

But Margaret and her friends are not musical snobs.

"Just because we are interested in classical music doesn't mean we disapprove of popular tunes and the hit parades," she said. "Often, in the car going to our shows, we sing all the tunes of the moment."

Margaret enjoys working with the members of the committee and going out with them when they organise picnics and days out.

Occasionally, when visiting artists give talks at the A.B.C., the committee turns up in full force to hear them.

But when the activities of the Youth Concert Committee end for the year soon, Margaret will not rejoin them for the 1955 season because she is going to Europe with her mother and two friends.



Gum-leaf hair rinse

• Pick yourself a dipper full of gum-leaves, cover them with boiling water and let them stand until the water is cool. Pour off the liquid—it will be a funny blackish color—and add it to the rinsing water next time you shampoo your hair. You'll give your hair a bright, new look.

the youth concerts held in the Town Hall. She has been a "regular" at the concerts for the past four years.

Margaret devotes a great deal of time to her job as president, but she thinks it's worth it.

"It's very interesting," she said, "and I get a terrific lot out of it. You meet the most interesting people. And I

DISC DIGEST

tan and Fisherman is sung by Herbert Ernst Groh, an international favorite. He is supported by a distinguished cast and the chorus and orchestra of Radio Berlin, conducted by Otto Dobrindt. The recording (ULP.9203-1-2) should be a lasting joy to all who favor operetta, thrilling singing, and the immortal Strauss. As it is sung in German, I do think that an English libretto should have been made available; and that goes for all other recordings of stage works in a foreign language.

SELECTIONS from another German operetta, Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," have also appeared on E.173T.

a 12-inch 78 r.p.m. platter, but it seems dwarf-like after the complete "1001 Nights." However, those without 33 1/3 equipment, such as people who live in the country without electricity, should welcome it. Highlight is, of course, the beautifully sung "Barcarolle." Artists and orchestra are from the City Opera, Berlin.

BELA SIKI, pupil of the late Dinu Lipatti, is now touring Australia and delighting lovers of the pianoforte. If Chopin is among your favorites, don't miss hearing Siki's three LPs devoted to this composer. Disc PMAO.7001 is a Chopin recital, while PMAO.1008 and 1011 both hold Four Ballades and Four Scherzi.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



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- ★ Never sags even on the edges.
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- ★ Fits all sizes of beds, with four types to choose from.

FROM ALL LEADING STORES

Kay Melaun
says:

Here's your answer

Our career supplement a few weeks ago has brought many specific inquiries. We have dealt with one from each category, which should give you all a lead.

HERE is one from a girl interested in radio work:

"I am an 18-year-old girl and my ambition is to become a radio announcer. Can you tell me the qualifications necessary for this work and how I should go about applying for an announcing job with a radio station? Also, can you tell me whether there is a radio training course available?"—M.A.S., Queensland.

First, you must arrange for an audition. I suggest you call in at the offices of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, Penny's Building, Brisbane, and fill in an application form for an audition, giving details of your previous voice training, and education standard.

The qualities you need for radio announcing are, briefly, these: Good, clear voice quality, clear pronunciation, and a pleasant delivery.

If your audition is successful you may be taken on as a cadet announcer and given a thorough radio training.

You will have to sit for an entrance examination before being taken on to the permanent staff if you have not already got your Leaving Certificate.

"I WANT very much to become an air hostess, but I haven't any clear idea of the necessary qualifications. I am 20 years of age, have attractive features, but wear glasses. Do you think this will make any difference?"

F. Cocking, Waratah, N.S.W.

No Australian airline will engage you as a trainee hostess until you are 21. Other qualifications are a first-aid certificate or nursing experience, perfect health and a pleasant manner.

You must be 5ft. 3in. to 5ft.

6in. in height and weigh no more than 9st. If you have to wear glasses all the time most airlines will reject you, because good vision is regarded as a necessity. If your glasses are simply reading glasses, or prescribed only for occasional eye-strain, you should be able to qualify.

"I AM 12 years old, and I would like to take ballet lessons. I am rather small for my age, but I am very keen on dancing. Do you think I

Sydney city area has special 5 p.m. classes for ballet beginners of your age group, and two ballet schools in your area are Jeannie Alexander's in Harris Park, and Mrs. Greenaway's, 30 Gore Street, Parramatta.

"I AM very interested in dress designing and would be very grateful if you could tell me where I could start learning."

Patricia Body, Holbrook, N.S.W.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

A BATCH of crunchy biscuits, flavored with coconut, sultanas, and lemon, is Debbie's choice this week.

They're simple to make, and very popular.

SULTANA COCONUT COOKIES

One cup flour, 1 level teaspoon spice, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup pre-cooked corn breakfast cereal, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 3 level tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 level teaspoon grated lemon rind.

1. Sift flour with spice and soda into a basin.
2. Add coconut, breakfast cereal, sultanas, and sugar; mix well together.
3. Beat egg, add golden syrup, stir until combined.
4. Melt butter or substitute, add to egg mixture with lemon rind.
5. Make a well in centre of dry ingredients and pour in egg mixture.
6. Mix well, making a stiff mixture.
7. Place a teaspoonful at a time on to greased trays.
8. Bake in moderate oven approximately 20 minutes.
9. Leave on trays until nearly cold, then remove with knife.
10. When cold, store in airtight tins or jars.

am much too old to start learning?

"If I am not too old, I would be grateful if you could give me some addresses of dancing schools in my district."

V.C., Guildford, N.S.W.

You are not a bit too old to start learning ballet. The Frances Scully Studio in the

I suggest you write to the Design Department of the East Sydney Technical College, Forbes Street, telling them whether you require a day or evening course, and exactly what you want to do.

The college's dress-designing course covers three years of fashion drawing and cutting, five days or three evenings a week. If you write to the

Design Department they will be able to tell you which country centres supply the same or a similar course.

"COULD you tell me where to write to obtain some information about joining the women's services, and also give me the address you published not long ago of a penfriend agency?"

Anne Smith, Werris Creek, N.S.W.

Write to the Deputy Director of Recruiting, Box XYZ, Sydney, for details about the conditions of entry and service in the women's forces. When you write, give information about your education, and state your age—you must be over 18 to be eligible for service.

Address of organisation to get penfriends abroad is: Youth of All Nations, Inc., 16 St. Luke's Place, New York, 14, N.Y., U.S.A.

"WHEN I left school at 16, only 15 months ago, I was 5ft. 6in. tall and had the makings of a good figure. Now I weigh 10st. 10lb. and have no shape at all. My fat makes me feel self-conscious and depressed and I never look nice, whatever I wear. My face also has lots of fat on the cheeks and I am not nearly as attractive as I was before. I was being treated by a doctor for suspected kidney trouble, but as I no longer am in pain I did not bother to see the doctor further. I have also been the centre of some bitter family upsets. Do you think either of these could account for my overweight and depression? Do you think diet could answer my problems?"

"Unhappy," Wollongong, N.S.W.

If you are healthy, there is only one thing that makes you overweight, and that is eating too much. Family upsets won't add pounds, but unhappiness (which upsets undoubtedly cause) has been proved to be the root of over-eating in some cases.

You ask whether dieting could solve your problems. In your case, your doctor is the only one who can answer that question. You should see him at once and make sure that you are quite well and that there is no medical reason for your weight before you consider dieting. You should, too, ask him if it would be wise for you to diet. If he gives his permission, there are many good diets available.

You list your worries as overweight and depression and link them in your last question. It seems that despite the family upsets you mention, overweight may be causing your depression. That visit to the doctor should be undertaken immediately so that you can get going towards health. Remember "health" doesn't only mean feeling well; it includes being your right weight for your age and height.

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At all chemists and selected department stores. Three sizes: handbag, 4/9, pedestal, 15/- and de-luxe gift size, 63/-... and glorious Gemey Skin Perfume for all-over freshness, 14/-.



GEMEY TALCUM... Silky-soft, fragrantly absorbent Gemey Talcum keeps you feeling refreshed—lovely from top to toe. Fragrant with lovely Gemey perfume... 3/9.

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HOLLYWOOD WARDROBE

By **EDITH HEAD**, Paramount Films
fashion designer

Grace Kelly, the pretty bride of "High Noon," is crazy about accessories.

SHE has a basic suit for travelling on location and rings the changes cleverly with six little tie-on caps, scarves, and gloves.

She doesn't spend a great deal on them, either, but uses

ribbon to make her own belts, dyes white cotton gloves to match the ribbons, and manages to have six "new looks" with the same suit.

Grace goes for color in a big way. She says that if you don't feel very good in the morning and wear a bright colored red scarf and a red belt it gives you a lift.

"Of course, there's a time to wear dull colors and a time to wear bright ones," she said to me.

"It would be fatal to meet a rather conservative man while wearing red. On such an occasion I would wear a soft blue-grey sort of thing."

I have sketched Grace's caps and scarves for you to copy. Be sure to use them.



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Wear with or
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gown featuring
'Nylotux' shoulder-
straps with nylon
lace forming a de-
lightful neckline.
Blossom, White.
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Give her Kayser Pro-
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Debs if she's small, Mids if
she's average, Longs if she's
tall. 3 beautiful shades, all
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Miss Christmas says

Please her with **KAYSER**

GIVE her any one of these
or choose from the many other
lovelies by Kayser and you'll please with
ease. Be it hosiery, gloves or
lingerie, make sure you choose Kayser,
her very own favourite brand.

Worth Reporting

A SNAKE - SERUM
"bank," with captive cobras and deadly banded kraits as the "donors," is an unusual Red Cross service in Thailand.

We heard about it from Mr. W. J. Phillips, a Red Cross executive from Geneva headquarters, when he reached Melbourne on a world tour of the society's branches.

Dying with death, bare-footed native Red Cross workers enter pits containing up to forty reptiles and milk the venom from them into small glass cups.

The venom is treated and bottled for use at home and abroad as a "hair of the dog" antidote for snakebite.

Mr. Phillips said it was important for a patient to know the kind of snake that had bitten him to enable doctors to prescribe the appropriate serum.

Those in doubt about the identity of their attacker are given a "cocktail" containing a mixture of venom from various snakes.

In Singapore, Mr. Phillips was greatly impressed by the work of women members of British Red Cross, who collect car loads of crippled, mentally retarded, and dumb and blinded children and take them for beach picnics every Saturday morning.

The children come from private homes, where little is done to help them overcome their disabilities," Mr. Phillips explained. "The regular Saturday outings help tremendously in stimulating a healthy outlook."

Australia's contribution to Mr. Phillips' record of "unique" Red Cross activities is the Victorian Division's "Insulin Run."

Every morning teams of Red Cross drivers and aides set off on their rounds to give seven o'clock injections to diabetics who are unable to give themselves their daily doses of life-saving insulin.

Hide and seek with house key

WHERE do you hide your key when you go out?

A woman we know, who wants to sell her house, had to go out on the day the agent arranged to bring the first prospective buyers.

She arranged to leave the key under the agitator in the washing-machine.

That evening the agent phoned to say everything was fine. The buyers liked the house except for being a little dubious about the casement windows in the sunroom.

"What casement windows? What sunroom?" shrieked the startled house-owner. "I haven't a sunroom or any casement windows."

Yes, you've guessed it. The agent had displayed the wrong house.

The woman next door, also out for the day, had also left her key under the agitator of her washing-machine—a place unusual enough, it seems to us, to justify any poor unsuspecting agent making a mistake.

Now both women are looking for new hiding places for their keys.



"He said it wasn't anything to worry about—a broken axle or something like that!"

A FOND father in a relaxed and jovial mood the other night asked his six-year-old son to tell him the story of his life.

"Well," said the boy thoughtfully. "I was born at an early age and have been getting older ever since. Now I am six."

It's still good pie

LUNCHING at a continental restaurant near our office in Sydney recently, we found the food and service good but the spelling weak.

One of the desserts was listed as passionfruit SCHIFFON pie.

We made a light remark to the proprietor about it.

When we returned for lunch the next day he had altered it to passionfruit SHIFFON pie.

BOOK NEWS By HELEN FRIZELL

CERTAIN ladies I know who like talking "operations" and nursing friends who can't be stopped from making clinical discussions during dinner will undoubtedly pounce on "A Lamp Is Heavy," a hospital novel written by Sheila MacKay Russell.

Here we hurry once more down the antiseptic corridors, past the labor ward, the operating theatre, and the outpatients department. In our ears rings the clatter of bedpans and the grumbling of over-worked nurses, who are bossed by a sister (with a heart of gold) and who grow plump on badly cooked, starch-filled food.

And yet, because hospitals are places of human drama, of tragedy and some happiness, books about them never seem to fail. So you will probably find interest, as I did, in Miss Russell's book.

Though immature as a writer, Miss Russell seems to have a mature and sensitive mind. Nursing, she says, brings a girl into touch with reality, and if a trainee can face it without cowering be-

A long time in the one job

RECENTLY, the packing department of a big tobacco company in Sydney farewelled a member of the staff who had worked there since 1909.

She is Miss "Girlic" Cummins, who began work in the company's packing department when she was only 14.

"It's been 45 years and seven months," she said. "And I've worked in the one department all that time."

"When I first went there one girl had been with them for three years and I thought, 'Fancy working in the same place for three years!'"

"We got good money there when no one else did. Everyone does now, but not in the olden days."

One Saturday afternoon before she retired, her fellow-workers gave Miss Cummins a surprise party. Among the guests were women she had worked with many years ago and who are now grandmothers.

Asked what she wanted to do now she had retired, Miss Cummins answered, "Rest. After all those days of work, don't ask me to work again."

"But I have always wanted to travel as much as I could," she added, "and in March I'm going on a six weeks' cruise to America. I want to travel as long as finances last."

"I used to go on all the cruises—to New Zealand, Tasmania, Noumea. And in 1949 I had long-service leave and went on a trip to England and the Continent."

"We did the night-clubs in Paris. However, they are nothing like the Sydney ones. Ours are real mansions compared with them."

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The new Creme-Rose Waving Lotion is the secret! It's what you've hoped for ever since home permanents began! The exciting new Crest with its miraculous Creme-Rose Waving Lotion gives you the loveliest wave you've ever had and in so little time you'll be amazed! With this faster-acting waving lotion your waves are guaranteed to last longer than ever before ... and while it waves it conditions your hair as well.



Remember — New Crest does contain a neutraliser and you must use a neutraliser if you want your perm to last. Give yourself a Crest wave and for months to come your curls will be soft and shining — with the same spring and life as naturally wavy hair.

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dazzle her this Christmas

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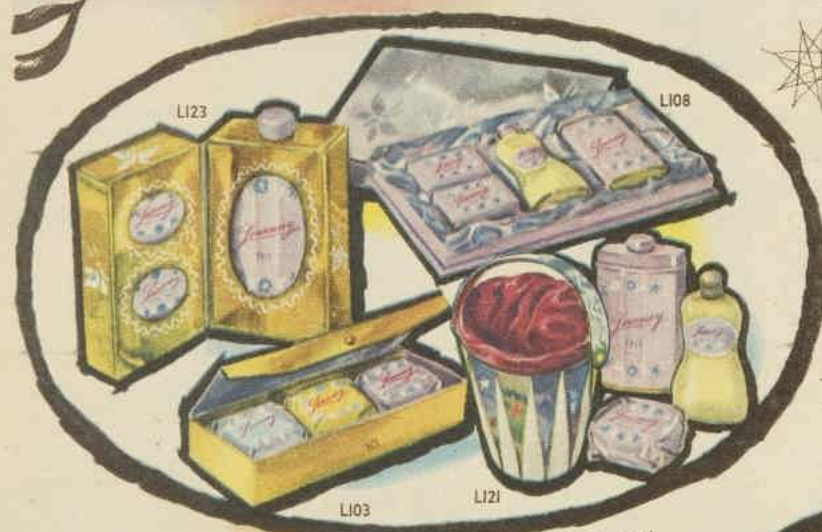
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L117 Make it a really sparkling Christmas for her with this rich silver foil box holding Lourmay Hand Lotion and Beauty Soap.



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L123 This unique folding box of golden foil is the loveliest way to give her Lourmay Talc and two cakes of Beauty Soap.

L108 Richly-lined silver foil box with Lourmay Talc, Hand Lotion and two cakes of beauty soap.

L103 A gleaming golden stud box she will use as a lasting trinket box holds three generous cakes of Lourmay Beauty Soap.

L121 Silver beauty bucket, with glistening satin lining, holds Lourmay Talc, Soap, Hand Lotion, or your choice in Lourmay gifts.



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L118 Gleaming make-up box with rich satin lining holds Lourmay Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge and Liquid Powder Base.

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She can write her own ticket for foreign travel

From PATRICIA ROLFE, in London

Lucille Power—blonde today and brunette tomorrow—is yet another Australian girl who is seeing the world from the bright side of the footlights. In the three years since she left Australia, the 24-year-old former beach girl has lived and worked in nearly every country in Europe.

SHE has appeared in 10 films in England, a water ballet show in Italy and Spain, danced in Paris and Brussels, modelled clothes in Holland, and sung with a band in Western Germany.

Lucille came from Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., but her family now lives at Neutral Bay.

Her preoccupation at the moment is whether she should change her hair from blonde to brunette again.

Now it is long and blonde, but she is contemplating a short, dark Italian cut. "It's best blonde for the stage," she said, "but dark hair goes over better modelling clothes, so I just change it to suit what I am doing at the moment."

Film roles

LUCILLE'S film career in England began with "The Master of Ballantrae," with Errol Flynn and Anthony Steel, and she has just finished "As Long As They're Happy," with Jack Buchanan and Diana Dora.

She also appeared in "The Belles of St. Trinians," recently, but not as one of the "horror" schoolgirls drawn by artist Ronald Searle who are featured in the film.

"I was very dark in that film," she said. "I was the wife of a sheik."

Lucille thinks film work is much easier than stage appearances. "It's rather haphazard," she said. "You just get your script from your agent. Half the time you don't know the name of the film or who else is in it."

After some film work Lucille went to Holland. She did a good deal of modelling there. "You can model clothes almost all the year in Holland and the money is good," she said. "However, the clothes are not very smart."

In Holland Lucille met her husband, Dutch bandleader Freddie Loggen.

"Tall and fair"

HE'S tall and fair," she said. "Not very much like the average Dutchman. All the Dutchmen I met in Australia were tall and fair and looked just like we think Dutchmen should look like. However, in Holland they're all short and round."

Freddie's family is planning to migrate to Australia. His mother, his brother with his wife and two children, and his sister with her husband and two children will probably go to Sydney. Before the war they lived in Indonesia.



Lucille has learnt to speak Dutch quite well and can manage in French and Italian, too.

In Paris she appeared in the show "Nouvelle Eve." However, Paris was a great disappointment to her. She much prefers Rome.

Last summer she toured Italy and Spain with a water ballet, "Niagara Follies." It had an international cast of 100, among which she was the only Australian.

"It was very interesting but very strenuous," she said. "You really had to be a good swimmer."

She has also spent some time touring Western Germany with her husband's band.



BRUNETTE for her film work, Lucille looks very different in her make-up for her role in the British film "The Master of Ballantrae."

BLONDE for her stage roles is Australian actress and dancer Lucille Power. She is wearing pants designed by famous artist Picasso. Lucille went to Europe three years ago, and has appeared on stage, screen, and in ballet.

"That's the only time I'm really nervous," she said, "when I'm singing in front of a band."

"I've never trained as a singer, but I know popular music pretty well."

"Most of the popular music in Holland is terrible. It all sounds like 'The Beer Barrel Polka.' It is good for community singing, but that's about all."

Dance change

LUCILLE is now studying modern dancing. "Tap dancing is completely out," she said. "All the style is changing. Now it's more acrobatic. It's hard, but I'm enjoying it."

Lucille's future plans are indefinite. She can go to France and Italy with the famous Miss Bluebell's dance troupe; she has an offer to work in the "Latin Quarter" restaurant in New York. (She is thinking seriously of this, with one eye on Hollywood); or she can go to Rio de Janeiro with a dancing show.

She may go to Barbados, in the West Indies, where her husband is taking his band for a tour.

When you are pretty, 24, and both blonde and brunette, you can write your own ticket for foreign parts.

First time in Australia!

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ings, colourful illustrations, and a wide choice of titles.

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"A LITTLE THING CALLED LOVE"

Faith Baldwin talks on marriage

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

It is more important for a prospective bride to know that she
will be unhappy without the man she is going to marry than for
her to know that she will be happy with him. "Just ask yourself that,
it is the acid test," said American best-selling author Faith Baldwin,
the theme of most of whose 64 books has been men, women, and love.

THERE are a lot of
people a girl could be
reasonably happy with,"
she added. "But the one
she would be unhappy
without is the one who
counts."

Among the most affection-
ately remembered of the Bal-
dwin romances, whose ten mil-
lion copies have gone into
many reprints, are "Office
Wife" (1930), "White Collar
Girl," "Self-Made Woman,"
and "Apartment for Peggy."

Faith Baldwin has been
visiting Australia and New
Zealand as part of a world
tour.

Friends she made when she
was out here 15 years ago
were at the airport to meet
her. "The nice thing about
friends," she said, "is that you
take up exactly where you
left off."

This particular moment of
her own life might have been
foreshadowed in one of her
more poignant novels.

After a separation of 25
years she last year became
reconciled with her husband,
Hugh Cuthrell, whose tragic
death she is now mourning.

So, when Faith Baldwin can
be persuaded to speak of
human relationships, she
speaks with a curious blend of
the author who for 33 years
has earned her living by writ-
ing novels of which human
relationships are unashamedly
the mainspring, and that of a
deeply grieving, newly
widowed woman.

Small-boned and frail, her
faded hair perhaps once a
brave copper, with her quick-
silver intelligence she does not
need the stimulus of her four
children and her grandchild-
ren to keep her up with the
tempo of the times.

Up to date

SHE somehow manages to
give the impression of be-
ing as in tune with the people
and the behaviour of 1954 as
she was about the 1920's and
1930's, when her novels seemed
so faithfully to express the
feeling of the day.

"The girl setting out to get
her man today sets about it
very much the way she did
in the 'twenties," she said.

"She will know more about
psychology, and there are
fewer taboos, but basically I
don't think either men or
women have changed.

"The man who realises that
he's being pursued will still
get the wind up. They still
like to talk, and for you to
listen. He still likes you to
take an interest in what he's
doing."



FAITH BALDWIN. She has written 64 books since 1921,
and intends to keep on writing. Love is her most usual
theme, and the American "white collar" girl her frequent
inspiration. A decisive, efficient 61, she speaks of human
problems with a deep understanding.

At 61 Faith Baldwin holds
firmly to the belief that there
is no substitute for love.

"If you have to ask if you're
in love, the answer is—you're
not," she said.

"To those who say, 'But,
Miss Baldwin, how can I tell
if this will last?' the answer
is, 'You can't.'"

Miss Baldwin thinks that
one of the best things that
have come out of the war
years in the man-woman re-
lationship is the working part-
nership of mutual respect
achieved by so many of to-
day's young married people.

"Here there has really been
an advance," she said.

Marriage counsellors are
doing work of outstanding
value. But I do not agree
that marriage today is more
difficult than it was in the
past.

"It has always made de-
mands, and it always will.

"Attempting to secure a
happy marriage by submerg-
ing your personality to that
of your husband is never suc-
cessful," Miss Baldwin added.

"What is really needed is a
simple little thing called love.
That's what will get you over
the bad places and sustain you
in difficult times.

"It even gives you a neutral
meeting ground for sharply
differing opinions."

Faith Baldwin doesn't be-

lieve that it's disastrous for a
girl to be making as much or
more money than her fiancé.

"It all depends on the man.
Some will admire you for it
and respect your earning
power."

She doesn't believe either
that girls must always give up
their job after marriage. "It
suits some marriages and not
others. It all depends on the
people.

"But the girl who keeps on
with her job for too long can
make it difficult for herself to
adjust to a purely domestic
life."

Today's foredoomed spin-
sters are seen by Faith Bal-
dwin as the highly paid and
efficient secretaries of success-
ful men.

"The danger isn't that
they'll fall in love with their
bosses, but that spending the
day in the company of an im-
portant man making big de-
cisions they'll miss the ten-
sion and glamor when they go
to dinner with a boy still try-
ing to make his way up from
the ground floor," she said.

"The clever thing for these
girls to do would be quietly to
marry the boy and use their
own experience to push him
ahead.

"I wish they would," wist-
fully said the little woman
who still believes there's no
substitute for love.

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Husbands and lovers—boy friends and brothers—fathers and sons will appreciate Stetson Gift Certificates for Christmas. Stop in and pick up several to-day!



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This is the modern, easy way to do your Christmas shopping! Right at hand you'll find your local Guild Chemist has a wonderful assortment of gifts for men, women and children. Prices range from those money-box pennies to the luxury gift for someone very special. Instead of bustling into crowds and standing while you wait for service, you can sit down in comfort. You're assured of sympathetic, personal service from your chemist and his assistants. You probably know them already and they're anxious to help.

As Christmas rushes on, you realise that, like most other people, your gift list expands and your funds get smaller, so you've got to get the very best value for your money. Sometimes it's difficult to get into town with the children and fares cost quite a bit these days. Then, as you see the festive, attractively dressed windows of your Guild Chemist, you realise your problem is solved. When you've made your selection, you'll find you've saved time, energy and money . . . and you've got the sort of gifts everyone will love.



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Clever new designs for wool toys

CHILDREN will love these amusing crocheted toys — baby monkey (right), complete with bib and bottle, and "Two-Gun Pete" (below), a cowboy with chaps, hat, and holsters.

Here are the directions for making both:

TWO-GUN PETE

Materials: 3oz. pink, 2oz. each of black and yellow, 1oz. red, a small quantity of mid-pink Patons "Bechive" Fingering 3-ply (Patonsised) (this is the only wool which should be used); No. 11 Parfrey crochet hook; scraps of silver metallic thread; small printed handkerchief; scraps of silver tinfoil; 2 small black buttons; stuffing.

Tension: 5 d.c., 1 in.; 5 rounds, 1 in. Use double strands of wool throughout.

BODY

Starting at bottom with pink, ch. 2.
1st Round: 5 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.
2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. around.
3rd Round: * d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c. (inc. made); rep. from * around.
4th Round: * d.c. in next 3 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.
5th Round: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 5 d.c. evenly spaced. Rep. round 5 until there are 60 d.c. in round. Work even until 24 rounds have been completed.

Next Round: d.c. in each d.c., dec. 4 d.c. evenly spaced — to dec., work off 2 d.c. as 1 d.c. Work even for 8 rounds.
Next Round: d.c. in each d.c., dec. 5 d.c. evenly spaced. Rep. last round 6 more times. Break off. Stuff body firmly.

HEAD

Starting at centre of face using pink, ch. 2.
1st Round: 6 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.
2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. around.
3rd Round: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 6 d.c. evenly spaced.
Rep. round 3 until there are 36 d.c. on round. Work even for 2 rounds.
Next Round: d.c. in each d.c., dec. 9 d.c. evenly around. Work 2 rounds even.
Next Round: Inc. 9 d.c. evenly spaced.

Following Round: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 6 d.c. evenly around. Rep. last round until there are 78 d.c. on round. Work even for 15 rounds.

Next Round: d.c. in each d.c., dec. 10 d.c. evenly around. Rep. last round until 8 sts. remain, at same time stuffing head firmly. Break off, leaving 10 in. end. Sew up opening for back of head. Pinch in face to form snout and sew in position. With mid-pink embroider nostrils; with red embroider mouth under snout as pictured. Sew buttons in place for eyes. Sew head to top of body.

EARS (make 2)

With pink, ch. 2.
1st Row: 2 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, ch. 1, turn.
2nd Row: d.c. in each d.c. across, ch. 1, turn.
3rd Row: 2 d.c. in 1st d.c., d.c. in next d.c., ch. 1, turn.
4th Row: Rep. row 2.
5th Row: 2 ch. in 1st d.c., d.c. in each remaining d.c., ch. 1, turn.
Rep. rows 4 and 5 until there are 8 d.c. on row. Break off. Make 2nd piece in same manner. Place pieces tog. and sew through both thicknesses around outer edge of 2 straight sides. Sew ear to side of head along inc. edge.

FORELEGS (make 2)

Starting at top using pink, work as for body until there are 25 d.c. on round. Work even until 8 rounds in all have been completed.

Next Round: d.c. in each d.c., dec. 3 d.c. evenly.
Following Round: d.c. in each d.c. around. Rep. last 2 rounds until 13 d.c. remain. Work even for 8 rounds. Stuff firmly, sew up seam to form toes. Sew to upper side of body as pictured.

HIND LEGS (Make 2)

Work as for body until there are 30 d.c. on round. Work even until 10 rounds in all have been completed.

Next Round: d.c. in each d.c., dec. 3 d.c. evenly.

Following Round: d.c. in each d.c. around. Cont. as for fore-leg until completed.

BOOTS

Starting at front of sole using red, ch. 3.

1st Row: d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in next ch., ch. 1, turn.
2nd Row: 2 d.c. in 1st d.c., d.c. in each remaining d.c., ch. 1, turn.
Rep. row 2 until there are 14 d.c. on row. Work 1 row even.

Next Row: d.c. in each d.c., dec. 6 d.c. across. Break off.
Make another piece the same, do not break off at end of last row. Place pieces tog. Working through both thicknesses, d.c. closely around outer edge, at same time stuffing slightly. Break off.

Top:—With red, ch. 16. Join with sl. st. to form ring.

1st Round: d.c. in each ch. around.
2nd Round: d.c. in each d.c. around. Rep. 2nd round 5 more times, inc. 1 d.c. on each round; do not have inc. over previous inc. Break off at end of last round. Sew starting ch. to back part of 2nd piece, allowing point to extend for front of boot. Pull boot on to bottom of leg and sew around top edge. Sew legs to sides at bottom of body.

CHAPS

Starting at waist edge with black, ch. 35.
1st Row: d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in each ch. across, ch. 1, turn.
2nd Row: * insert hook in next st., holding hook between thumb and forefinger of left hand, with right hand place

wool over hook and over left forefinger, place wool over hook only, transfer wool to left hand and draw the last 2 over on hook through the st. where hook was inserted, wool over hook and draw through all loops on hook (loop st. made), remove left finger from loop; rep. from * across, ch. 1, turn.

3rd Row: d.c. in each st. across, ch. 1, turn. Rep. rows 2 and 3 until 12 rows in all have been completed.

Next Row: Work in patt. across 16 sts. for leg, ch. 1, turn. Continue in patt. across these 16 sts. for 18 more rows. Break off. Attach wool to first free st. on 1st row of leg. Work in patt. across remaining sts. for 2nd leg to correspond to opposite side. Sew waist edge of chaps to front of body. Sew lower edge of each leg to boots as pictured.

BELT AND HOLSTERS

Starting at narrow edge of belt using red, ch. 5, d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in each ch. across, ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: d.c. in each d.c. across, ch. 1, turn. Rep. row 2 until belt is long enough to go around body. Break off.

Holster.—Make 2. With red, ch. 7. Work as for belt until 7 rows have been completed. Break off. Make another piece the same. Leaving one narrow end free, sew pieces tog. along 3 sides. Form a scroll with metallic thread and sew on belt and each holster as pictured. Attach red to top edge of holster, ch. 5, sl-st. to edge of belt. Break off.

HAT

Using yellow, work as for body until there are 36 d.c. on round. Cont. to inc. as before until there are 48 d.c. on round. Work even until 17 rounds have been completed.

Brim.—1st Round: * d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

2nd Round: d.c. in each d.c. around, inc. 6 d.c. evenly around. Rep. 2nd round 6 more times. Break off. Using yellow make an 18 in. chain. Break off, fasten ends. Tie around crown and tack in place. Sew on head. Form 2 guns with tinfoil and place one in each holster. Tie kerchief around neck.



BABY MONKEY:
This is a soft, cuddly toy for small children. His body is made in wood-brown wool and the face in pink wool. See directions below.

BABY MONKEY

Materials: 3oz. wood-brown, 2oz. pink, a few yards each of red, white, and black Patons "Bechive" fingering 3-ply (Patonsised) (this is the only wool which should be used); 2 black buttons 1/4 in. diameter; No. 11 Parfrey crochet hook; stuffing.

Tension: 5 d.c. 1 in.; use double wool throughout.

HEAD

Starting at centre of face using pink, ch. 2.

1st Round: 6 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.

2nd Round: * d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c. (1 d.c. inc.); rep. from * around.

3rd Round: * d.c. in next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

4th to 9th Rounds: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 6 d.c. evenly around.

Work even for 4 more rounds on 48 d.c. Mark end of round with a contrasting color.

14th Round: d.c. in next 18 d.c., * 2 d.c. in next d.c., d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around to marker.
15th Round: d.c. in next 31 d.c., * d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around to marker on previous round. Mark end of last round.

16th Round: d.c. in next 28 d.c., place another marker, * 2 d.c. in next d.c., d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around to next marker. Break off.

Short Rows.—1st: Attach wool to d.c. preceding 1st marker on previous round, d.c. in same place, d.c. in each d.c. to within d.c. following next marker. Break off.

2nd and 3rd Rows: Attach wool to d.c. preceding 1st d.c. on previous row, d.c. in each d.c. to d.c. beyond last d.c. of previous row.
Attach brown wool and work in rounds.

1st Round: 1 d.c. into each d.c. Rep. 1st round until piece measures 2 1/2 in. from first round of brown.

Next Round: d.c. in each d.c., dec. 9 d.c. evenly around—to dec., work off 2 d.c. as 1 d.c. Rep. last round until 36 d.c. rem. Stuff firmly and cont. to dec. as before until 9 d.c. rem. Sew up opening.

EARS (make 2)

Back.—With brown, ch. 5.

1st Round: d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in next 2 ch., 3

d.c. in next ch., working along opposite side of starting ch., d.c. in each ch. across, ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: d.c. in next 3 d.c., (2 d.c. in next d.c., d.c. in next d.c.) twice, d.c. in each remaining d.c., ch. 1, turn.

3rd Round: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 3 d.c. at rounded edge.

4th and 5th Rounds: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 2 d.c. at rounded edge.

6th Round: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 4 d.c. at rounded edge. Break off.

Front Piece.—Using pink, make another piece the same. Holding 2 pieces tog. and working through both thicknesses, with pink overcast edges tog. all round. Sew in place on head. Sew black buttons in place for eyes. With black, embroider nostrils; with double strand of red, embroider mouth.

BODY

Starting at bottom using brown, ch. 2.

1st Round: 6 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. around.

3rd Round: * 2 d.c. in next d.c., d.c. in next d.c.; rep. from * around.

4th Round: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 6 d.c. evenly around.

Rep. round 4 until there are 66 d.c. on round. Work even until piece measures 4 in. Dec. round—d.c. in each d.c., dec. 6 d.c. evenly around. Work 1 round even. Rep. last 2 rounds alt. 3 more times.

D.c. in each d.c., dec. 6 d.c. evenly spaced every round until 30 d.c. rem. Stuff firmly. Cont. dec. 6 d.c. every round and stuffing until 6 d.c. rem. Sew up opening. Sew head to body.

ARMS (make 2)

Starting at wrist using brown, ch. 26. Join with sl-st.

1st Round: d.c. in each ch. around.

2nd Round: d.c. in each d.c. around. Rep. 2nd round until arm measures 5 in.

Next Round: d.c. in each d.c., dec. 7 d.c. evenly around. Cont. to dec. 7 d.c. every round until 7 d.c. remain. Sew up opening. Stuff firmly from wrist end.

Front of Hand.—1st Row: Attach pink to opposite side of starting ch., d.c. in same place, d.c. in next 12 d.c., ch. 1, turn.

2nd and 3rd Rows: d.c. in each d.c. across. At end of row 3, ch. 6 (thumb), sl-st. in 2nd ch. from hook, sl-st. in each ch. across, d.c. in each d.c. across row, ch. 1, turn.

4th Row: d.c. in each d.c., ch. 1, turn. Rep. row 4 until hand measures 2 in. Break off.

Back of Hand.—Attach brown to first free d.c.

1st Row: d.c. in next 13 d.c., ch. 1, turn.

Rep. row 4 of front of hand until piece measures 2 in. Break off.

Stuff hand firmly, working through both thicknesses, sew front and back tog. around outer edge. Sew arm to body. Take care to have thumb of other hand in opposite position.

LEGS

Starting at ankle, work as for arm; until piece measures 6 in. Dec. in same manner as for arm. Sew up opening. Stuff firmly from ankle end.

Bottom of Foot.—Work as for front of hand, being careful to place big toe in proper position.

Top of Foot.—Work as for back of hand. Stuff firmly. Sew 2 pieces tog., stuffing slightly. Sew legs in place about 3 in. from lower edge of body. Fold leg in half, tack lower part of leg to body.

TAIL

Starting at tip, ch. 2.
1st Round: 3 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. across.

3rd Round: d.c. in each d.c., inc. 1 d.c. on round.

Rep. last round until there are 16 d.c. on round. Work even until tail measures 8 in. Stuff firmly and sew in place.

BIB

Using single strand of white, ch. 21 to measure 2 in.

1st Row: d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in each ch. across, ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: d.c. in each d.c. around, ch. 1, turn.

Rep. row 2 until piece measures 1 1/2 in., ch. 1, turn.

Next Row: d.c. in next 5 d.c., ch. 1, turn.

Next Row: d.c. in each d.c. across, ch. 1, turn.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 more times.

Work other side the same, fasten off.

Edging.—Ch. 22. D.c. in 3rd d.c. on last row, d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in corner d.c., d.c. in side of next row, d.c. in following row, ch. 3, sl-st. in last d.c. made (picot), * d.c. in next 3 rows, ch. 3, picot; rep. from * around 3 sides. Ch. 22, break off, press. Tie bib around monkey's neck.



TWO-GUN PETE: A funny little pig realistically dressed as a cowboy with neck-tie, guns, and chaps. This is an easy toy to make in simple crochet. See directions this page.

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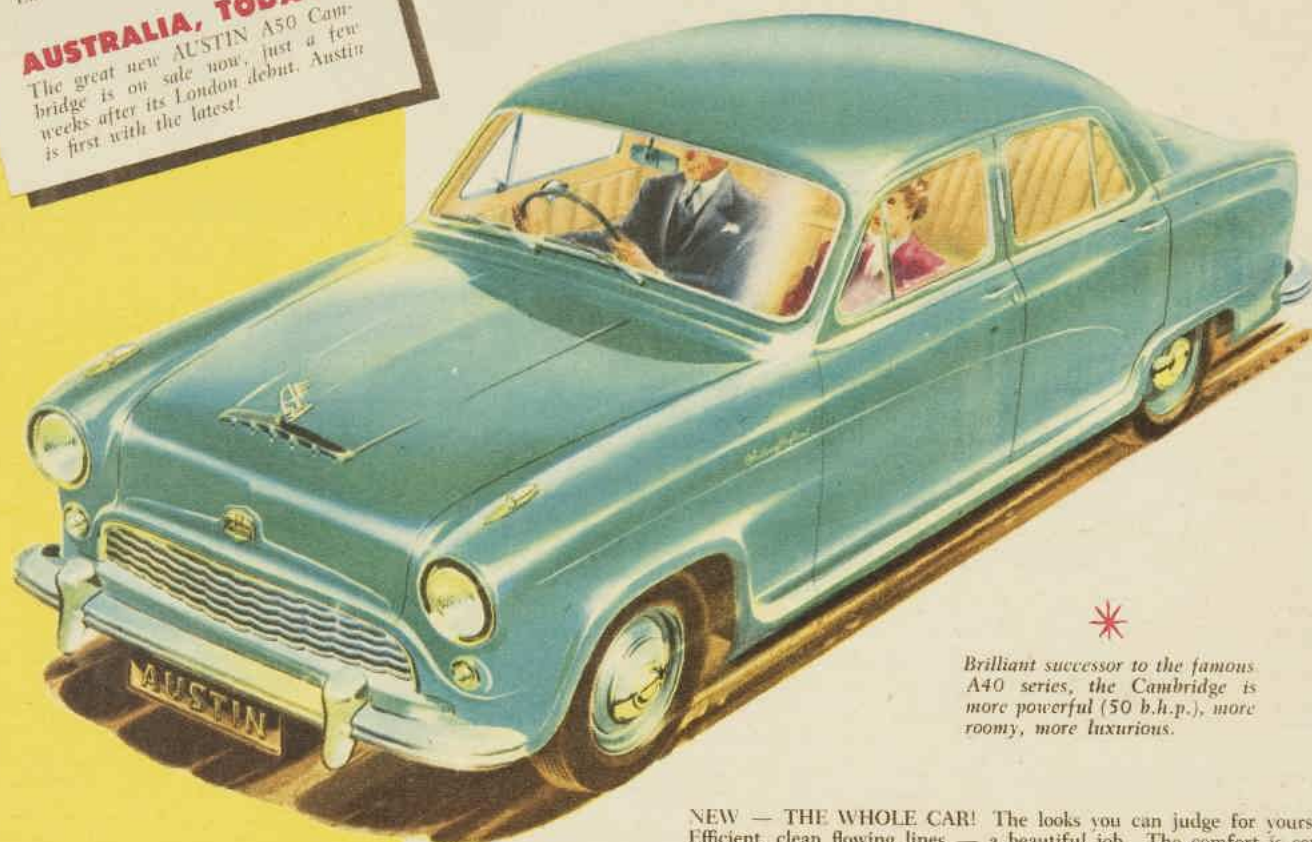


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Continuing . . . Ever Faithful

from page 5

for that. There was no hurry for anything. An aimlessness and weariness oppressed her. She turned disconsolately and nearly tripped. Almost under her feet was the puppy. She looked at him in alarm. They must be nearly a mile from where she had first seen him.

"Hey!" She looked up at the cry and saw a man striding along the beach.

"Hey!" he called again. "So there you are."

"Oh, dear," Penny looked apologetic. "I'm so sorry, he must have followed me and I didn't notice."

"My sister's youngster brought him down and evidently forgot him. They're almost desperate about losing him, poor kids."

"They must be frantic." She watched him pick up the puppy and give it a gentle, affectionate shake. It looked very contented. "I'm dreadfully sorry."

"It wasn't your fault," He glanced at her and then made no effort to move. "By the way, I wasn't calling 'Hey!' out to you. It must have sounded a bit rude. But that's his name."

"What is?"
"Hey," he replied. "So convenient. Whenever you have to call a dog you say, 'Hey, Peter,' or 'Hey, Laddie,' or 'Hey, something.' Just 'Hey' is so much shorter."

He looked nice when he smiled. There was an easy friendliness about him that awoke response before she realised it.

"Our dogs were called 'Mister' and 'Missus' and 'Rory.' Rory was the Irish setter," she said reminiscently.

"Were?" he said gently.

She nodded her head and found that tears were near.

"When we lived in the country. Years ago. I'm in a boarding-house now."

"Oh," his face wrinkled in sympathetic dismay. "How ghastly. No place for a dog."

She shook her head. "I hadn't realised how much I wanted one."

"When you get a home of your own," he said consolingly, and then he hesitated as he noticed the look in her face.

"I mean, you can give a dog a good life in a suburb if you fence off the backyard."

"Do you think so?" Her voice held a note of despair.

"Of course," he said consolingly, "you can give a dog a good life anywhere if you want to. It'll probably dig up the garden and trail mud into the house, but it's worth it."

"Dogs want plenty of space. Acres of paddocks to roam. It's what I want, too. The city

stifles me." He spoke emphatically.

"It does me, too." Until she had spoken she had never realised her longing for the wide horizons of the countryside of her childhood. She suddenly felt cooped up and breathless.

"It's mainly plains where I live," he said. "An irrigation area. I'm growing oranges and lemons."

"I must be getting home," she said dispiritedly.

He turned and walked back with her. It was apparently on his way. He set the puppy on the ground and it ambled happily after them.

"Usually I never come to the city. I hate it. But I wanted to buy a mechanical hoe. And I saw Hey in a dog shop in one of those arcades in the city. He looked so forlorn, I couldn't resist him."

As he said this he looked at the girl at his side and thought that she looked as forlorn as Hey had done.

"My last dog died of old age last week. He was fifteen years old."

Penny murmured sympathy and looked at the puppy. Fifteen years . . . that would be a long time to share with it.

They reached her pile of clothes. Her swimsuit was dry and she slipped into her button-down frock and tied a ribbon round her ruffled curls.

When she had picked up her basket she looked at the puppy's owner. He was standing still. Hey once again in his arms. He was studying her seriously and contemplatively.

Even in the swiftly fading light he looked tanned and vigorous and she felt, somehow, as if she had known him for years.

She could so easily picture him pushing his mechanical hoe through the straight rows of his citrus trees. She could visualise one of those familiar, square weatherboard home-steads . . . a patch of garden in the front, the clothesline stretching across the rough grass in the backyard . . .

and Hey scurrying across the home paddock, in search of non-existent rabbits. In that paddock there would probably be a few gum trees and you could pick a leaf and crumple it in your hand and, when you put your nose to it, you could smell the clean, sweet scent of eucalyptus.

They stood facing each other awkwardly. Penny tucked a stray curl beneath her scarf. Usually he never came to the city. Oh, well! She would go and get a meal of some sort

at a restaurant and then go back to her boarding-house.

"My name's Peter Fenwick," he said suddenly. "We haven't been introduced . . . except by Hey . . ."

"I'm Penny Tarrant." Her nervousness made her garrulous. "I'm a typist, but I was brought up in the bush."

"And you liked it?" His voice was earnest.

"It was heavenly," she said simply.

"My sister lives near here," he said. "I'd like you to meet her. I mean . . . it would make it quite all right, wouldn't it?"

"Make what quite all right?"

"You and me going places," he said. He tucked Hey firmly under his arm and they moved towards the lawns that edged the highway. "I think I'll have to make more inquiries about that motor hoe. Spend a few days looking at different kinds. After all, you can't rush into things, can you? Not when they're important."

She glanced up at him and wondered at herself. She had only met him less than half an hour ago, and yet she felt more contented in his company than she had with anyone since her sheltered childhood.

And, for all his apparent presumptuousness, there was a pleading diffidence about him. His voice held the strength of firm purposefulness. He would plod along with the job in hand and fight every obstacle. Yet, watching him hold the tiny puppy so gently, she knew that tenderness and understanding were also his.

"You can't rush into things, can you?" he asked again, as they waited for a break in the stream of traffic.

"Sometimes," she said thoughtfully, "if you're sure of yourself." Even as she spoke she was startled at herself and yet she felt that, for the first time in her life, she knew what she wanted. Richard's desertion no longer mattered. She could never have given him the kind of happiness and life he wanted. Where-

as "In a few weeks' time," he said earnestly, "I expect I'll have to come to Melbourne again."

"Will you?" he said softly.

"I hope there'll be someone to look after Hey."

"Temporarily," he said swiftly. "I'm not worrying about him later."

"I think he's sweet," said Penny, and, as she matched her paces to the stride of the young man beside her, she caught her breath in sudden, delicious happiness.

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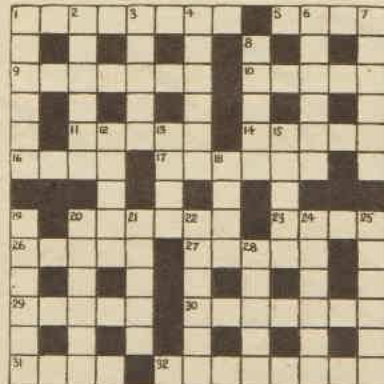
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- This vessel can stand at lot of straining. (8)
- Take care of tea to the finish. (4)
- Display of temper shown mostly by an insect with spirit. (7)
- Purple-flowered plant. (5)
- Against all chances men are ever merry. But heaviness fore-runs the good. (Shakespeare, King Henry IV, Pt. II) (5)
- Insect before it becomes a pupa. (5)
- Could not be less. (4)
- Moose. (Anag. 5)
- A sailor and a Scot provide a good starting place for a plane. (6)
- Caesar's unlucky day. (4)
- Took feloniously a Roman matron's dress. (5)
- African quadruped used for crossing. (5)
- Take possession of without right. (5)
- Behold, fifty with pig's fat followed Weyli. (7)
- Several times 3 feet 9 inches. (4)
- Of low birth, though the birth might have taken place at a U.S. national game. (4-4)

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- In spite of appearance this willow flower is not a relation of a feline. (6)
- Such a face has a dismal look. (6)
- She may become a sister but she is not yet a sister. (5)
- Ants of old. (6)
- This day is on May 24. (6)
- A broken net in the back of a young man concerns the teeth. (6)
- It calls attention usually to hands. (5)
- Can be bought in the Levant without tea. (5)
- Pattern for a Norman without an article. (4)
- A commotion in excitement. (5)
- Their best laid schemes gang aft agley. (4)
- Tell confidently as safe. (6)
- Almost one half of TIT. (6)
- As per cuts in harvest. (5)
- Flowering shrub which contains ale. (5)
- Repeat from the beginning provided it's music. (6)
- Turf and lair soaked through. (6)
- Misrepresent. (5)

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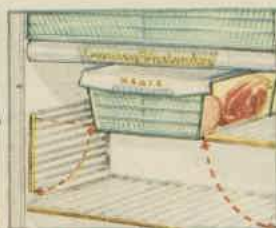
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she said lightly. "Care for an orange juice, captain?"

She opened a large can and poured some for him.

"Uh—uh—meant to call you up and ask how you were getting along," Denny said, "but—uh—what with one thing and another—you know how it is." "You bet I do, Captain. I've been pretty busy myself."

"Oh?" "Uh—uh," she said enthusiastically. "Been flying with Marty. Uh—Marty Farrell, that is. Gee, has he shown me life in Chicago? Everything?"

"From the stockyards to Michigan Boulevard." She sighed with pleasure.

"That—that covers a lot of ground."

"It sure does," she agreed. Denny gulped a swallow of orange juice, which, for some reason, tasted bitter.

"Since we're on the same flight," he said, "how about tonight? Won't be dark for several hours. I could rent a car and we could drive up the lake shore."

"Gee, thanks," she said, "but honestly, I couldn't. In the first place, Marty wouldn't like it."

"Holy mackerel! Does Farrell have to like it?"

"He's a pretty jealous guy." "Oh, he is, is he?" Denny said indignantly. Come to think of it, he never had liked that silver-tongued hobo.

"Anyway," she said, "he'll be in on the next flight. I've got to repair my nails and get a couple of hours' rest to be ready when he gets in."

"Say, you're not going overboard for that counterfeit woo pitcher, are you?" Denny asked, his main bearing beginning to overheat. "I mean, if you are, it's time I told you the facts of life."

"Why, Captain Denslow!" Lari dropped her eyes.

"I'm serious. That wolf's made passes at practically every hostess on four airlines. And, furthermore—"

Miss Oberland arrived just then. "Could we get you something, captain?" she asked coldly. It amounted to being thrown out of his own galley.

"Thank you, no," he said, and strode back to the cockpit.

He didn't see his gorgeous second hostess again until they rode in the cab to town, where she took the back seat between the co-pilot and flight-engineer, leaving Denny to ride on the spare seat beside Miss Oberland. They all pitched in sixty cents when the cab arrived at the hotel.

"See you all at breakfast," Lari called out cheerily.

The next day, riding out to the field, Denny contrived to sit beside Lari, much to the disgust of Miss Oberland, who viewed his undignified scramble with disapproving eyes.

"Now see here, Milbanks," he started abruptly. He swallowed and lowered his voice, "I mean, did you have a nice time last evening?" He couldn't help adding, "With that wolf?"

"Oh, a wonderful time," Lari said gaily. "Dinner and a show, and we danced till almost midnight."

"Oh." The thought of Farrell with his arms around Milbanks, with her head on his shoulder, and that lovely red hair brushing his face, was almost more than Denny could bear.

"After that we—"

"I don't want to hear any more about it," he growled. "My, my," Lari said. "We are in a bad mood this morning, aren't we?" Her green eyes twinkled.

Denny folded his arms and glared out the window. And that's the way it was all the way back to California.

Three days later they flew to Chicago again. Same flight.

Continuing Operation Husband

from page 9

Same crew. Denslow determined to tough it out. No red-headed play-girl was going to get under his skin. He'd show her how indifferent he was, maybe even throw a little rank at her.

"Morning, Milbanks," he grunted as he entered the plane. His smile was stiff.

With a raffish grin, Lari threw a finger to her eyebrow. "Morning, skipper," she said in a bass-falsetto. Then turning to Miss Oberland, who was diligently checking the silver, she warned, "Look alive, matey. The Old Man just came aboard."

Denny strode up the aisle and slammed the cockpit door.

In the Chicago cab, Denny was quick to take a seat beside Oberland. "Clara," he said, during a lull in the conversation, "would you care to have dinner at Caesar's this evening? Awfully good prime rib."

Miss Oberland turned indignant eyes on him. "Thank you, no," she said. "I'm taking piano lessons at the Y.W.C.A."

Winning at the suppressed laughter from the back seat and the cab driver's outright guffaws, Denny slid down in his seat and said no more until they arrived at the hotel.

In his room he buried himself in a detective magazine. His engineer had gone to visit relatives, and his co-pilot was down in the lobby trying to make a date with the news-stand girl.

Denny put his feet on the bed and tried to become interested in how a body had been packed in a trunk and shipped to Newfoundland. For some reason, the grisly details could not displace visions of the lovely Milbanks from his thoughts. After a time the telephone rang. He picked it up and grunted hello.

"Hello, cap," said the cheery voice on the other end. "This is Milbanks. Hostess, Second. Just called to see if you wanted to hang on the feed-bag somewhere."

"Why—ah—ah—yes, of course."

"What's the matter?" Lari asked. "Your mouth full of something?"

"Yes, indeed. I mean, no. That is, I'm just taken back by your calling, that's all."

"My word," she said. "There's no reason why I shouldn't, is there? After all, we are fellow crewmen, staying over in a strange town. No reason we shouldn't eat together, is there?"

"No. No, none at all."

"Well," she said, "how about meeting me in the lobby in about thirty minutes?"

"Roger," he said. "Thirty minutes."

Never had he whistled so loudly or happily as he did while showering, shaving, and dressing in grey flannels, checkered sports coat, and suede shoes. He was in the lobby exactly thirty minutes later.

Lari wore a pleated, grey skirt and a black cashmere sweater. Around her neck she wore a green scarf, knotted roughly at her throat. Her hair glinted like sunset and polished copper. The effect was much the same as lifting your head suddenly in a climbing turn. When the vertigo subsided, Denny gulped and asked where to.

"Caesar's," Lari said.

A cab was unloading at the kerb. They took it, and a few minutes later drew up before the sumptuous eatery.

"Eighty cents," the driver

grunted over the front seat. Denny was half-way out the door. Before he could turn back Lari had flicked a bill into the driver's hand. "Keep the change," she said.

"Oh, no!" Denny protested. "You can't do that."

"You can square it going back," she said.

"But I want to pay it both ways," Denny said. "I want—" "Now, see here, captain," Lari said firmly. "When one crewman calls another to eat, it doesn't mean they're going out on a spree. I'm on an expense account, same as you."

"O.K., I'll eat my words," Denny said. "But when I gave that talk, I meant deals where the crew member who got called wasn't supposed to make something out of it."

"Well," she said pointedly. "Well, for the love of Pete," he said, "this is differ—"

"Let's go inside," she said. "People are beginning to look at you."

"Well, let them look!" Denny bellowed, but Lari had his arm, steering him into the prime-rib palace.

Seated at the table, Denny took a firmer grip on himself. This has got to stop, he told himself earnestly. Why was it that this demoniacal redhead had him shouting every time he got within ten feet of her?

Holy mackerel, he used to be considered a soft-spoken, even-tempered guy. Look at him now.

To Denny's acute displeasure, Lari prattled incessantly throughout the meal about the glamorous sights and experiences she had enjoyed in Chicago.

"Marty is such a sweet guy," she concluded. "I wish you could know him better."

"Know him better!" Why, that pearly toothed wolf was

my co-pilot for six months! I know every shoe-blackened hair on his ten-gallon head. Why, if you knew what I know about that bird—"

"Ah—ah," Lari admonished. "Let's not get indigestion."

When the bill came, Lari promptly placed her money on the waiter's tray. Shaking his head sadly, Denny placed his own beside it. Outside he asked if she would like to see a show.

"I would," she said, "but I'm afraid I don't have time. Marty's due in at nine. He's taking me to the hotel roof-garden, dancing. Gee," she added, "is that Marty smooth on his feet?"

"Can't you stand that bird up, once?" Denny demanded. "I have some rights, our relationship being what it is."

"Oh?" she asked, suddenly interested. "What is our relationship, as you see it?"

"Well, I am your captain. Seems to me, simple crew loyalty should—"

"Crew loyalty? Why, you—your jerk!" She drew back her foot and delivered a short, merciless kick to his shin.

"Oh—oh!" he yelped, shifting his weight from one foot to the other in pain and bafflement.

"Now, you bird-brained bird-man," she said, "take me back to the hotel."

Back in his room, Denny tried once more to get interested in the body in the trunk. No use. His nervous system was shattered.

If he was still in this condition in the morning, there would be no alternative but to go to the nearest flight-surgeon and turn himself in. He was in no shape to pilot a milk waggon, where the horse knew the way, much less a 300-m.p.h. airliner.

Tearing the detective maga-

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Continuing

Operation Husband

from page 50

zine into thirty-two equal parts and throwing them in the wastebasket, he began to pace the floor.

It was while scuffling a path in the rug that it finally came to him. He could hear the words ring in his head as if enunciated on a loud-speaker: Theron O. Denslow, you are in love.

The revelation was so shocking, so contrary to life as he had planned it, that for a moment he was unable to adjust.

Finally he stopped before the mirror, looked himself squarely in his haggard eyes and asked the blunt question: Well, Denslow, what are you going to do about it?

For a brief second he thought of shipping Farrell's body to Newfoundland. He put that out of his mind. But there was something he could do.

He looked at his wrist-watch. Ten o'clock. Lari should be dancing on the roof with that cheap romancer by now.

Grabbing his coat, he walked down the hallway and caught the elevator. Feeling eight feet tall and four feet wide, he stamped right past the startled doorman on to the roof-garden dance floor.

Aha! There he was. He could see Farrell's slick, black hair above the crowd as he swayed to a samba.

Denny snaked his way across the floor. Arriving at Farrell's shoulder, he cocked his fist, pulled Farrell around, and said grandly, "Take your dirty paws off my girl, Farrell!"

At that instant he got his first clear view of Marty Farrell's partner. She was a small, dizzy-type blonde.

She looked up at him and yelled, "Sock that hobo, Marty! I never saw him in my life!"

"I—I beg your pardon," Denny mumbled. He felt a powerful grip on his arm, and a voice said patiently in his ear, "Come on, let's don't make no trouble. 'Cause if it takes six guys to throw you out, we got six guys to do da job."

Bewildered, Denny allowed himself to be led to the door. He saw Farrell excuse himself from the blonde and follow. "It's all right, buddy," Farrell said. "He's a friend of mine."

The doorman reluctantly let Denny go. "I'm right here," he said. "If he gets too friendly, holler."

"Now, old man, what goes?" Farrell asked.

"Where is Lari?" Denny demanded.

"Larry? Larry who? Oh, I'll bet you mean Milbanks."

"You bet I mean Milbanks. What did you do with her?"

"I haven't done anything with her. Haven't seen her for a week. What's eating you, Denslow?" He looked at Denny queerly.

"You mean you didn't have a date with Lari tonight?"

"I got a date with Sally, the blonde."

"How about last trip?" Denny pressed. "Didn't you take her to dinner, a show, and afterwards dancing?"

"Negative. Take it from me, Denslow, you're wasting your time on a babe who won't even let you buy her coffee."

"You—you didn't even show her everything from the stockyards to Michigan Boulevard," Denny said, more as a statement of fact than a question.

Farrell put a safer distance between himself and Denny. "Denslow," he said, "I'm beginning to worry about you."

"I'm sorry, Marty," Denny apologized. It was easy to see Farrell was puzzled.

"Roger. Get yourself a cup of black coffee, old man." Shaking his head, Farrell walked

back to the blonde. Denny caught the elevator down.

His hammering on the hotel-room door was answered by a soft, "Who is it?"

"Open up," Denny yelled, "before I knock the door down!"

The door opened a crack. A red head and two green eyes appeared. "Oh, it's you!"

"You bet it's me!" Denny roared. "Let me in! I want to talk to you, baby!"

"Do you think I should?"

Other locks began to click open, other eyes began to peer through door cracks. Lari pulled the door wide. "Come on in," she said. "As usual, you're making a scene."

"Now listen to me, Milbanks," Denny started. "I just went up to the roof-garden. I found Farrell there, but you weren't with him."

"I wasn't?" Lari opened her green eyes wide and looked terribly surprised. She wore a Kelly-green nylon housecoat with a mandarin collar. The effect was demoralising.

"Don't needle me!" Denny said, his blood pressure rising dangerously. "You've already driven me half nuts. I'm miserable, unhappy, and ready to fight at the drop of a hat. You've got me so mixed up I thought for a second of committing a trunk murder, and it's lucky I'm not in gaol for nunching Farrell in the teeth. You can't go on treating me like this. I love you. I deserve some consideration. You've got to marry me before I crack up."

"Would you kindly repeat the part about love and marriage? Calmly. As if you knew what you were talking about."

Denny swallowed. "I do love you, Lari. I was all wrong that first day. I want to settle down with bills and worries and a mortgage and no life of my own. Sounds ridiculous, but that's the way I feel."

Lari stood with folded arms, tapping one small foot. "Is this a firm proposal, captain?" she asked.

"Yes," he said weakly, "it is."

Lari emitted a long sigh. "I accept." Then she added hastily, "It won't all be bills and worries, Denny. A lot of it will be like this."

Sue stood on tiptoes, formed her mouth into the most delightful pucker. Denny had ever set eyes on, and kissed him thoroughly.

Several kisses later, her arms still locked tightly around his neck, Lari said softly, "You know, Denny darling, I really am one of those man-chasing air hostesses you hate so much."

"If you mean using Farrell to make me jealous, forget it," Denny said expansively.

"Worse than that. I've been stalking you for months."

"What?"

"You don't remember," Lari said, "but last January Grandma Milbanks and I were passengers on one of your flights. It was Grandma's eightieth birthday and her first time up. You came back and talked to her. I've been nuts about you ever since, Denny. That's when I made up my mind to be an air hostess."

"You mean I've been a marked man since January?"

"Uh-huh. I had to wait for an opening, and it was hard getting on your crew. And, of course, that ride to Long Beach was a setback." She sighed. "Believe me, it's been a long, tough campaign."

"Gee," Denny said admiringly. He drew her closer. "Why, I didn't even have a chance."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 1, 1954

Continuing . . . The Royal Box

(from page 10)

letting some stuffy major get away with acting very pompous and high hat at parties in Kirfahan. Castle grew a beard, adopted native dress and assembled a hunting party in the same general area where Sultan Suleiman ibn Hamis—the one the stuffy major was supposed to sew up for the British syndicate and its Red Line Compact—was in the habit of hunting.

"Castle could already speak Arabic after a fashion, having made a thorough study of it before he left the United States, and he quite adroitly found means of getting to meet the Sultan on the pretext of presenting him with a very fancy shotgun that he'd ordered in Vienna and that had just come through. Castle made the presentation, allegedly on behalf of his countrymen, because the Sultan's fame as a mighty huntsman had penetrated to their land."

"And this proved to be a helpful gesture?"

"Exactly. The old Sultan was tickled to death and invited Castle to join him in a hunt the next day. This was a hawking party for houbara, which I believe is a kind of oversized plover. Castle hadn't provided himself with a hawk—apparently this was almost his only oversight, but he'd assumed that the hunt was for gazelles. So the next thing he had to do was to complete his equipment. . . . Am I making this too long? I wouldn't tell you so much, except that it does have a bearing on what happened afterward."

"Please go on. I'm very much interested."

"Well, I'll keep it short. I suppose Sultan Suleiman was glad Castle didn't have a hawk because that gave him a chance to catch and train a wild one for Castle's personal use—a very great compliment indeed. They set about it at once. One of the soldiers came up with a dead jerboa—that's a sort of kangaroo rat, only larger—and pegged it out on the brown sand with a net of brown linen threads above it.

"Before long a hawk began to circle the spot, but at just that moment, the signal for one of their five-day prayer sessions was given, and everybody but Castle whipped out a prayer rug, faced toward Mecca and began the usual ritual. While they were in the midst of their devotions, the hawk made his swoop, and became entangled in the net. As, of course, Mohammedans won't let anything interrupt their prayers, no one but Castle paid any attention. He didn't want the hawk to get away, so he stepped quietly over and grabbed the fierce bird with his bare hand. The hawk slashed at him with beak and talons, but he stood there and let it rip at his fingers, thanking his own gods, no doubt, that Mohammedan prayers are brief, and don't include sermons.

"The moment the prayer was ended, some of the soldiers relieved Castle, and Suleiman's own master of the household bandaged his bleeding hand. As the Aristinians regard courage of that sort as the greatest of all virtues, it isn't surprising that Suleiman immediately embraced Castle before everybody and pronounced him a man of great bravery and resolution, whose reward for bravery should be something far greater than a mere hawk; what—the old man wanted to know—could he bestow on his new-found friend that would adequately represent a token of his great esteem.

"So then Castle promptly began to murmur something about oil concessions, which would put plenty in the Royal treasury right away, and millions and millions more if black gold were eventually found—

endless money for roads and hospitals and education and sanitation, in short, all the things an impatient, people were clamoring for, and which they could then have without in the least affecting the Sultan's own bulging moneybags. If you'll believe it, in almost less time than it takes to tell, the trick was turned: the stuffy major was out on his ear and Haroun al Castle had the inside track. The whole story's in the files at the State Department."

Inspector Kirtland nodded reflectively. "All very interesting," he said. "And I can see where that might have made Castle some proper enemies. But this happened a long time ago—about twenty-five years, you said?—so it doesn't seem much of a motive for present-day murder."

"Oh, isn't it? At least, I shouldn't think so. The point is that the old Sultan's throne was pretty shaky at the time—a ruler who is broke soon becomes a ruler who is broken. When you can't pay your army, I mean. So Castle's cash payment for the concession was manna in the desert, all by itself. Then, on top of that, one of the world's most important oil pools was discovered, and pretty soon the Sultan was firm as a rock in his palace. Meanwhile, the people got more schools, hospitals and all the other benefits they had been clamoring for, and Castle became somewhat the same sort of legend as Lawrence of Arabia."

"But Castle didn't stay in Aristan."

"No. He returned to the States and went right up on to the top as head of Perisphere Petroleum and Ameristan and a few more corporations, while the millions kept rolling in. And that might have been all there was to the story, if it weren't for a lot of political unrest in Aristan, some of it probably engineered from outside; and Izzet ibn Hamis, the present Sultan—son of the one Castle dealt with in his youth—wasn't the same sort of person Suleiman was, by a long shot. He's a playboy, who doesn't go in for hunting, flouts native traditions, wears Western clothes and puts an impossible drain on the treasury—you see him on the Riviera with a new dancing girl every time you turn around.

"Sooner or later, there'll be a revolt against him. When it comes something will have to be done quick in order to put Aristan on a sound governmental and financial footing. And I imagine—remember I'm only guessing, all this is unofficial—

"That's understood, Mr. Thorpe."

"I imagine the powers that be thought Baldwin Castle was the man who could do this. Anyhow, the President called him in—as I said, he'd contributed rather handsomely to the political war chests, so he might well have expected the offer of an embassy, I suppose. But no doubt he counted on one of the top ones—London, Paris, Rome, Madrid—those are nearly always political plums; it's only occasionally that they go to career diplomats like me. No sour grapes—that's just the way things are."

He went on briskly, "Castle must have been rather taken aback by the suggestion of Aristan, and I believe he'd have turned it down, ordinarily. But it's my guess the President put it up to him as a patriotic duty, to pull another rabbit out of the Aristanian turban for the United States and for the free world, as he did in the twen-

ties . . . I think perhaps he might have done it, too."

"At any rate, he was on his way to have a go at it. But"—Kirtland brushed a knuckle in a worried way through his moustache—"that brings up a question I hardly know how to ask. It's a matter of great delicacy. I mean about Mrs. Castle."

"I'm afraid there's nothing I can offer you there in the way of information. They were only married about two months ago; it was after he had been appointed, and during the period of delay he had asked for so that he could put his business affairs in order and turn them over to subordinates. I never saw her before tonight, when she made a—most unfortunate, I suppose you would term it, impression."

The Inspector took off his glasses, polished them with his handkerchief, replaced them and drew from his pocket a flat, round box of lacquered ebony inlaid with jewels, not unlike a compact in size and shape. He held it in his palm, moving his hand appraisingly up and down, as though he were trying to estimate its weight.

"You realise, Mr. Thorpe, I'm quite sure you do, that we wouldn't be making such an inquiry if it could be avoided." He snapped open the lid of the box to reveal a number of white, salted nut fragments.

"This little case was found open on the floor of Ambassador Ahani's car beside Mr. Castle's body," he went on, "and these"—he stirred the contents of the box with a stubby finger—"were scattered all about. Some of them are in the laboratory at the Yard, waiting for our chemists to analyse them. They are . . ."

"Why . . . why . . . those are salted nuts," interrupted Hilary, staring.

"You've seen this before?" "Indeed I have. It was at the theatre, during that first entr'acte. Madame Ahani had produced some little box of sweetmeats for Judith Racina, and Ahani then asked for the other box—the one you are holding now. He said Castle would prefer the salted nuts in that—it seems they're a specialty of some region in Aristan and considered a great delicacy. And Ahani pressed the box on Castle as a gift."

"I must ask you to consider the matter and weigh your words well, Mr. Thorpe. You could not be mistaken about what you have just said."

"I saw Ahani hand Mr. Castle, earlier this evening, either that box you now have in your hand, or one exactly like it. I believe Mr. Castle put the trinket into his pocket."

"That was during the first interval? In other words, several hours before Mr. Castle's death?"

"Yes, Inspector. And I could not be mistaken about that—provided this is the same box and not merely an identical twin. The design is so striking and the jewels are obviously so valuable that I couldn't be mistaken—unless there were two such boxes each exactly like the other."

"Well, then, assuming you are not mistaken, what purpose could the Ambassador have had in wanting Mr. Castle out of the way?"

"Why, to . . ." Hilary had begun with animation. Now he paused, and turned a look of blank astonishment on Kirtland.

"I'm afraid you've really stumped me with that one, Inspector," he conceded. "I hadn't looked at it before. As representative of Izzet ibn Hamis, Ambassador Ahani

To page 55

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Continuing The Royal Box

from page 53

would have every reason for wanting to get Mr. Castle safely to Kirfahan, that he might render the present Sultan the same service he rendered his father—stabilise his throne and put his government in order. Ahani would, indeed, have every motive not to do what . . .

"Let us leave it at that for the time being, Mr. Thorpe. And I may say you have been very helpful, far more so than you seemed to think you could be at the beginning of our talk. But I must ask you to say nothing about this conversation to His Excellency, when he arrives, or to anyone else, for the matter of that."

"Of course I shan't," Hilary rose, then turned abruptly back toward the Inspector.

"I appreciate the fact that you haven't even intimated that I might be so much as indirectly responsible for the evening's tragedy," he said. "But, under all the circumstances—I mean since the case involves poisoning—perhaps you'd like to question my cook Lailie. After all, she prepared everything Mr. Castle ate while he was my guest at the cocktail party before the theatre."

"Is this a cook you have only recently acquired?"

"No, I've had her a number of years—ever since I was vice-consul in Martinique, which was my first post. She's a native of that island."

"Have you ever had any reason to question her integrity?"

Hilary hesitated, but only for a moment. "She's been highly satisfactory, as far as I'm concerned—clean, honest, obliging and a wizard with a cookstove. But she's—well, she's very good looking; you might almost call her a beauty."

"That's nothing to hold against a woman, is it?"

"No, of course not. But I believe several men have been quite appreciative of her charm. And one of them came to an untimely end, in a mysterious way. I've never believed she had anything to do with it. Certainly, she was terribly cut up when it happened and she was completely exonerated by the police. But my friend Jack de Valcourt has always sworn she knew more about it than ever came to light."

"I see. Well, I may want to send for her later on; but it isn't necessary at present and it may not be necessary at all. The telephone at the Inspector's elbow rang and he picked it up."

"Yes—yes—thank you very much," he said, speaking into the transmitter. "Will you please ask him to come up and send someone suitable to escort him? Sergeant Griffin will meet him at the door of the ascending room." He replaced the instrument on its cradle and looked up at Hilary with a rather whimsical smile.

"I don't know how well

you're acquainted with this part of the Savoy," he said. "But in case you're puzzled, the ascending room is what you'd call an elevator and what we'd ordinarily call a lift. But an ordinary term wouldn't do for this one—it's panelled in red lacquer and ornamented with gilt scrolls. Quite suitable, one might say, for the accommodation of ambassadors and such. And Ahani is 'ascending' in this 'room' at the moment—that was the doorman calling, in accordance with my instructions, to let me know when he arrived. So the question as to whom I should see next is quite automatically settled."

Everything about Ahani's appearance and bearing, as Sergeant Griffin ushered him respectfully into the presence of the Inspector, indicated self-confidence and self-importance. He was now wearing a long flowing cape of black broadcloth, lined with crimson satin; and as he unfastened it and handed it to the astonished sergeant, who later informed his colleagues that it was the first time he had been treated like a footman, the Ambassador's somewhat startling display of orders and decorations again came into full view.

NEXT, Ahani stared levelly, almost insolently, at Kirtland, through half-lidded eyes; and his facial expression, though mask-like, somehow suggested condescension not untinged by arrogance. His manner of addressing the Inspector did nothing to lessen this impression.

"Mr. Kirtland? Ah, yes, I believe we have already spoken with each other on the telephone. You will recall that I offered—offered quite voluntarily to come here—I was of course under no compulsion to do so and—"

"I have tried to make it very clear to everyone with whom I have spoken, your Excellency, that so far no one who was in Mr. Castle's company this evening is under the slightest compulsion."

"No doubt. And no doubt all my fellow guests, not to mention my host, have said they would gladly be as helpful as possible. But none of them is in quite the same position as I am. Hence their voluntary co-operation does not have the same significance."

"Which is an additional reason why the department appreciates your co-operation. It is most obliging of you to give it. I think I need ask only a few questions to clear up some minor point for the record. One is this: would you know of any clique, group, party or individual that might have gone to de-

plorable lengths to keep the new American Ambassador from your country?"

"Certainly not—in the sense of having knowledge, that is. If you care for bazaar talk . . ."

"Anything that might be helpful, Excellency."

"In Aristan, as in every other democracy, one hears that agents representing other forms of government—avowed provocateurs alike—are eager to promote internal unrest and are always prepared to move into a vacuum."

"And how would Mr. Castle's presence in Kirfahan affect such matters?"

"It was believed that both by formal treaty and by unofficial American aid he would strengthen the financial stability of my government."

"Did it need assistance to such an extent that—"

"No more than your country did and does," retorted Ahani, for the first time raising his voice sharply. "Britain, France, Greece, Turkey, Spain, Japan, Israel—all of them not only receive aid from the United States but desire to continue doing so. So does Aristan—no more, no less."

"And Castle had the key to such aid?"

"Since you've already talked to Thorpe, you probably don't need me to tell you that, as a young man, Castle developed the oil resources which enabled Suleiman to restore his government to stability at a time when it was greatly impoverished. Thanks to Castle, the Sultan also bettered the lot of all our people, in many ways. Mr. Castle understood our customs and our needs. With his help, help backed not only by his oil company but by his great government, there was no need to fear any other outside influence."

"I take it then that your government—your sultan and you as his representative in Britain, as well as your ambassador in Washington—all of you were most eager to have Mr. Castle reach his destination."

"We used every shred of influence in our possession to have Mr. Castle appointed. That is no secret."

"Yet you did insist that Mr. Castle should confer with you in secrecy," Kirtland raised his hand, palm outward, as Ahani's heavy brows drew down in a frown . . .

"In privacy, then, if that's more like the proper word," he went on. "Where what you discussed would not be overheard. You insisted on this so urgently, I am told, that Mr. Castle finally agreed to meet you at your embassy after the theatre and before a supper party given in his honor. Would it be too much to ask what matters it was necessary to discuss in secret—that is to say, in privacy—before Mr. Castle went on to Kirfahan, where you and your government wanted to see him installed as soon as possible?"

Ahani stared unblinkingly at his questioner for a moment and then looked away in his turn and gazed out of the window. In the Embankment Garden beneath it, the surface of a dark pool, lightly sprinkled with lilies, shone like black onyx under its encircling lights.

But instead of this, Ahani seemed to see a pool that was wider and deeper, where the water flowed over turquoise tiles and radiant goldfish glided indolently from end to end. Instead of Kirtland's voice, he seemed to hear that of his bearded kinsman Toufik Mikhardi, who was seated in the shade of a spreading pomegran-



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DECEMBER *is the time to*

**relax and enjoy the results of your
spring-time work in the garden**

GARDENING

ALTHOUGH December is the month when the gardener has most chance to relax and enjoy the results of earlier work, it is still not a time to neglect the garden completely.

This month is the month when you should:

- **Strike camellias.**
The shoots, which burst in Septem-



ber, will by now have ripened considerably, the wood being brown and brittle.

Select short-stem lengths with four or five pairs of leaves, cutting slantwise below the lowest pair, which are then cut off.

Plant immediately in sharp sand and keep damp.

- **Plant waterlilies.**

A pool is one of the pleasantest things to have in the garden in summer. To avoid the mosquito menace in this country, it is necessary to stock the pool with fish, and fish won't live unless the water is aerated with plants.

Waterlilies are the most popular water plants, and there is a range of varieties which are suitable for climates varying from tropical to cool temperate.

Excellent varieties for temperate climates are *Nymphaea marliacea carnea* (pale pink), *N. Moorei* (primrose-yellow), *N. frobeleri* (wine), *N. stellata* (blue).

In tropical areas choose *N. Mrs. George Pring* (blue), *N. August Kock* (purple), *N. Zanzibariensis azurea* (pink).

Lilies should be planted in shallow concrete tubs filled with a mixture of two parts clay soil, one part cow manure.



Allow one plant per tub and set it so that the crown is just above the soil, pressing the soil down firmly and netting string or wire over the top to prevent the plant from coming to the surface before roots are made.

- **Prune chrysanthemums.**

About December plants which have not been pruned will produce a sterile "break" bud at the top of the stem as a prelude to branching.

Cut out the growing point or shorten back the stem by an inch or so, depending on its height, to force shoots from the axils of the leaves.

A nitrogenous fertiliser, sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, allowing one tablespoonful per plant, will keep the plant growing vigorously.

- **Plant irises.**

Choose clean healthy rhizomes and cut the leaves back to conserve moisture.

Irises like well-drained, limed soil and open sunshine. Plant pieces three or four feet apart with the fleshy rhizome placed just below the surface.

It doesn't matter if it is partly uncovered. Water well at transplanting time and keep fairly moist during the rest of the summer.

- **Lift winter bulbs.**

Daffodils and jonquils do best if lifted every three or four years; tulips and hyacinths should be lifted every year under Australian conditions, or the bulbs may rot.

- **Sow seeds of stocks and Iceland poppies.**

A good time for this job is the Christmas break. Sow in seed boxes filled with finely sieved loam, to which has been added a good proportion of compost and a light dusting of complete fertiliser.

- **Stake dahlias and delphiniums.**

This should be done early in the season to avoid disaster caused by summer storms.

Dahlias need stout stakes five to six feet tall and an inch square. Delphiniums need the same length but a lighter stake of the bamboo type is all that is required.

Tie in several places, using raffia or soft garden string and crossing the tie between stake and stem to prevent chafing.



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ate tree and who looked up in welcome at Ahani's approach. "You are with your people, Jevad," Toufik had said gravely. "And I come to my friends in peace."

"It was good of you to come at all, knowing that my sympathies and yours lie far apart." "We cannot always think of each other as politicians," Ahani replied, settling himself in a low chair of woven wicker-work. "Sometimes we must remember that my sister is your wife and the mother of your son."

"Set your tray down here, Es-mah, and depart," Mikhardi said to a maid who had just come in, as he pointed to an ebony taboret, elaborately inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, where a samovar was singing. "If there is anything further we need I shall summon you. Meantime, we will serve ourselves."

The maid put down a silver tray set with tiny eggshell cups and small dishes of sweetmeats. "Blessed be the Giver by Whose will food is brought forth from the earth," Mikhardi murmured ritually, as he passed a freshly filled cup of tea to his guest and indicated the tray at his elbow.

"With peace," replied Ahani, savoring the fragrant infusion

and reaching for one of the sweetmeats.

"We're creatures of tradition," observed his host, meditatively. "My grandfather, inviting one of my ancestors into his house, or his tent, would have offered him a bit of bread and a dish of salt. I tender you tea and a pastry made with honey and walnuts. There is something here"—he pointed to his breast—"that responds to the old ways. What a pity that Izzet has so forgotten and forsaken them!"

Ahani shook his head. "The old ways die out everywhere," he argued. "Es-mah, your maid, wears a dress her grandmother would rather have died than wear publicly."

"But the old moralities, the old definitions of right and wrong, do not change. These cannot be flouted with impunity now, any more than they could afortimes."

"Meaning?" "Izzet. Our unworthy sultan. Does he ride or hunt as did his great sire? No. At least, he hunts nothing but some other man's woman or filthy trinkets purchased in Havana or Paris. A dancing girl along the

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Riviera can get more gold from him for an hour's dalliance than he will grant to a school for a few desks and a bit of chalk."

Ahani set down his cup and made as if to rise.

"No, do not leave — yet," cried Mikhardi earnestly. "Hear me out. Izzet's day is done. His sun is setting. He will abdicate or . . . or . . ."

"Or he will be assassinated after a mockery of a trial. Is that what you hesitated to say? Look, then, Toufik. It was you who spoke so highly, just a moment ago, of the ancient virtues, of the rite of bread and salt. I am one of those who remains loyal to his salt. If Izzet goes down, I go down with him. I stand or fall at his side."

"But it is that which we do not want."

"We?"

"The Federationists."

"That Ariston-for-the-Ariston pack of jackals who demanded expropriation of the American oil properties?"

"We need a rallying cry and that is a convenient one. We have no idea of really abrogating the treaties under which

our resources are being turned into gold. There will be some abracadabra, of course. But in the end, capable interest now in charge of the oil production will remain in charge. We have no one who could do the work one tithe as well. Nor have we enough of those trained in statecraft and public administration. That is why we need men like yourself, career men . . ."

"Who are willing to betray the cause they serve?"

"Nonsense! Who asks treason of you? If it pleases you to withdraw after Izzet has abdicated, you will be free to do so. Meanwhile, only one service is sought of you — not for my party, but for our people, and I ask it by the ties of blood that have bound our houses since our forefathers herded camels and goats as nomad chieftains."

"If I consent to listen, I do so on condition that this implies no promise of any sort."

"Agreed. You return to London when?"

"Within the fortnight."

"To meet the man Castle whose appointment as ambassador has just been announced."

"The Embassy will extend him an official welcome, of course."

"Then ascertain from him whether he will work for the restoration of peace and plenty in Ariston with any responsible administration that is in power, or whether he will deal only with Izzet and his leeches. We plan to replace the Sultan with a council of five, who will name a temporary president to govern until a constitutional election can be held. The Royalists have agreed to join us. They too fear the Muscovites, as you

do, as Castle's government does. For if the weak profligate Izzet is not replaced by a strong and honest coalition the Communists can step in."

"You think Castle, or any other ambassador, would even discuss such a thing?"

"There is no need to speak to him of uprisings. Find out merely if he is prepared to help Ariston or only to help Izzet as he once helped Suleiman. He can get from us for his government as liberal an agreement on oil as Izzet would concede, and we will deal with him more honestly after an agreement is made. If it is his purpose only to maintain the rule of Izzet—he must be kept from setting foot in the Embassy at Kirfahan."

"You mean you . . ."

"Oh, no need to be melodramatic. You can save him his life and your country her future by cabling Izzet some reason for declaring Castle non grata if you like. Or you need do nothing. Once you ascertain what his real purpose is, you will have done all I ask of you. Think on it, and let me have your answer before you return to London."

Both men rose.

"I leave the house with your permission," Ahani murmured.

"And peace go with you, brother of my wife."

The turquoise of the tiles was fading to misty-blue, the glitter of the goldfish was almost gone. Toufik's voice came from a great distance. Ahani's gaze was fastened again on the onyxlike pool in the Embankment Garden, and the voice he heard was that of Kirtland, who was repeating his question.

"Would it be too much to ask what matters it was necessary to discuss—"

"Yes, it would," Ahani said in level tones. "They were matters of the utmost delicacy,

which I must decline to divulge."

"That is your privilege. As you reminded me at the beginning, you are here by your own volition. But as you are here, and voluntarily, perhaps you will be good enough to 'divulge' how this box"—he picked up the jewelled bauble which had hitherto been covered by his papers—"happened to be lying open on the floor of your limousine, beside Castle's body, and these white pellets scattered over the rugs and cushions?"

Ahani glanced at the box without a change of expression and answered without hesitation.

"The trinket is one which has been in my family for generations," he said. "I gave it to Mr. Castle tonight, in the Royal Retiring Room of the Terry Theatre. In my country there is nothing unusual about the proffer of gifts to newcomers who we hope are to become our friends."

"But the pellets, Excellency, the round white pellets. Are those also customary gifts?" Kirtland let half a dozen of the minute objects roll out upon the desk top from among his papers. "These are a few of those we found in your limousine. The others are now being tested in the laboratory."

Ahani's thin, fallow lips parted slightly, and he ran the tip of his tongue over them before answering. Again, he did not seem to be seeing what was actually before him. This time he seemed to be standing in the fog at the entrance of his embassy, motioning to his chauffeur that his guest was leaving, that the car should be brought closer to the doorway flanked by trumpet-shaped urns, which long ago had been used to hold the torches lighting the way for the bearers of sedan chairs. Again, he did not seem to be

To page 60

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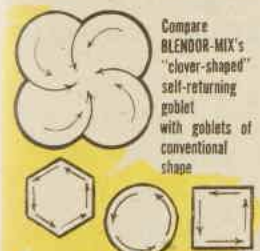
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 1, 1954

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Continuing

The Royal Box

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hearing the actual speaker: this time he was listening to Castle's abrupt rejection of his inquiries, the heavy bass growl of the American's voice.

"I'm not the type to be bluffed, Ahani. I'm always ready to push a few more blue ones into the pot just to see what the other fellow really holds—to keep him honest, as we have a way of saying. I've got a job to do after I get to your country. It's a big job and it was entrusted to me by a big man. If you think for one moment I'll give you a chance to report back to your sultan that I was ready to talk shop with that Federationist crowd—well, all I can say is, you're not a sharp enough judge of character to hold down a branch managership in my outfit. But then I pick men for their integrity.

"By the way, if you'd rather I called a taxi, under the circumstances, instead of taking this showcase of yours, I've no doubt I can find one parked along the middle of a roadway hereabouts . . ."

"The others are being tested in the laboratory," Kirtland repeated.

"Those pellets!" Ahani said to the Inspector. "Those are walnuts from one of the provinces of Aristan, broken into small bits and then covered with a glaze of salt, in the same way that you put sugar-coating on almonds. I assure you, Inspector, that there is no need to have those analysed."

"Perhaps it does not seem so to you. But in view of the circumstances under which they were found, I should be failing in my duty if I did not have them analysed. And, as I have just told you, that is what is now being done."

"Very well. Nevertheless, I assume that you do not expect me to remain here indefinitely, awaiting the report on this analysis?"

"The wait should not be very long. However, you are, of course, entirely free to go—immediately, if you wish."

"Thank you."

The Ambassador's words were spoken with extreme sarcasm. Kirtland rose and bowed.

"Please do not mention it. After all, I am assuming that I can always reach you quite easily and quickly at the Embassy."

Kirtland himself escorted Ahani back to the lift, and waited until the operator had opened the door to disclose its imposing red lacquer interior, and then shut the door again, hiding the "ascending room" which was now descending.

The Inspector had not failed to observe either his sergeant's expression when the Aristanian had tossed over his cape, or Griffin's apparently deep absorption in his papers when Ahani departed; and Kirtland did not much blame the man for the one or the other, especially as Griffin now sprang to immediate attention.

Without making any reference to the departed Ambassador, Kirtland said gravely that he would like to talk with Lady Laura next, if it would be convenient for her to come at that time to the sitting-room.

"I'll ask her right away, sir," Griffin replied with equal gravity.

It would be entirely convenient, Griffin reported promptly; and he had hardly done so when Lady Laura herself entered the room, smiling pleasantly. She accepted with grace the chair which the Inspector drew out for her. Then she clasped her hands lightly in her lap and looked toward him with attentive expectancy. Everything about her attitude was easy and disarming.

"I'm very sorry, Lady Laura,

that it seems necessary to include you in this general interrogation," Kirtland said, almost hesitantly.

"Please don't apologise, Mr. Kirtland. I realise that it is nothing but a formality."

"Quite so. Now of course I am familiar with your background and family connections, so I shall not need to tire you with useless questions about those. But I do not know whether you met Mr. Castle for the first time at Mr. Thorpe's house last evening or whether you were already acquainted with him."

"I was already acquainted with him."

"Slightly or well?"

"I think I might say that I was fairly well acquainted with him at one time, though I had not seen him for a long while."

"And this acquaintance began in—"

"In the early summer of 1925."

"And this was where?"

"Here, in London. Mr. Castle was on his way to Aristan, in connection with his father's interests in the Perisphere Petroleum Corporation—a large company. I believe the original plan had been that he should represent Perisphere at a world petroleum congress in Moscow. Then the schedule was changed and he was instructed to proceed directly to the Middle East. This change of schedule involved some delays and he remained in London longer than he had originally expected."

LADY LAURA

added easily. "Because of the prominence of Mr. Castle's father, he had letters of introduction to the American Ambassador and other important persons, and doors opened for him rather happily."

"So you happened to meet him because you and he were moving in more or less the same social circles?"

"Yes. That was the year I came out. I was presented at the second Drawing Room. It was a very gay season and I went to at least three or four parties every day. Mr. Castle went to some of the same parties—not many, but some. I really don't remember at which of these he was presented to me. I met so many charming young men, for the first time, in those days."

"I can quite understand that, and the exact date of your meeting isn't important as long as nothing significant happened on that occasion. You're quite sure of that?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"But he did impress you as a charming young man?"

"Perhaps charming isn't exactly the right word. I think arresting or even dynamic might be a better one. As I said, I don't remember when I first met him, though I think it was at a ball, and he couldn't have asked me to dance with him often, or been an outstandingly good dancer, for then I do believe I would have remembered it. But I remember my first real conversation with him, very well indeed. I must have met him several times by then, because he asked me for the supper dance and I accepted; then while we were eating chicken patties, he told me that his 'old man' had put him to work successively as a rough-neck on a drilling rig, a dynamite monkey with a seismograph exploration crew, and a still tender in a refinery."

She smiled slightly.

"Of course, I hadn't the

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... Set them
for Summer!



A "QUICK TRICK" RECIPE

Marshmallow Dessert

2 jelly crystals or tablets (any flavour), 1 white of egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ pint water (use 8 oz. for tablets).

Add crystals or tablet and sugar to cold water in a large saucepan, stir until boiling, boil for 10 minutes. Remove. Cool. Beat until very thick, gradually add the white of egg, continue beating. Place in a serving bowl.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 1, 1954

slightest idea what any of those terms meant, and when I said so he replied that he'd be very glad to explain, if I'd invite him to tea the next day. I told him I couldn't do that, as I was going to Ascot; and he exclaimed, 'Why, that's so, I've got a ticket for the Royal Enclosure myself. I'd forgotten about it, but I'll see you there.' I couldn't understand how anyone with a ticket for the Royal Enclosure could forget about it, especially someone who'd never been there before, but he did seem to be telling the truth. And the next morning I had a long letter from him, explaining all the terms I hadn't understood, and illustrating them with diagrams!

"Then we did see each other that same afternoon," she went on. "I was talking to one of the attaches of the Egyptian Legation—or perhaps it was the Persian Legation, I'm not quite sure—when Mr. Castle came strolling up and spoke to this young diplomat in Arabic! I thought it was really rather rude, for of course I couldn't understand a word, and I was simply left out of the conversation. But after Mr. Castle had strolled off again, the Egyptian—or the Persian, whichever it was—said, 'That brash young American is going far,' and I said, 'Yes, to Aristan.' The diplomat laughed and said, 'I didn't mean far in that sense; I meant he'd make his mark in the world. His Arabic isn't very good yet—at least it isn't very fluent. But that's not surprising; he's got a good foundation, and with a little more practice, it won't be bad at all. It seems he didn't study it along with his engineering; since he graduated from the University of Oklahoma, his father's assigned him to an experienced tutor for indoctrination in all the Eastern languages, culture and other lore he could absorb. It's evident he's absorbed a good deal"

She smiled again and concluded, "I suppose the reason all this made such an impression on me was because I was terribly astonished that a young man who described himself to me as a dynamite monkey could impress a diplomat as a promising linguist."

"I can understand your astonishment, Lady Laura—and your awakened interest. Did you eventually find an afternoon when you were free to fall in with Mr. Castle's suggestion that he should be invited to tea?"

She answered easily: "Yes. Eventually my mother invited him to an afternoon party at Haverford House."

"Is there something you could tell me about that occasion?"

"Not much. It was a rather large party, as I recall it. You know the grounds there are immense. That is, I believe they're more or less covered with undergrowth now. They were never kept up by the new owners, as they were in my father's time; and after the house was converted into a temporary office building and struck by a bomb, during the war, of course, the empty shell and its surroundings were deserted for a long while. The ruins had to be razed off, for the sake of safety, and I suppose no one was interested in the grounds without the house. I've heard something about a movement to restore them, but I'm afraid it's just talk—so many other things must be done first."

"But when I was a girl there was a beautiful terraced garden, with statues and arbors and pools and waterfalls, on one side of the house, and on another a great greensward, smooth as velvet, enclosed by rare trees which my father had brought home with him from all parts of the world—he was a great traveller. We always had music at the large alfresco parties, and refreshments served

Continuing The Royal Box

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in several different places—on the terrace, on the lawn and occasionally in one of the pavilions as well. I think we did that day, though I'm not sure."

"And that's all you can tell me about this particular party at Haverford House?"

"Yes, that's all."

There was a short pause.

I haven't told a lie, not even a white lie, Lady Laura was thinking. He asked me if there were something I could tell him about that occasion, and I have told him something. Then he asked me if that was all I could tell, and I said yes, it was. Because naturally I couldn't tell him that was the first time I was certain that Baldwin Castle was in love with me.

Of course, I'd suspected it before; I'd been vaguely aware of it—a girl does suspect those things; she does have a vague awareness of them. My suspicions began as far back as the time he'd talked to me about roughnecks and dynamite monkeys and still tenders—he was hoping to intrigue me with all those unfamiliar terms and he did.

My suspicions became even stronger when he burst into Arabic—that was the kind of showing off a man does sometimes, when he's courting, just the way a peacock spreads his tail before a peahen. But I wasn't sure until that day at Haverford House when he said, "Look, can't we get away from all the others for a while? Isn't that a summerhouse about half a mile away, at the other end of the grounds?" And when I said, "Yes, there is a pavilion there, but you and I can't walk way off there by ourselves," he came back with, "All right, if we can't do it now, when can we do it? Because I don't want every Tom, Dick and Harry listening while I tell you that you're the loveliest creature I ever saw in my life—and some other things."

I knew what the other things were likely to be, for he wasn't the first man who'd made love to me, or tried to. I'd been a success from the very beginning of the Season—I really was pretty and my frocks were all made by Reville, which helped, too, and of course Haverford House and everything it stood for gave me a tremendous advantage anyway.

I'd already had two serious proposals of marriage, besides one that was half in jest and half in earnest and another that was just a feeler, to see if I'd

be interested. So I recognised the symptoms and I tried to stave Baldwin Castle off. I didn't want him to propose to me seriously or even half seriously; I didn't want him to put out any feelers. He did intrigue me very much, but he bewildered me, too. He was so different from anyone I'd met before, even from any American I'd know before. I'd met one or two Rhodes scholars and some of the younger attaches at the American Embassy and that was all. Baldwin Castle didn't look like any of the others or talk like them or act like them. I was actually a little frightened of him.

The Inspector couldn't have expected me to say I was frightened of a man just because he was different from anyone I'd known before. It would have sounded so silly. It wasn't silly; I was quite right to believe there was something frightening about Baldwin Castle; but I hadn't found out then what it was, and I'd have just made myself ridiculous if I'd given any of the reasons why I felt shy with him as a girl.

Of course it didn't do me any good to try to stave him off. He finally succeeded in cornering me, out of earshot from everyone else, and then he plunged right in, without any preliminaries at all, and said, "Look here, I'm crazy about you. Why don't you marry me and come along to Aristan?" I told him he certainly was crazy to so much as suggest such a thing, but he went right on saying the trip would make a wonderful wedding journey, and what would it matter if we had to travel in a caravan and sleep in caravanserais, and live in a tent after we finally got to Aristan? That would all be part of the newness and the fun.

It made me shudder just to hear him talk about caravans and caravanserais in that casual way, and when he started talking about the Arch of Ctesiphon and the ruins of Persepolis, and said we could take a look at those along the way, I was surer than ever that Baldwin Castle must be crazy. But I couldn't very well tell the Inspector that, either. He might be the kind that admires ruins himself.

In the midst of all this weird talk, Baldwin Castle had somehow got his arm around my waist. I was very indignant, and told him, in no uncertain

terms, that he wouldn't have done such a thing, without my permission, if he'd been a gentleman. He just laughed, and said anyway, he was a man, and it would do me no end of good to find out what a real one was like. I was afraid he was going to say something coarse after that, and I was ashamed because I didn't dislike having his arm around me as much as I'd thought I would and as much as I knew I should; I could feel the color coming into my cheeks and the tears into my eyes.

I must admit that the minute he noticed this, he took his arm away from my waist and pressed my hand and said very earnestly, "Look here, honey, I didn't mean to put the heat on too fast or too hard. It's just that I want you so, and I know that if you'd only give me a chance, I could help you find out that you want me, too." When he spoke like that I simply couldn't be too hard on him, it just wasn't possible, so I said, "If you'll promise not to speak of this again until after the Garden Party, I'll listen to you—I won't promise to do anything more than that, but I will listen." He clasped my hand a little more firmly and said, "All right, it's a deal. What garden party?"

I didn't think he could be serious, but it turned out he really didn't know I was talking about the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. And when I explained, he said, "Oh that? Yes, I think I did have a card; I hope I didn't throw it away." I was quite shocked, and I said I hoped so, too, because the Lord Chamberlain had a strict rule that such cards couldn't be replaced, if they were lost. Baldwin Castle laughed again and said, "Well, if I've lost mine, I could go in on someone else's."

Really, it was hard for me to believe that anyone would be so uninformed about proper social usages, but he was. And I didn't worry too much because, after all, I'd won my point—I'd persuaded him not to propose to me again, or talk about deserts and tents and dreadful things like that until after the Garden Party. And there was no knowing what might happen in the meanwhile. Someone else much more important might propose to me.

But how could I explain all this to the Inspector? He wouldn't understand how a girl used to feel her first glorious Season, even if he understands how they feel now, when everything is so different—no Drawing Rooms, no big houses with lawns all around in the centre of London, no great families who are also wealthy families, or hardly any, and therefore hardly any private entertaining in the grand manner. He might get a wrong impression and think I'd been just a heartless flirt; and after that, he might believe anything of me.

The Inspector's voice came to her again.

"And following this party at Haverford House, did you continue to see Mr. Castle fairly frequently?"

"No, I didn't see him again until the day of the Garden Party."

"In other words, not for several weeks?"

"It must have been about that long."

"I take it this was not because of anything unpleasant that had happened the day you invited him to tea?"

"No, not at all. He'd never been to the British Isles before and he wanted to see as much as he could of them—for some reason, he was more interested in doing that than in going to more and more balls. He went to Scotland and Ireland and

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Beauty in brief:

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By CAROLYN EARLE

- The natural slip, slide, and suction of the ordinary sponge make it one of the most useful of beauty accessories, provided it is always wet in water before use, then squeezed dry, so that it is full of spring to the touch.

USE a sponge with cleansing cream for the most complete clean-up you've ever had. See that the skin area is spanking clean, dot the cream over the face, neck, and shoulders, then "wash" the whole area by rotating the sponge in a circular movement.

Alternatively, when the wind and sun turn your complexion to parchment, give it a sponge massage in much the same fashion, using, in place of cleansing cream, skin-food or a dry-skin cream.

When a sponge is used to apply foundation, dip it in water to make it really wet, then rub it lightly over the make-up cake. Apply to the skin with a light touch and as much speed as possible. Next squeeze the remaining water from the sponge, and with the reverse, clean side, blend the make-up smoothly all over the surface.

Excess moisture and make-up are absorbed by blotting the skin with a tissue while it is still damp.



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Continuing . . . The Royal Box

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Wales—cities like Birmingham and Manchester and islands like the Hebrides and the mines in Northumberland and in the Rhondda Valley. But he did come back in time for the Garden Party. He was leaving England within the next day or so anyhow, and therefore it didn't curtail his sightseeing much to take that in.

"And you did see him at the Garden Party?"

"Oh, yes. After Royalty withdrew, we strolled around the grounds and talked together for some time."

"In a pleasant, inconsequential way?"

"Yes, I think that would be a very good way of putting it."

It definitely was pleasant, she thought, because Baldwin Castle didn't do anything to frighten me or even to disturb me that day. He said, "I've kept my word, haven't I? No love-making, no proposing until after the Garden Party?" And I had to admit that he had kept his word. So then he said, "Well, I won't grab hold of you again, because this is all pretty public, even if it is supposed to be a very exclusive party—there must be several thousand people here besides us and it looks to me about as private as a ball park. Besides, you didn't seem to like my former technique very much. But I will lower my voice"—and he did.

"Enough so I'll be reasonably sure that no one else in this mob will hear me telling you that I love you a lot and that I want to marry you more than I want anything else in this world."

I can't deny that something about the way he said this touched me very much, and I was touched, too, that he'd refrained from giving me another unwelcome caress. I was more than pleased. I was really a good deal moved.

But just the same, the conversation was inconsequential. I told Baldwin Castle I was glad he'd kept his promise and that of course any lady realised it was a mark of great regard when a gentleman made her a proposal of marriage. (He looked at me in a queer way just then, as if he didn't quite understand what I was saying, but for a wonder he didn't interrupt me.)

Then I told him it was quite out of the question that I should go to Aristan with him as his bride or, in fact, that I should go there at all; since I was rather delicate, I knew I couldn't stand the hardships of that sort of life. (At this point, he started to mutter something about the extraordinary amount of dancing some delicate girls could do, without injuring their health; but he checked himself and I knew he hadn't actually meant to be sarcastic, that he just didn't understand the difference between the demands of an active social life and the privations he had suggested.)

However, I added that I would be glad to hear from him, if he cared to write, and that when he came back—I understood he expected to be in Aristan about two years—if he wanted to bring up the same subject again. I might be prepared to listen. He asked me if I couldn't go a step further from that and say that, meanwhile, I'd be thinking the matter over, and that perhaps when he brought up the same subject again, I might be prepared not only to listen, but to say yes. And he was so very earnest about it all that I allowed myself to be overpersuaded and said, well, perhaps. But that was all.

Then he asked if he couldn't come to see me at home, later that evening, to say good-bye, and I told him that, unfortunately,

I wouldn't be at home later that evening, as I was going on to another party so we had better say good-bye then and there. And that is what we did.

"After Mr. Castle went to Aristan, did you and he correspond?" the Inspector asked.

"Yes. That is to say, it wasn't a correspondence in the sense that we wrote each other regularly—nothing of that sort. He wrote to me fairly frequently, without waiting for answers to his letters. I wrote to him only two or three times."

"Would you say that the contents of these frequent letters from Mr. Castle were in any way significant?"

"The first few just told me about his trip to Aristan, which was, apparently, very uncomfortable, though he made light of that. Then he wrote me that he'd succeeded in accomplishing the purpose for which he'd been sent out there much more rapidly than he'd expected and that very soon he was coming back to England."

Of course the Inspector doesn't want details about the way Baldwin Castle accomplished his purpose, she told herself. And the personal part doesn't matter—at least I shouldn't suppose it would. But I hope Mr. Kirtland doesn't ask me whether I kept that letter. It was such a silly thing to do, especially as I'd read it so many times that I knew it by heart.

But it wasn't any sillier than the things most women do. They all keep some letters they'd have done much better to throw away, just as most men write letters they'd much better have left unwritten.

"Did this early return have any significance—I mean to you personally?"

"No."

ACTUALLY, she thought, that was true, too, because it didn't—in the end. The Inspector doesn't want to know how everything worked out, step by step—it would take too long to tell him. He only wants to know what happened in the end. Of course when Baldwin Castle wrote me that he didn't expect me to go hurrying off to Aristan after all, that we could have a suitable engagement, and a beautiful wedding, and live luxuriously in a civilised manner, this did make a great difference.

I did write back in a way that made him think matters were more or less settled between us; I did tell him I'd be very glad to see him on his return to London. But how could I know that before he could get here, no matter how quickly he wound up his business in Aristan, and how fast he hurried back, I'd have time to meet Guy Whitford?

It wasn't strange that I hadn't met Guy before, even though our fathers belonged to the same clubs and our mothers exchanged cards and went to each other's larger parties. He was nearly fifteen years older than I was, and he'd been out of England a good deal, collecting butterflies. This was his great hobby and he had one of the finest collections in the world, at the time I met him, he was just setting it up in a suite of rooms at Helston Abbey, the magnificent property in Gloucestershire that he'd inherited from his Uncle Dirk.

It seemed so exactly right to say yes the very first time Guy asked me to marry him that I didn't hesitate for a moment. We had the same kind of background, we knew the same kind of people, we enjoyed the same kind of a life and—as Baldwin

Castle himself would have said—we spoke the same language. And then Guy's Uncle Dirk had left him plenty of money; Helston Abbey wasn't going to be a burden to him, or the town house, or Shepherd's Haven, the lovely little shooting lodge in Scotland. I didn't have the figures, of course, but it seemed safe to assume that Guy was just as rich as Baldwin Castle; and it didn't seem to me that there could possibly be any choice between them.

If I could have said all this in a letter, between the time I met Guy and the time Baldwin Castle started for London, I'd have explained everything. As it was, Baldwin Castle burst in on me without any warning, one afternoon when I was sitting in the drawing-room, waiting for Guy, whom I was expecting, any minute. Baldwin Castle "grabbed" me, to use his own hateful expression, and hugged me so hard I couldn't breathe; and when I tried to get free he just laughed and said, "Look here, honey, you got away with that before, but now you can't get away from me. We're engaged, remember?"

Then he began to kiss me, and when I tried to speak he said it was no time for talk, and stopped my mouth again. I was so nervous I didn't know what to do, for I thought that Guy might walk in and find me in Baldwin Castle's arms, and what would happen then I couldn't imagine, for I'd never even mentioned Baldwin to Guy.

Fortunately, however, I did manage at last to disentangle myself, and to tell him that he must never do anything of the sort again, that he mustn't even come to see me again. I tried to keep very cool and collected, but it wasn't easy, because he kept interrupting me, and he didn't understand what I was trying to say to him. He kept repeating, "You can't be engaged to someone else, you're engaged to me; I have your letter promising to marry me right here in my breast pocket. I re-read it about fifty times a day."

At last I did make him understand though, and while he stood staring at me, not saying anything more once he understood, the butler drew back the curtains leading from the drawing-room to the hall and said, "Sir Guy Whitford calling, my Lady." (Guy never rushed in, unceremoniously, even after we were engaged; he always had himself properly announced.)

Guy came across the floor with his usual dignity and kissed my hand and waited quietly for me to present my other caller, whom, of course, he hadn't expected to find there and whom he couldn't place at all. And I was still so nervous and upset that I said something I know I shouldn't have.

I said, "Guy, this is Mr. Baldwin Castle of Oklahoma, whom I happened to meet last year when he was briefly in London on his way to Aristan. Now he's on his way back to the States again and he came in to tell me about putting over the best deal this side of Tulsa. It's all been very interesting, but I think he's finished now." And Baldwin said very shortly, "You're right, I'm through now," and turned and went out. He went so quickly that I don't know whether he heard Guy say, "Darling, has that awful man been annoying you?" But somehow, I think he did hear. He couldn't have heard my reply though, because I

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SPECTACLE OF THE CRUSADES

● Medieval pageantry fills the CinemaScope screen in "King Richard and the Crusaders" (Warners). Based on Sir Walter Scott's "The Talisman," it tells of King Richard's adventures in the Holy Land in the twelfth century.





JOUSTING TOURNAMENT (above) is attended by Sir Kenneth of Huntingdon (Laurence Harvey), centre, in disguise. This Scottish knight-errant is a suitor of Lady Edith (Virginia Mayo), and risks his life in an exciting trial by combat with King Richard to prove his sincere devotion to her.

KING RICHARD THE LIONHEARTED (George Sanders), centre, banishes Sir Kenneth of Huntingdon (Laurence Harvey) from the battlefield encampment on finding the Royal standard lying in the dust. Australian actor Michael Pate (on left) portrays the Marquis of Montferrat, a film villain.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Rex Harrison as the powerful Sultan Saladin, who is leader of the Moslem forces and valorous foe of 12th-century Crusaders in their quest for the Holy Sepulchre, pauses in amorous dalliance with beautiful patrician Lady Edith (Virginia Mayo)



THE GREEN SCARF



1. **ELDERLY** French lawyer Deliot (Michael Redgrave), left, is given murder case which two advocates have already refused as being hopeless.



2. **TRUCULENT** prisoner Jacques Vauthier (Kieron Moore), right, a blind deaf-mute, succumbs to Deliot's overtures and agrees to co-operate.



3. **RE-CREATING** the crime, Deliot learns how Vauthier, travelling aboard ship with his wife, Solange, finds the body. A green scarf nearby suggests that his wife is involved.



4. **HELPED** by his charming pupil, Danielle (Jane Griffiths), Deliot traces every possible witness and clue.



5. **WATCHED** by the Purser, a steward, Teral (Michael Medwin), right, demonstrates to Deliot the position of the body.



6. **INTERVIEW** is arranged with Solange (Ann Todd), the prisoner's wife, who has remained in hiding since her husband's arrest. Deliot traces back the young man's life from early childhood.



7. **TENSE** scenes occur at the trial as Deliot, in answer to strong evidence of the Prosecution, examines Solange, and follows with several other witnesses. Finally he calls the ship's officers.



8. **STRONG** climax reveals surprising truth as lawyer Deliot, with consummate skill and logic, extracts the truth from reluctant witnesses to spin a web of evidence against the real murderer.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Demetrius and the Gladiators

MORE a spectacle of sex and sadism in early Rome than a film of religious significance, "Demetrius and the Gladiators" hardly rises above a routine level during most of its lengthy course.

Twentieth Century-Fox has tricked out the production with regal technicolor backgrounds of Caesar's court, and there are graphic CinemaScope scenes of slaughter in the Circus Maximus to thrill the action fans.

The new picture is a sequel to "The Robe," but it seldom achieves the sober dignity of that film. Nor does Victor Mature touch, as a gladiator, the genuine emotion of his Greek slave in "The Robe."

His Demetrius moves steadily through physical action and mental turmoil after he is entrusted in opening scenes with the robe worn by Christ at the Crucifixion.

When his Christian faith is put to the test Demetrius readily succumbs to the scented charms of Susan Hayward's Roman vamp, but he eventually returns to the fold and the youthful arms of Debra Paget.

Barry Jones' elderly Claudius and Michael Rennie's Peter are quietly competent characters.

On the other hand, Jay

Robinson's grotesque Emperor Caligula occasionally incites the audience to laughter. In Sydney—Regent.

★ Dangerous Mission

RK.O. has turned out a confused thriller in "Dangerous Mission," a story in which the characters are almost as illogical as the plot.

However, those responsible had a bright idea in shooting the picture in the Glacier National Park, a tourist resort where the scenery is on the grand scale.

The story of a post-murder chase splits in several directions; basically it has to do with efforts by the police to prevent hired thugs from liquidating a pretty girl (Piper Laurie), who is an unwitting witness to a gang killing.

Victor Mature, who might easily pass for a gangster, turns out to be the film's mysterious detective, while Vincent Price, bespectacled and sports-jacketed, is the sinister villain.

However, there's no mistaking William Bendix, who wears a Ranger's uniform all the time and is unusually subdued by it.

During the chase a fair bit of film footage is devoted to the hazards as well as the beauties of Glacier Park, where the final shooting-it-out sequence takes place.

In Sydney—Esquire.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "Decameron Nights," romantic satire, starring Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan. Plus featurettes.
ESQUIRE.—★ "Dangerous Mission," technicolor suspense drama, starring Victor Mature, Piper Laurie, Vincent Price. (See review this page.) Plus "Untamed Heiress," Western comedy, starring Judy Canova, Donald Barry.
LIBERTY.—★★★ "Gone With the Wind," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland. (Re-release.)
LYRIC.—★ "His Majesty O'Keefe," South Seas adventure in color, starring Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice. Plus ★★ "Force of Arms," wartime romance, starring William Holden, Nancy Olsen. (Both re-releases.)
MAYFAIR.—★★ "Calamity Jane," Western musical in color, starring Doris Day, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.
PARIS.—★★ "Lovers of Verona," French-language romantic drama, starring Anouk, Serge Reggiani, Martine Carol. Plus ★★ "Beneath the Seven Seas," underwater documentary.
PLAZA.—★★ "The Command," CinemaScope Western adventure in color, starring Guy Madison, Joan Weldon. Plus featurettes.
PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Money From Home," technicolor comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Marjorie Miller. Plus featurettes.
REGENT.—★ "Demetrius and the Gladiators," technicolor CinemaScope biblical romance, starring Victor Mature, Susan Hayward, Michael Rennie. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.
SAVOY.—★★★ "Les Enfants Du Paradis" ("Children of

the Gods"), French-language tragi-comedy, starring Pierre Brasseur, Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault. (Re-release.)

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," CinemaScope musical in color, starring Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "South Riding," comedy-drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Glynis Johns, Ann Todd. (Re-release, review unavailable.) Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Reluctant Heroes," Army comedy, starring Ronald Shiner, Derek Farr, Christine Norden. Plus ★★ "Laxdale Hall," domestic comedy, starring Kathleen Ryan, Ronald Squire, Raymond Huntley.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Venetian Bird," mystery romance, starring Richard Todd, Eva Bartok, John Gregson. Plus "His Excellency," comedy, starring Eric Portman, Cecil Parker, Susan Stephen.

EMBASSY.—"The Man Between," suspense drama, starring James Mason, Claire Bloom, Hildegard Neff. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Made in Heaven," technicolor comedy, starring David Tomlinson, Petula Clark, Sonja Ziemann. Plus "Blackmailed," mystery drama, starring Dirk Bogarde, Mai Zetterling.

PALACE.—"The Little World of Don Camillo," comedy, starring Fernandel, Gino Cervi, Sylvie. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—"Magnificent Obsession," technicolor romantic drama, starring Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson. Plus "Black Horse Canyon," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Joel McCrea, Mari Blanchard.

News from studios

vision audiences as is comedienne Lucille Ball. Less than half as many Americans watched the President, his wife, Mamie, and Vice-President Nixon in a telecast during recent elections as watched Lucille and her husband, Desi Arnaz, in their programme, "I Love Lucy."

DAVID FARRAR is going back to Hollywood to co-star with Barbara Stanwyck in "Bow Tamely to Me" for

trying to convince him he should feel the same way about her. Jacques, currently working on a film for Warners, isn't exactly unaware of the lady, but he says his work in the picture must come first.

JACK HAWKINS is reverting to the sinister. He is in Belgium now with Alec Guinness filming locations of "The Prisoner," in which he plays an iron-curtain interrogator of a big political prisoner, a cardinal (played by Guinness).



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Australian girl to star as movie amazon

After a months-long search for an Olympic "goddess," British film scouts realised they were hunting in the wrong direction.

Once they realised this, they found her—an Australian. Her name is Doris Goddard. She is 24, has a smile like sunshine, a devastating humor, and stands nearly 5 feet 10 inches in her nylons.

DORIS is the answer to director Frank Launder's prayer for a star to fill the leading role of an Olympic heroine and match his gigantic new leading man, Bill Travers, in the Launder-and-Gilliat comedy "Geordie," which has just gone before the cameras at Shepperton.

It is the comedy of an undersized lad who takes a muscle-building course and ends up as an Olympic champion.

The beautiful Doris Goddard will star as a Danish shot-putter who wins his fancy.

For more than three months Launder had been combing Europe—Scandinavia, in particular—for his ideal girl athlete, one who could act.

When he returned empty-handed, he told me, "Those strapping blondes you told me I'd find in Copenhagen—they're there all right."

"Trouble is, none of them could act. All the actresses I found there were quite small.

The reason, they told me, was that there are no parts for tall girls. They're too much of a casting problem.

"Finally, we whittled our choice down to a half-dozen girls whom we decided to screen test."

The first five were only mildly promising. Sidney Gilliat looked around the set. "Is that the lot?" he asked.

The casting man looked at his list. "There should be one more," he said.

"Doesn't look as if she's turning up."

Then Doris Goddard came in. "I'm late, I know," she beamed, breathlessly. "Sorry!"

She took a last look at the trial script and settled, waiting to be fed with cue lines. She sailed through it in a way that caused Launder and Gilliat to exchange looks.

"You don't seem to be very frightened of cameras," Gilliat said. "When you've done cabaret, nothing scares you any more," Doris said with a laugh.

"Well, it's yours," said Launder.

I saw Doris Goddard in her dressing-room just after filming at Shepperton had started. It was a foggy day, with the playing fields outside the studios shrouded in a yellow-brown miasma, and a lot of extras dressed in colored track suits hanging about waiting for the weather to lift for the cameras.

Doris was dressed in a brilliant red track suit with "Danmark" on the pocket, and rubber shoes. She said, with a dimpled smile, "It's a bit of a laugh, my playing an athlete. There was a time when I couldn't walk up stairs."

"Doctors used to warn me even against walking uphill."

Ever since she was a child, Doris had suffered from a rare heart ailment. Two years ago she came to England to undergo an operation by a British specialist. It was successful.

She told me, "Things are so changed for me now. I can remember getting halfway up the stairs at our place and then having to call out for my mother to help me. She is only tiny, whereas I was always on the hefty side. And she used to get behind me and push. It must have been quite a spectacle!"

"But, really, I'm not quite so big as that. In fact, they're putting lifts in my shoes to add height. Bill Travers, my leading man, is such a big hunk that he makes me feel quite small and feminine."

It is since she left Australia that Doris has really developed her flair for cabaret entertaining. She writes her own numbers, sophisticated, witty, mildly wicked, and has scored success in London nightspots and on the Continent.

She had just returned from Spain when her agent packed her off to Shepperton Studios for the film test. For this she supplied not only the face, the figure, and the acting ability, but proved impeccably right for the part, down to a broken Danish accent.

"I'm very language-conscious," she said. "It's my hobby."

"I learned enough Spanish to put over cabaret numbers in Barcelona and Majorca. If I made an occasional mistake with a word the audience just laughed all the more—which is good!"

The climax of this British film comedy is set in Melbourne, as that city is expected to stage the Olympic Games of 1956.



AUSTRALIAN cabaret artist Doris Goddard, 24, who has been chosen to star in the new British film comedy, "Geordie," as a Danish Olympic athlete. Her choice was announced after a search lasting months for a tall, blond goddess.



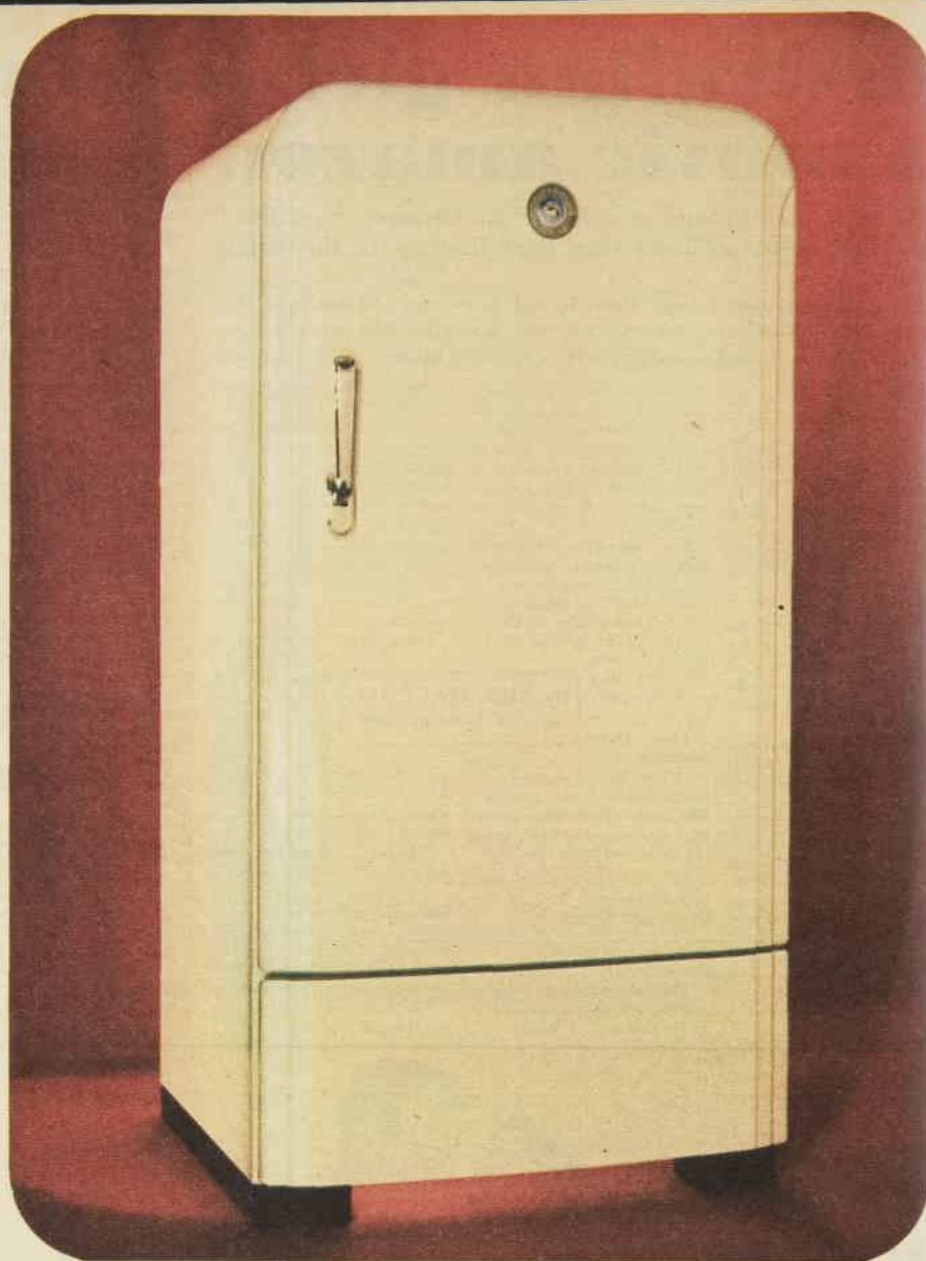
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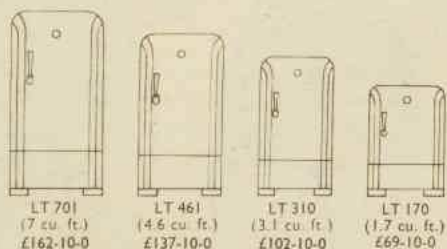
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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without assuming any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Fortunate number this week: 3. Best days are November 30 and December 4. Wear accessories, or a print, containing touches of mauve, if you're hoping to travel.</p>	<p>★ You are going to have to use your head to save your heels. Kicking up a lot of dust isn't the best way to get things done; stick to a logical system.</p>	<p>★ It is quite possible you will see very little of your home this week. It may have to run itself, while you are busy elsewhere, but you'll clean up sooner or later.</p>	<p>★ Plan an attractive outing which includes a small group, then you can invite the one that really matters without appearing to single him, or her, out especially.</p>	<p>★ If you can't get away altogether, see what a half-day can do for your spirits. Arrange for some friend to visit a place entirely new to you or develop a new activity.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 8. Best days for action are December 3 and 8. Black and navy blue are likely to bring luck in a matter of speculation.</p>	<p>★ The £.s.d. are going to be important, particularly during the next few weeks. Expenditure may be greater than usual. You might make a bit of extra money.</p>	<p>★ One of those minor domestic revolutions may result in the selling off of an article you dislike and its replacement by a more attractive, modern counterpart.</p>	<p>★ If your love affair has been having a tough spin recently, it could be that you are not really congenial. Should that be true, it is best to find it out now.</p>	<p>★ You are practically certain to combine business and pleasure in some form. The rush and bustle is likely to stretch your nerves to the breaking point. Easy does it!</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Fortunate number just now is 7. Best days are December 4 and 5. By wearing almost any sparkling, shimmering color, you can be attractive to the opposite sex.</p>	<p>★ Don't launch out into an investment without obtaining expert advice. Friends, associates may know more than you do about the possibilities.</p>	<p>★ Of course you feel like entertaining this week. Your place of residence can be the scene of hospitality. Try and include as many of the family as you can.</p>	<p>★ Treat the marriage partner with the same consideration, the same interest, that you felt in your courting days. This will act like a tonic and make you both happy.</p>	<p>★ You'll probably have hardly a minute to yourself, but that's the way you like it. You can persuade others to accept your ideas and find your popularity at its peak.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 1. Best days are December 2 and 4. Any color suggesting sunshine, especially light shades with an orange tinge, favors the job holder.</p>	<p>★ Some of you may be working overtime, others under considerable nervous tension. Don't become irritable or allow petty incidents to get under your skin.</p>	<p>★ Should you be asked to stay home and look after a sick person, probably elderly, though possibly younger, you may be able to clear up a number of odd jobs.</p>	<p>★ Take an interest in your beloved's job, whether it be adding up in the kitchen, or bake cakes for housekeeping. After all, it is an important part of his, or her, life.</p>	<p>★ You may do the work behind the scenes, help with the washing up in the kitchen, or bake cakes for some function. Not glamorous, but co-workers appreciate you.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 9. Important days are December 1 and 4. Delicate pinks offset with blue will help to bring invitations and happy social life.</p>	<p>★ You are one of those lucky people who can turn work into play, with pleasure in the sense of triumph over obstacles. Your efforts may attract favorable attention.</p>	<p>★ Someone that you haven't seen for a long time may ring your doorbell, or it could be a new neighbor. There is a new and pleasant influence in your domestic affairs.</p>	<p>★ Nobody wants to be a wallflower, but popularity must be earned. You can be exceedingly popular right now if you are genuinely interested in other people.</p>	<p>★ You're the belle of the ball, a star in your social world, just now, with everything coming your way. Try to include in your amusements some of the wallflowers.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number at present: 2. Best days are December 3 and 5. Both white and green favor the hostess, the gardener, or the little journey into town.</p>	<p>★ Heavy slogging, probably, papers to correct, if a schoolteacher, special tasks before the holidays, if a housewife; what a relief when it's all finished!</p>	<p>★ Quite a number of you may be especially concerned with cooking. You may wish to try out new recipes or experiment to avoid monotony. Better practice on family.</p>	<p>★ Ask the boy or girl friend home to tea to meet your folks. That is one of the nicest compliments you can pay him or her, and it gives the family a chance to know him.</p>	<p>★ This may be a quiet period between two bursts of activity. It can be best employed catching up with odds and ends which had to be postponed through lack of time.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number just now: 5. Best days are November 30 and December 5. Combine grey and grey-green for enjoyable outdoor expeditions or sports.</p>	<p>★ If you have any connection with communications, correspondence, or ordinary office work, you might find this week fairly hectic, but good experience.</p>	<p>★ Don't worry too much about keeping up with those you think have higher standards of living. Pretence on your part will be quickly found out.</p>	<p>★ Don't interrupt when you hear that oft-told story. It may be new to many present, and if you wish to criticize, wait until there is no gallery to listen in.</p>	<p>★ Little things do count. You will lose social attractiveness if you leave invitations unanswered or forget to make that promised telephone call. Set down reminders.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Luck number this week: 4. Best days for action are December 3 and 6. Mix your colors into a rainbow of soft hues, if you are seeking a bargain.</p>	<p>★ Whatever your job, it should be profitable, so make the most of these opportunities, which may not last forever. Temporary employment in some cases.</p>	<p>★ Are you hunting a home? Or letting a house? Anything connected with real estate or housing will be under the most favorable aspects, so get your running shoes on.</p>	<p>★ Should romance have to take a back seat because of business affairs, don't complain of neglect. If the girl-friend or wife goes to a hen-party, let her enjoy it.</p>	<p>★ You are more likely to be attending some big social event than a spritz of small parties. The question of what to wear is certain to loom up; you'll be wardrobe happy.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 3. Best days are November 30 and December 1. If you have an ornament with an amethyst, or something mauve, wear it for success.</p>	<p>★ Your present work may be chiefly important as a stepping-stone to bigger things, so don't scorn it if it is not exactly what you would like it to be. Just carry on.</p>	<p>★ Is your home a real background for your personality? You may be limited by many considerations, but you can always provide an original touch, which makes it different.</p>	<p>★ Those of you who have been playing off one sweetheart against another are headed for the reefs. You can't have it both ways, so make up your mind.</p>	<p>★ Your qualities of leadership, your abilities as an organizer are likely to be called upon. Be straightforward, but employ tact in dealing with people and interests.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 6. Best days for action, December 1 and 4. A touch of delicate blue, forget-me-not shades, will favor business transactions.</p>	<p>★ You may be told a business secret, in confidence, and feel it rather an honor to be in the know. Alternatively, there may be rumors of a change in your position.</p>	<p>★ Should there be visitors, relatives, or others not particularly congenial, comfort yourself with the thought that their stay cannot last forever and you've done your duty.</p>	<p>★ You'll want to sidestep the crowd and go off on a trousseau, but people will understand. Marriage plans may be in the making, or an engagement.</p>	<p>★ If you do not feel up to coping with many social demands, say so, frankly, well in advance, and do not let others down at the last minute, upsetting arrangements.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number now is: 5. Best days are December 3 and 6. Prints with a green figure, or grass-green beads or scarf help love affairs and social interests.</p>	<p>★ If in the Government service, you might be transferred to another branch, or a different neighborhood in the same department. Others may help out a friend in business.</p>	<p>★ You may be requested to hold a committee meeting at your home or to lend it for a working bee in connection with some organization. Appreciation will be your reward.</p>	<p>★ Should there be a rift between you and your beloved, plain speaking may prevent a lot of heart-break. Brooding over a trifle can grow into a serious grievance.</p>	<p>★ This week particularly favors young natives, outdoor and sporting interests, birthday parties, and club break-ups for the end of the year. You'll be prominent.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number at present: 9. Best days are November 30 and December 1. Any bright red should bring a positive attitude in regard to your business, or social, career.</p>	<p>★ You can successfully ask favors at present from the firm or the boss. This applies particularly to working conditions, holidays, or other factors in your employment.</p>	<p>★ Home this week may be the place you go when everything else is shut up. You'll be out more than you'll be in, so make your arrangements devious.</p>	<p>★ You are inclined to be shy and hypersensitive. A chance rebuff, not intended as it sounded to you, can have a paralyzing effect. Don't let it get you down.</p>	<p>★ Come out of your shell, take the initiative with new acquaintances, and make yourself valuable to those in charge of any undertaking. Your help will be remembered.</p>



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KEM-GLO is the finish that looks and washes like baked enamel. Use Kem-Glo enamel for cupboards, doors, window frames, skirting boards and all other interior woodwork, including furniture. Kem-Glo is a colour-companion to Kem-cote wherever a full gloss or semi-lustre finish is required.

KEM-TONE is the ideal economy finish for interior walls and ceilings. One gallon of Kem-Tone, reduced with water, makes one and a half gallons of paint. Kem-Tone flows on easily, dries in one hour and has no objectionable painty odour. 22 glorious washable colours.

Kem-cote is a product of the

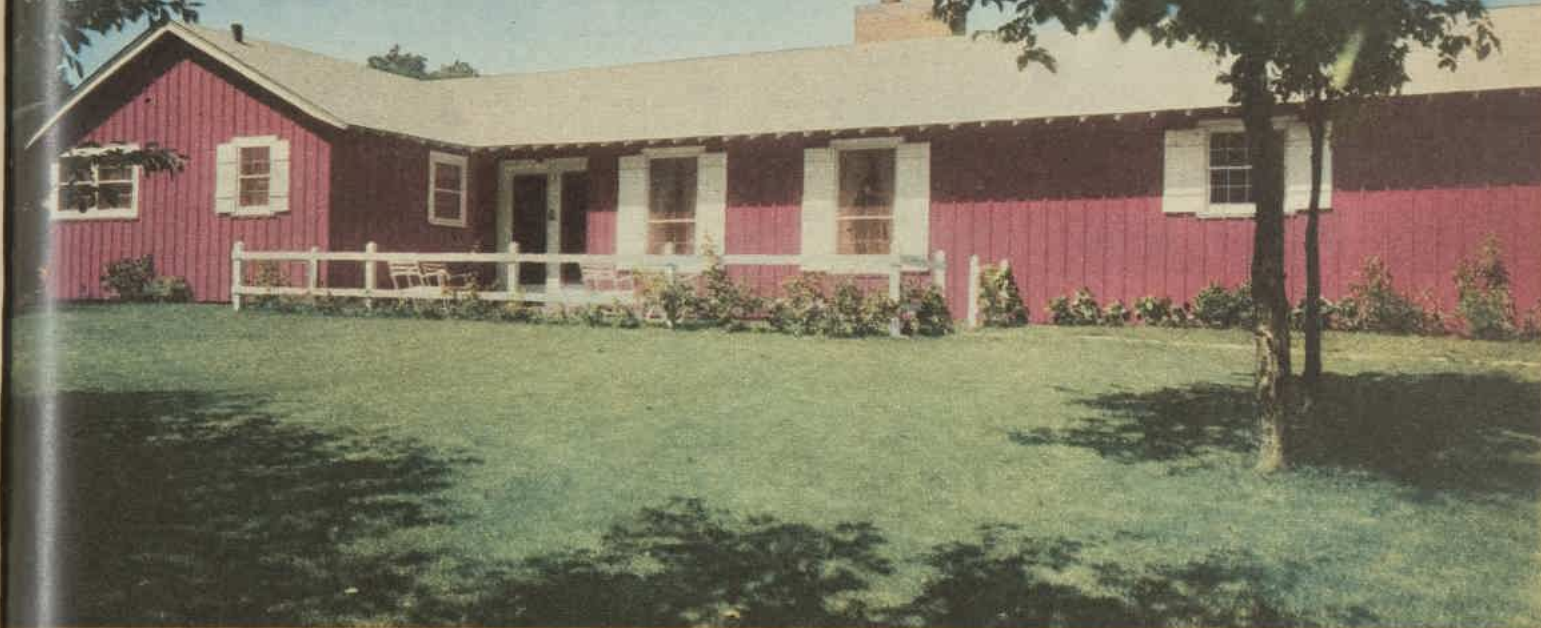
Berger Group of Companies

makers of Kem-Tone, Kem-Glo and a full range of other paint products

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 1, 1954

Homes Service
Plan 5.

Ranch house or homestead



Plan No. 5 EARLY AMERICAN RANCH HOUSE, the exterior of which has much in common with outback homesteads built in Australia's pioneering days. The comfortable interior combines modern fittings with period atmosphere. Pictures overleaf show room arrangement and details of the furnishings.

Plans for £1/1/-

This lovely ranch house, Plan 5 in our Homes Service, demonstrates the similarity between early American and Australian outback homes.

BUILDING plans and specifications for the house are available for only £1/1/- to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

This inexpensive service, the least costly of its kind in Australia, is made possible by the co-operation of "Good Housekeeping" magazine in making available to us the rights to the plans and pictures of the ten beautiful homes in the series.

Built in Illinois, U.S.A., the rambling one-story home is an adaptation of early American ranch-house architecture, and will remind Australians of early homesteads, the overhanging eaves taking the place of verandahs used here.

Our Homes Service

In the one-floor, L-shaped plan, the living-room and garage form a long front facade and the bedroom wing projects to make the short end of the L.

Unusual notes in the plan at right are the segregation of the living-room, use of the dining-room as a multi-purpose family room, and direct access from the entry hall to the bedrooms.

The exterior of the house is clean in its lines, and looks bright and welcoming. The interior is spacious and attractive.

To obtain complete building plans and specifications for this home, fill in the voucher at the right and enclose a postal note or money order for £1/1/-.

In return we will forward three sets of plans, and additional copies where required and as requested by you.

On the following page are pictures of the

interior of the house, showing the arrangement of the rooms.

Like most American homes, a big garage is provided which brings the total area to 17.3 squares. Exclusive of the garage the area is approximately 15 squares. A garage of normal size could be substituted in the plan.

Plans with care

M.
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from

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S
WEEKLY, Box 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.
December 1, 1954.

ORDER VOUCHER

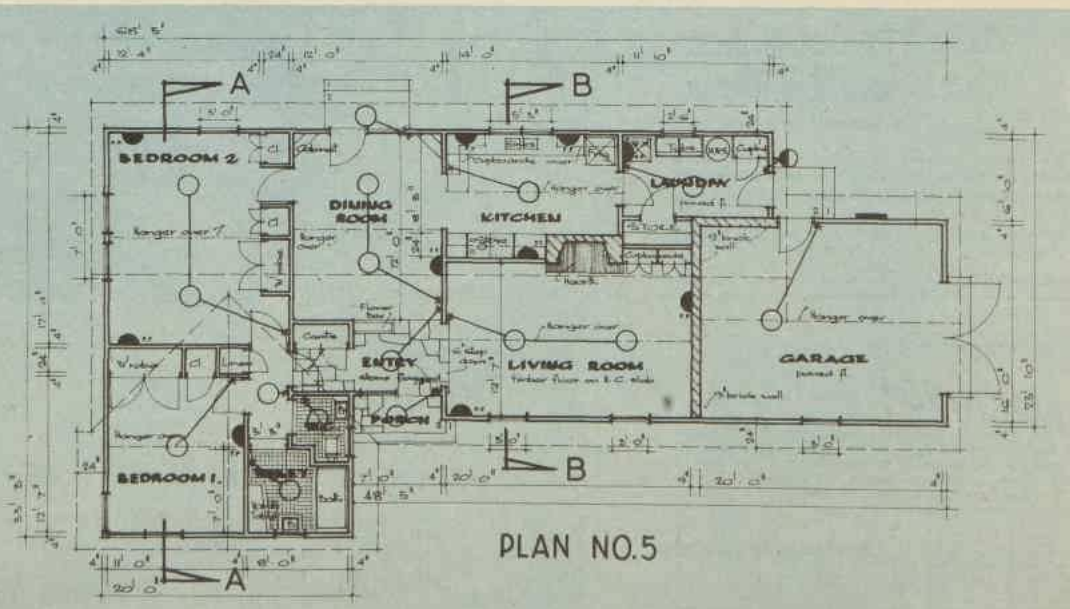
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Please supply one complete set (3 copies) of building plans and specifications for PLAN NO. for which I remit herewith £1/1/- by money order or postal note.

I am building through a Building Society or War Service Homes Division and will require extra copies.

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for **EVERY**
kind of hair

for
EVERY
style of
perm

Richard Hudnut HOME PERMANENT

will give *your* hair lovely
natural-looking curls

Whether your hair is easy to wave or hard to wave, one of the two types of Richard Hudnut Home Permanent will provide you with just the "hair-do" you want; easily, surely . . . both types have the Revolutionary Beauty Rinse Neutraliser with Creme Rinse incorporated.

For EASY-TO-WAVE Hair

. . . soft, natural curls



This is the same Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you know so well in the GREY box. No matter what method of perming you follow, this Richard Hudnut product will give you curls that are really natural-looking, soft and springy, shiny and silky—yet the hair remains strong and smooth. No frizz . . . never that "new permanent" look. No split ends . . . your hair is conditioned to silky smoothness. May be used for bleached or tinted hair.

For HARD-TO-WAVE Hair



extra quick . . . firmer curls

NEW! This is the special, new Richard Hudnut Home Perm recently introduced. Look for it in the GREEN box. This special-formula home perm now gives to hard-to-wave hair those springy, pretty, long-lasting curls which have previously been denied it . . . no "fall-to-take." Women with normal hair, who would like firmer curls, may also use this new product. It's Richard Hudnut's latest contribution to Australian hair beauty.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND SELECTED
DEPARTMENT STORES **12/-**



Richard Hudnut
egg creme
SHAMPOO
for naturally soft, shiny hair!

It's soapless . . . but its real secret is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable; brings out the lovelights in your hair. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become. 4-oz. bottle, 4/11; 8-oz. bottle, 8/9.

H's CONCENTRATED—32 shampoos from each 8-oz. bottle

MP 74.122

WARNING!

Early successes of "EVERGLAZE" led to many imitations. Considerable quantities of inferior weak fabrics which will not stand the wash tub have been sold as "Everglaze" giving much disappointment. Buy only from reputable firms. Insist on genuine "Everglaze". Remember ONLY "Everglaze" stands for WASHPROOF CREASE RESISTANCE in easy-to-care-for cottons.

A trade mark signifying fabrics which may be glossy or matt finished and tested by Am. Bancroft and Sons, Co., Wilmington, Del., U.S.A., or under their authority according to processes and standards they prescribe and control.

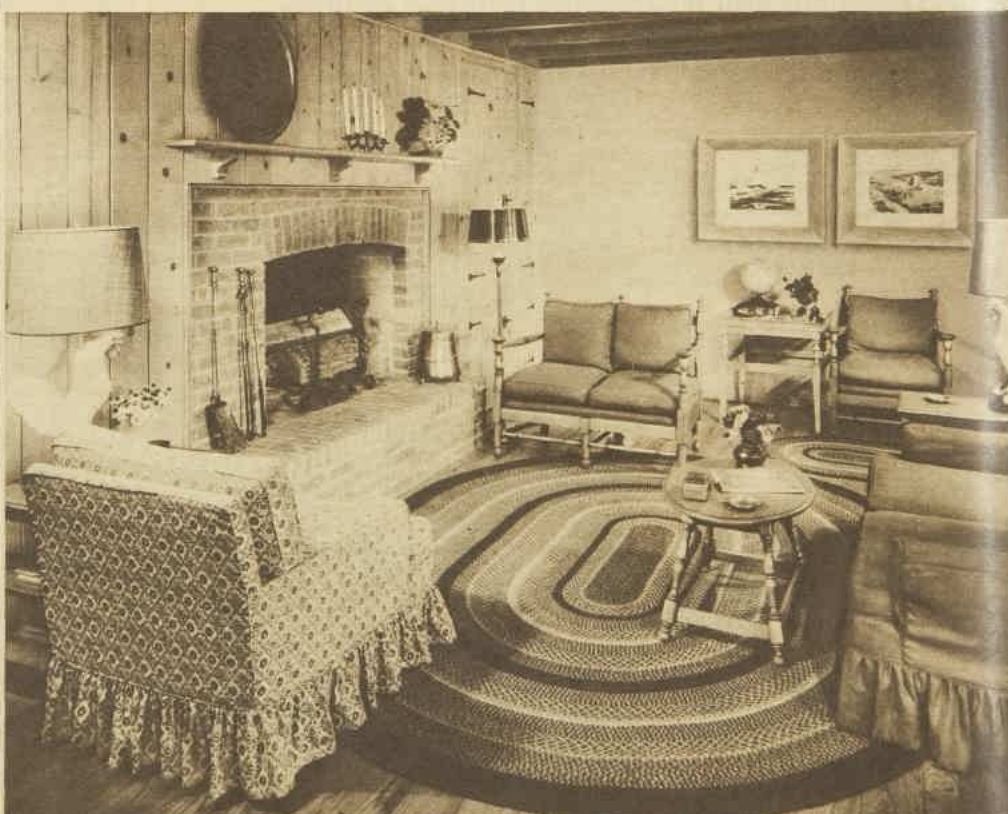
EVERGLAZE
fabrics include POLYMERIZED COTTONS, GLAZED CHINTZ, PLATYPURSE, EMBROIDERED COTTONS AND PLAIN SURFACE COTTONS.

Comfortable and roomy



KITCHEN (left) and family dining-room of Plan No. 5 in our Homes Service illustrated on the preceding page. The rooms, connected by a door for easy serving, have pleasant green-and-white asphalt tiles for flooring. Besides being used for the taking of three meals a day, the family dining-room is an excellent party room. It can accommodate 16 people with ease. The kitchen is well equipped as the workshop of the house, and the double sink is set in a bench finished with an easy-to-clean composition surface with cupboards below.

THE LIVING-ROOM (below) has a big fireplace of common brick set in a long wall of knotty pine. The other walls are copper color to blend with the fire-irons and coal-box. A Persian copper tray is set on the mantel. Furniture, grouped for conversation, includes a chintz-covered lounge chair, a maple love-seat, and a sectional sofa. Beside the fireplace is a ceiling-high, built-in arrangement of cupboards. The fact that the fireplace is off centre adds to the charm of the room. Plans of this house cost only £1/1/- . Exterior and plan on page 73.



How to save

Time, Work and Money



Washing-up

NO DRYING-UP when you use Trix! Just stack the dishes and they dry sparkling clean... no smears... no smudges... and far, far cleaner than if you washed them in suds. **TRIX** is economical, too... one teaspoonful is plenty!



Cleaning

Upholstery, Carpets

So simple! Using a teaspoonful of Trix in warm water, you just rub over the surface with a cloth. Dirt and grease soon disappear—colours come up bright again. (And think of those cleaning bills you'll save!)



Window Cleaning

Marvellous! All you do is sponge over the glass with Trix-in-water. Smears and smudges disappear like magic—the panes sparkle like diamonds. Use Trix for all your glassware.



Laundry

No need for soaps or powders when you use **TRIX**! Trix "lifts out" and *absorbs* every particle of grease and dirt. One reason why Trix is recommended for all washing machines, is that Trix is non-foaming, there is no risk of suds spilling over into the mechanism.



Mopping floors

Wonderful how quickly you get through the job when you use Trix! Trix dissolves grease and stale wax in a jiffy, "picks up" dirt and leaves the floor *spotlessly* clean. Use Trix for cleaning paintwork, too.



Washing Woollies

No shrinkage, no thickening, no hardening when you wash woollens in Trix. Use Trix for *all* woollens, but particularly baby clothes and those delicate woollens that you want to keep fleecy soft.



Cleaning the Car

Wash down with Trix-in-water, hose as you go along... and your car is sparkling clean in a matter of minutes! (Trix works out at *half the price* of "special" car shampoos—and Trix is certainly as good!)



3/3

Prices slightly higher in some country districts

Trix, the modern "miracle" detergent, is the answer to practically every household cleaning problem. It is *versatile*—and...

Trix is *time-saving*—because it works *fast*... dirt and grease seem to go like magic.

Trix is *work-saving*—because its safe, gentle detergent action works by itself—cuts out the need for "elbow grease."

Trix is *money-saving*—because it is *double-strength*, does *twice* the work, goes *twice* as far... and because Trix enables you to do, at home, many a job you'd otherwise have to "send out."

You can clean carpets, upholstery and blankets so easily with Trix.

Illustrated are just a few of the ways in which Trix can save you time, work and money.

Trix
the "miracle"
detergent

makes soaps
and powders
"old fashioned"
Anything suds can do—
Trix can do better

Trix is thick
It goes twice as far as
ordinary detergents



CHEERFUL GIRL

Is simply delighted with the beautiful, natural-looking effect of her Marigny Cold Wave.

TEARFUL GIRL

Can't do anything with her mop!
Lack of professional knowledge
caused the tragedy.



The MARIGNY Cold Wave revitalises as it curls

This cool, comfortable treatment is 100% successful on all types of hair—and is only given by thoroughly trained Marigny operators who diagnose the exact condition of the hair's porosity and elasticity, then process the wave accordingly.

It is a gentle process which actually restores vitality and lustre to the hair as it coaxes in natural, long-lasting waves and curls.

It is the SAFE way to keep your precious hair lovely in all climatic conditions.

Put your hair in the hands of a trained Marigny hairdresser.

You can't turn yourself into a hairdresser over night—it takes years of training and experience. So why take the risk of perming your own hair? It could be all right—it could be all wrong, particularly if your hair is not in good condition at the time. When you go to a trained Marigny hairdresser you are certain of a good result before you start. You have the combination of the best cold wave process and a first-class hairdresser who can time your wave to a minute. The Marigny Cold Wave is particularly wonderful for the new short hair styles—because you can have extra curls put in on the nape without waiting for the full wave to grow out.

Lack of knowledge causes failure of 'amateur' perms.

When a head of hair comes out 'frizzy' after a perm, it has been wrongly processed. If it comes out limp, almost without curl, it is again a matter of unsuitable

processing. The timing of your wave is something that can only be accurately decided by an expert, who bases process time on the condition of your hair. Your hair may be very porous—may soak up solution quickly, in which case it will perm quickly. A few minutes too long could mean the failure of the perm on hair like this. Marigny hairdressers can time your wave to the minute to give you a perfect, natural-looking result—because they have been trained to diagnose the condition of your hair before commencing the process. There are no failures with Marigny.

What to do with 'sick' hair.

A severe illness, or the effects of a general anaesthetic used before an operation, can leave your hair 'sick'—that is, dull, lank, lacking in elasticity. In this case your Marigny hairdresser might recommend a course of treatments before giving you a perm. Amateur handling of hair in this state could cause permanent damage. Hair can also become 'sick' through over-exposure to the sun—although a certain amount of sun and air is necessary to hair health. Another cause of 'sick' hair is the bad practice of leaving it almost undisturbed from one 'set' to another. The hair becomes dull and lifeless and soon develops a form of dandruff. If you think your hair is in poor condition, see your Marigny hairdresser for expert advice.

Put your hair in the hands
of a trained Marigny operator.
Make sure you have a

MARIGNY

The GENTLE Cold Wave recommended by hairdressers

Marigny Laboratories Pty. Ltd., makers of Smart Set (setting lotion) and other Hair Cosmetics.

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didn't make any right away. I just put my head down on Guy's shoulder and had a good cry; and he comforted me lovingly and said, "There, there, dear, don't think about it any more right now. If Baldwin Castle ever comes near you again, just let me know and I'll deal with him."

The Inspector was speaking again. "How long, approximately, did Mr. Castle remain in London at that time?"

"I think only a few days. I saw him only once, and that was in the presence of my fiancé. I was already engaged to Sir Guy Whitford then."

"Quite so. And you didn't see Mr. Castle again after his return to the United States?"

"No."

"Until last night?"

"Until last night."

"Then you did not resume your correspondence with him after your marriage?"

"As I said before, we never did correspond, in the usual sense of the word. And I didn't write him at all, or hear from him again, during my husband's lifetime. But I heard, indirectly, that he'd married—a former schoolmate; and then, several years later, I heard, again indirectly, that his wife had died—you know how the Press delights in printing news items about rich Americans. Almost at the same time that I heard about the death of Mrs. Castle, I had the great misfortune to lose my dear husband. I wrote Mr. Castle a brief note of condolence, telling him that I was, unhappily, in a position to understand the extent of his bereavement, because of my own, and asking him to accept the sympathy of an old friend."

"And he answered?"

"Yes."

"Gratefully and cordially?"

"His answer was rather formal. But it was quite correct."

"And you think this covers

Continuing

The Royal Box

from page 63

everything you can tell me about your acquaintance with Mr. Castle?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Very well. You understand I may wish to recall you, in the light of information I may gather from others?"

"Yes."

"Just a minute, Lady Laura. There are one or two other questions I should like to ask you, which are not directly connected with Mr. Castle, though they may have some indirect bearing on the case. . . . You did not mention it, but I believe that your late husband was a collector of butterflies."

"That is so."

"It was, if I'm not mistaken, a very notable collection—one that he spent years and travelled extensively in assembling, and eventually located in a specially arranged suite at Helston Abbey, his country estate in Gloucestershire."

"You are not mistaken."

"Have you this collection still, Lady Laura?"

"No. I was unfortunately obliged to dispose of it—my income, like that of most English people, has been very materially reduced, and I could not afford the luxury of keeping such a collection."

"You had a great deal of sentiment about it?"

"Yes, a great deal. It was the last of my valuable possessions from which I parted."

"You accompanied your husband on some of the trips in the course of which he collected butterflies?"

"Yes. On all of those he made after our marriage."

"And took an active interest in the specimens after returning to England?"

"Yes. I helped my husband select names for them. He told

me I showed a very real talent for this."

"I am sure you did. No doubt you were also acquainted with Sir Guy's methods of capturing and mounting the butterflies?"

"Only in a general way."

"You did not know then that cyanide was a factor at one stage?"

"I suppose I must have—in a general way, as I said before. But I must remind you that my husband has been dead for a number of years now, and that his collection passed out of my possession some time ago, too. I have had no occasion to consider the treatment of butterflies for a long while."

"Quite so. But I must remind you that Mr. Castle has just died as a result of poisoning—possibly cyanide poisoning. As you said in the beginning, these questions are largely a matter of form. But I feel it is my duty to ask you whether you can think of anything that occurred in the course of your meeting with Mr. Castle last evening which might point to cyanide poisoning?"

"No, Mr. Kirtland, I cannot."

"You did not see him eat or drink anything?"

"Certainly I did. I saw him eat some kind of scones, which were called biscuits, and drink tea at Mr. Thorpe's house, and I saw him drink champagne and eat lobster salad in the Royal Retiring Room during the first interval."

"These biscuits were prepared in the kitchen?"

"Yes; by a colored cook from Martinique."

"Ah—that is very interesting. And the tea—was that also prepared in the kitchen,

by this colored cook, and passed, already in the cups?"

"No, it was prepared at the table."

"By—"

"By me. Surely, Mr. Kirtland."

"I am very sorry, Lady Laura, that I have had to press you with such questions. However, I shall require nothing further of you at present. But I should like to question your daughter for a few minutes now."

"Althea? Why, she's hardly more than a child! And she's simply exhausted—we all are, as far as that goes. I'm sure she couldn't help you at all. She'd be frightened at the mere suggestion that you wanted to question her, she'd get confused—"

"I shall take all that into consideration, Lady Laura, and make everything as easy as I can for her."

"At least you will let me remain with her while the questioning is taking place."

"I'm afraid I can't. You know, it was agreed in the beginning that all members of the party should be questioned separately. Now, if you would just read through what Sergeant Griffin has written and, if you find it correct, affix your signature. . . ."

Inspector Kirtland waited patiently while Lady Laura, with obvious irritation, complied with his request; then he rose and, going swiftly to the door leading into the bedroom at the right, knocked and stood blocking the entrance while he waited for an answer. After a moment it was opened by Judith, who put her finger to her lips.

"I'm Mrs. Racina, Mr. Kirtland," she whispered. "The manager very thoughtfully sent

one of the housekeepers to the ladies' room to tell me I might take Mrs. Castle into a nearby room that was vacant until she felt well enough to come upstairs, and then to bring her here. We moved about half an hour ago, and now she's fallen asleep—she couldn't before. I am sure a good rest will do wonders for her, and that when she wakes up she'll be able to co-operate with you, and that she'll want to."

She added, "Of course, I will, too. While Lady Laura has been with you, Althea's been explaining the sad situation to me in an undertone. She's been very helpful."

"Well done. I'm sure she'll continue to be helpful. Will you come into the sitting-room for a few minutes now, Miss Whitford? I shan't keep you long."

He moved away from the door, clearing the passage, and Lady Laura swept by him into the bedroom. Althea came hesitantly out of it, glancing back several times at her mother. The Inspector motioned toward a chair.

"I have only two or three questions to put to you, Miss Whitford," he said kindly. "And you may take all the time you like, if you feel you must think over your answers. However, I do not believe you will find it necessary to do so—I believe the answers, like the questions, may be fairly simple. First, I am right in assuming, am I not, that you had never met Mr. Castle before last evening?"

"Yes."

"And did your first impressions of him correspond to the mental picture you had already formed of him?"

"I didn't have any mental picture of him. No one had ever described him to me."

"I see. You cannot remem-

ber ever having heard any previous reference to him?"

"Not until just before I met him. Hilary Thorpe telephoned to say that he had the new American Ambassador to Ariston on his hands for the evening, so that we wouldn't be able to go dancing together, as we'd planned. But he didn't describe Mr. Castle to me. And then my mother said she was very glad she had happened to hear that the Royal Box would be available, after Hilary and Mr. Castle had failed to get tickets, because—well, because she doesn't like Americans very well, on general principles, and she was rather proud to think she had succeeded where two important Americans had failed. She spoke of the Ambassador and his wife as 'these Castles'—perhaps in a rather supercilious way, but that was because of this queer prejudice she has. She didn't describe Mr. Castle to me, either. She couldn't have."

"She couldn't have?"

"Why, no! Because last night was the first time she ever saw him."

"You're quite sure of that, Miss Whitford?"

"Quite sure, Inspector. I've got a rather good memory—I can remember things that happened when I was only four years old. If Mr. Castle had ever come to our house since then, I'd know it. I'd know it if he'd come before that, too. My mother and I have always been very close, and if she'd been acquainted with Mr. Castle she'd have told me about it. She told me everything about her girlhood and her debut and her meeting with my father and her early married life."

"You're quite certain of that?"

"Of course I'm certain. And besides," she continued,

To page 82

YOU CAN
BE SURE..
IF IT'S

Westinghouse

Throughout the world women praise the Westinghouse "Super Power" food mixer . . . appreciate the outstanding beauty, the traditional Westinghouse quality . . . utilise the exclusive features that guarantee results for every recipe.

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BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3461.—Beginners' pattern for shortie pyjamas. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3458.—Glamorous housecoat designed with a self-material sash and wide, graceful skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F3459.—Ruffle-trimmed nightgown and matching petticoat slip. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, and waist 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/9.

F3460.—Prettily styled two-piece sleeping pyjamas. The jacket is designed with yoke and sleeves in contrast material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.

F3462.—Three-piece lace-trimmed lingerie set includes nightgown, slip and scanties. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, and waist 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. Requires 7yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. lace, 10yds. 2in. lace, and 7yds. 1in. lace edging. Price, 4/9.

F3463.—Empire-style nightgown combines plain and floral material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 794.—TAILORED SLIP

Figure-flattering slip obtainable cut out ready to make in satin printed in a self color pin spot. The color choice includes white, pastel pink, and pastel blue. The lace is included with garment. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 30/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/9. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

Nos. 795 and 796.—SCANTIES AND PANTIES

The garments are both lace-trimmed and obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is satin printed in a self color pin spot. The color choice includes white, pale blue, and pale pink. Lace is included with each garment. Sizes 24in. and 26in. bust, 11/11; 28in. and 30in. bust, 12/11; 32in. and 34in. bust, 13/11. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

No. 797.—FLOWER DUCHESSE SET

The attractively designed mats are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen; sheer linen in pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green; organdie in white and pastel shades of blue, lemon, pink, and green. Centre mat measures 10in. x 15in. and small mats 8in. x 8in. Price, linen, 9/11. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Organdie, 7/11. Postage, 1/- extra.

No. 798.—TULIP CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTES

The cloth and table napkins are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider with unusual tulip design. The material is Irish linen in white and cream. Buttonhole, stem-stitch, and satin-stitch are used for the embroidery. Sizes 30in. x 36in., 19/11; 36in. x 42in., 24/11; 42in. x 48in., 29/11; 48in. x 54in., 34/11. Postage and registration, both sizes, 1/8 extra. Table napkin, 11in. x 11in., 1/6. Postage, 4d. extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



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Treat Yourself to Comfort and Style for 1955

Enjoy the comfort and confidence that a Jenyns Patent Corset can give you. This popular foundation gently smooths out your figure and at the same time assures restful support, preventing unnecessary fatigue. For health and beauty wear a Jenyns.

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"Old Gold" is Australia's favourite box of chocolates — and no wonder. There are 17 different centres among the 24 chocolates in each ½-lb. box. The ½-lb., 1-lb. and 2-lb. boxes are available everywhere.

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The candle-holders were made from two 12in.-long strips of light sheet metal cut about 1in. wide and then wound around a clothes-peg from each end into a scroll-shape design.

For a table setting, place a squat, broad yellow candle on a red paving-tile and surround it with a turquoise ball, red berries, and holly.



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TWO sets of transfer sheets carrying all kinds of cute and pretty motifs for quick, easy embroidery may be bought from our Needlework Department.

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They are ideal for those who like to add a personal touch to gifts.

Send for one or both transfers. Each costs 2/6. See address page 87.



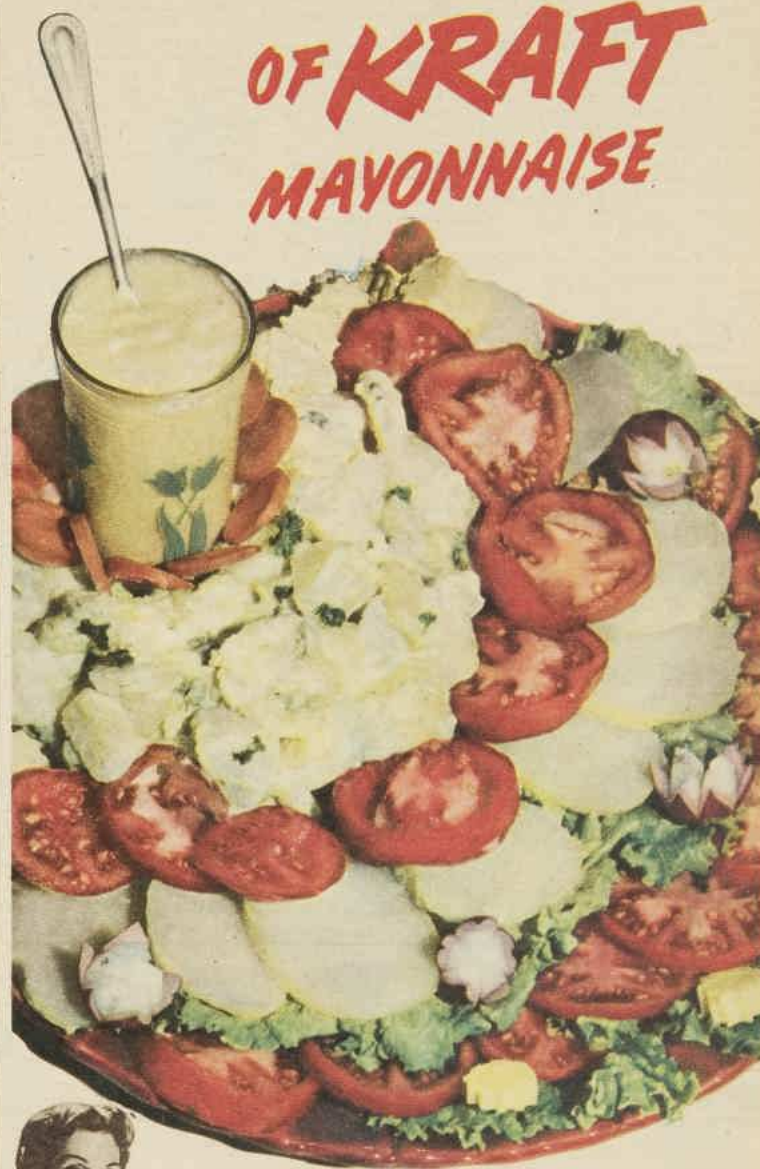
MOTIFS from No. 145 embroidery transfer sheet are shown in these three pictures at left and above. No. 145 transfer features over 30 amusing "Down on the Farm" designs for children's wear and the decoration of nursery items. Cost of this novel transfer is 2/6.



EMBROIDERY transfer sheet No. 178 contains ten gay and humorous designs for the decoration of tea-towels, place-mats for the breakfast nook, aprons, and other items. The motifs are worked in cross-stitch and stem-stitch. Color guide with directions and suggestions for using the motifs accompanies each transfer, which costs 2/6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 1, 1954

" Make your salads sing with the "Wonder Flavour" OF KRAFT MAYONNAISE



"All salads taste better with KRAFT MAYONNAISE",

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Kraft's special long-beating process guarantees the smoothest, melt-on-your-tongue texture imaginable. You couldn't hope to mix by hand a dressing so smooth, so creamy and rich.

STAYS KITCHEN FRESH!

Kraft Mayonnaise stays kitchen-fresh to its last delicious spoonful. Never tastes "oily" or too sweet . . . makes all salads taste better than ever.

TWO SIZES: Big family 10 oz., and 5 oz. "Swanky Swig" re-usable glasses. The 5 oz. features lovely flower patterns in 8 different colours.



KITCHEN FRESH

KHMSI

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warming to her subject, "when Mr. Castle came to Hilary's house yesterday afternoon, it was apparent from everything Mother said to him and the others that the Ambassador was a complete stranger to her. I was in the dining-room while she was pouring tea and I remember the conversation distinctly. He and Ahani both seemed to think, from the way she made her preparations, that she must be quite familiar with the customs of the Middle East. But she said, on the contrary, she'd never heard more than a few passing references to them, from returning lecturers and diplomats, that everything she knew about tea-making she'd learned in England. Mr. Castle was quite persistent. He asked her if she'd never had any long letters, describing Middle Eastern customs, written by someone who'd lived in that region for a long while, and she was even more emphatic in her reply.

"She said, 'No, never,' and then added, 'I must confess that the subject's never concerned me closely, or, to be truthful, intrigued me very greatly.' I don't think I ever heard her speak so positively. I suppose that's why I remember what she said, practically word for word. It was so unlike her."

"Well, thank you very much, Miss Whitford, I don't need to detain you any longer. That wasn't very trying now, was it?"

"Why, not at all! I can't imagine why I thought it would be. The answers were just as simple as your questions, the way you said." Althea rose, drawing a deep breath of relief that ended in a little laugh. Then she left the room swiftly, almost gaily.

The Inspector turned back to his notes and, after studying them for a few minutes, glanced in a questioning manner toward Sergeant Griffin.

"I believe you're thinking the same thing as I was, Griffin," Mr. Kirtland announced, "that there is—shall we say a slight discrepancy?—between the stories of those two ladies. And that it would be interesting to find out which one was

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telling the truth. Meanwhile, perhaps Mrs. Racina would be good enough to let us know whether, in her opinion, Mrs. Castle is now sufficiently recovered so that it would not be an imposition to question her."

As Judith came into the room, Kirtland was immediately struck both by the complete tranquillity of her manner and by its slight formality. He did not need to consult his notes or search his memory to be reminded that she either was or had been a professional nurse.

"Mrs. Racina," he said, "if I understand your husband correctly, you are, or were, a hospital nurse."

"I was what we call a registered nurse, which is the nearest American equivalent of a 'sister' in your hospitals."

"I understand that you felt, from what you observed of Mrs. Castle, that she isn't habitually intemperate?"

"Of course that was more or less guesswork at first. Now I do feel quite sure of it—both from what I've observed and from what she's told me."

"You have every reason to believe she was telling you the truth—I mean, that she was sufficiently recovered to tell a straight story, not that she was wilfully lying?"

"Yes, sir, I have. She's terribly upset—I don't mean just by her husband's sudden death; of course, her horror over that is natural—inevitable. I mean by the realisation that her behaviour was—well, nothing short of a disgrace to him. I think she really wanted to make him a good wife. She's terribly ashamed."

"She didn't strike you at all as the sort of woman who was, let us say, very mercenary?"

"Yes, she did, in one sense. I think it meant a great deal to her to become an ambassador—that was terrifically important to her."

"More important than to be immensely rich?"

"But she would have been both!"

"In other words, you have reason to believe that her husband made a large settlement on her at the time of her marriage?"

"I don't know about that. I never saw Mrs. Castle, or her husband either, until Joe and I took the same ship with them, so that Joe could get a good start on his Castle articles. I never talked with her confidentially until tonight. But I should think it most unlikely. Marriage settlements are much more unusual in the United States than they are in Europe. Most Americans like to pay for their wives' expenses out of their own incomes."

"On the other hand, if I'm not mistaken, rich Americans are apt to provide very liberally—in fact, very prodigally—for their widows through life insurance policies."

"Yes, sir, that is true."

FOR a moment, the Inspector and Judith looked at each other in silence. She met his gaze squarely, without averting hers. It was he who finally glanced away, and reshuffled his papers before resuming his questioning.

"I'm very much interested in everything you've told me, Mrs. Racina," he said at last. "And I should now like to ask you some questions of quite a different nature. In the course of your varied experience as a professional nurse, you must have had many, or at least several, opportunities to observe the effects of poisoning."

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Therefore you are fairly well acquainted, perhaps, with the effect of—cyanide, let us say."

"Yes, sir."

"How would you describe this?"

"It is the fastest-acting poison known to medicine."

"Quite so. But I believe

there is also a way of delaying action so that there may be no results for several hours?"

"That is correct. At least, such coatings as are put as a matter of common practice about aspirin would certainly delay the poison's effect."

"So you would concur in the opinion, already expressed by the surgeon we have consulted, to the effect that Mr. Castle's death might easily have been caused by poison, administered either at Mr. Thorpe's house or at the theatre?"

"I'm sorry, but I shall have to."

"Can you enumerate for me, from your own observation, all the various items of food and drink that Mr. Castle consumed while you were in his company?"

"No, because I wasn't in the same room with him all the time, at Mr. Thorpe's, and I wasn't watching him very closely at the theatre—there wasn't any reason, that I knew of, why I should. I saw him drink a highball at Mr. Thorpe's—he helped himself from the same butler's tray that everyone else was using. I think he'd had something to eat and drink in the dining-room before that, but I can't speak of it from my own knowledge. At the theatre I did see him eating lobster salad and caviare sandwiches and drinking champagne."

"And he helped himself to these?"

"If he didn't, he was served by the maitre d'hotel or one of the maitre d'hotel's assistants. They were there to wait on everyone who wanted them. But I think most of the guests did help themselves. The salad was on a large platter at one end of the table, and the caviare sandwiches on another large platter at the other end, with napkins and plates and forks neatly arranged beside each. We didn't need any help."

"And the champagne?"

"Well, the waiters served that."

"To everyone?"

"I think so. Except—"

"Yes, Mrs. Racina?"

"Except that just before the end of the first entr'acte Mr. Alban did a trick with an empty champagne glass."

"A trick?"

"Yes. It seems that at one time he was a professional magician; he specialised in sleight of hand and was very good at it. Now he only does it at home for the amusement of his family, for his own amusement, or the amusement of fellow guests at private parties. That was why he did the trick this time—to add to the gaiety of the occasion. It was very clever; he picked up the empty champagne glass and twirled it round and round; meanwhile, he flourished a large silk handkerchief, and suddenly the glass began to fill. It really did fill up; it actually bubbled over."

"All of us saw it do that, though none of us had seen Mr. Alban take one of the champagne bottles that was standing on the table and fill the glass. Mr. Alban wiped off the dripping edge with his silk handkerchief and handed the glass to Miss Lester, who immediately passed it on to Mr. Castle, in plain sight of us all."

"And Mr. Castle drank from this glass?"

"I think so. Mr. Ahani filled or refilled all the glasses that were standing around, so that everyone could join in the toast to Aristan which Mr. Castle had proposed. He changed the one Mr. Neville had proposed, at Miss Lester's instigation, because it was to him—I mean to Mr. Castle—personally, and he said, of course, he couldn't drink that. We all drank the toast to Aristan with him. My impression is that Mr. Castle drank out of the same glass Mr. Alban had just filled. But I can't swear to it. Naturally, he had to set it down on the table while he was filling the other glasses, and he might very well have picked up another."

"Quite so. And I'm not asking you to swear to anything. I am only asking you to tell me what you think you can

state with reasonable accuracy, and I am more and more interested in what you are telling me. Now, just two or three more questions, Mrs. Racina: I do not need to tell you that cyanide is not casually sold over the counter, at every chemist's, to anyone who happens to ask for it. It is sold only for specific purposes, to reliable persons, and even such sales are properly safeguarded. Among your fellow guests last night was there anyone who you believe might have had occasion to buy cyanide for a proper and logical reason?"

"How can I say? I never met any of my fellow guests except the Castles before last night. I don't know very much about them."

"I realise that. But you do know that Mr. Alban, now a theatrical manager, was once a professional conjurer. On the face of things there is no logical reason why he should have cyanide in his possession. You do know that Miss Lester and Mr. Neville are both actors; that Lady Laura and her daughter are both ladies of leisure; that Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Ahani are both diplomats; that Colonel de Valcourt, though now attached to an embassy, is primarily a military man—and that the same lack of a logical reason applies to all of them. . . . Yes, Mrs. Racina?"

Inspector Kirtland had been quick to note the swift change in Judith's expression, which, until then, had been almost professionally blank. He was sure this change was involuntary and would not have occurred if she had not been taken, suddenly and unexpectedly, by surprise. He pressed his advantage.

"I can't force you to tell me anything, you know, Mrs. Racina."

"I know. And I don't want to say anything that would cast unjust suspicions on an innocent person."

"On the other hand, I'm sure you don't want to refrain from

To page 85



Hot scones with JAM

For afternoon tea —
for children's tea —
for fireside supper

When you come to think of it the most expensive savouries or cakes are never eaten with the same relish as your own fresh-from-the-oven scones served with butter and jam. Save money! Save time. Whether you're entertaining friends or "filling-up" a hungry family serve scones and jam more often.

TAKE-IT-EASY SCONES

Save time . . . save messy rubbing-in . . . make higher, lighter scones!

8 ozs. (2 level cups) self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt, 2 ozs. butter or margarine, a bare $\frac{1}{2}$ cup very hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift the flour, sugar and salt into a bowl. Dissolve the shortening in the hot water, add the milk, then stir lightly into the flour with a knife. Turn out on a well-floured board and fold over and pat out 8 or 10 times to fold air into the dough. Handle lightly. Press out about $\frac{1}{4}$ an inch thick and cut into squares with a knife. Glaze with melted shortening and bake in a very hot oven about 12 minutes. Serve hot or cold with butter (or whipped cream) and serve plenty of luscious jam.



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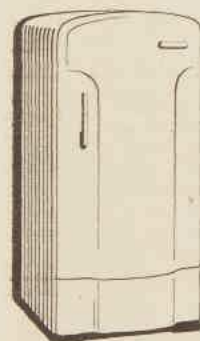




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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 1, 1954

Page 83



YOUR GUARANTEE OF CONSISTENT

Accuracy

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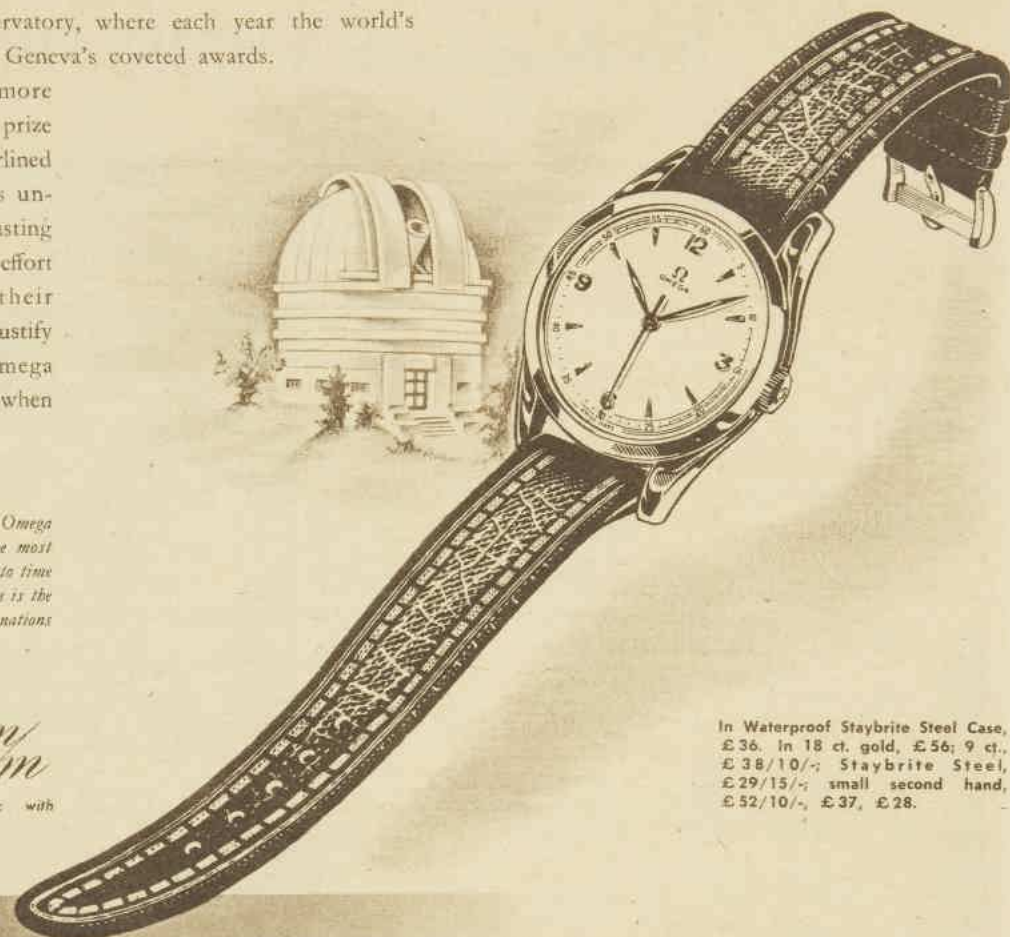
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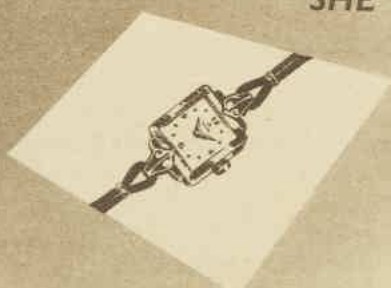
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anything that would raise suspicion from an innocent person by helping me to find the guilty one."

"Well, then . . . I learned, quite by chance that, with the help of an uncle who was a physician, Colonel de Valcourt had perfected a method for making minute cyanide crystals. They were used in Holland by Dutch girls during the Occupation. These girls would slip such coated crystals into the food or drink of the Nazi officers who took them out, and a few hours afterwards the victims would die. De Valcourt's experiments were made with the best possible motives. The girls had been using cyanide for some time; but in its customary form it worked so quickly that they could very easily be identified and have paid for the Nazis' lives with their own. With the delayed action it was almost impossible to trace them. Hilary Thorpe and Jacques de Valcourt are great friends, so Hilary knew all about this from Jacques himself. And when Mr. Castle questioned Hilary about Jacques' career on the way to the theatre, Hilary told him this among other things."

"And you were in the car at the time?"

"No. But Joe and I were in Colonel de Valcourt's car when we went from the theatre to the Savoy, and so was Mrs. Castle. She'd been so intrigued by what she'd heard about the Dutch girls from Hilary in the course of the previous ride, that she wanted to hear more about them from de Valcourt himself. And he seemed perfectly willing to tell her."

"I am more and more interested in what you are saying, Mrs. Racina, and just to reassure you, let me state I feel quite certain you are not arousing suspicion on an innocent person. After all, the Occupation of the Netherlands by the Nazis was terminated several years ago; there is no sound reason why Colonel de Valcourt should be carrying coated tablets of cyanide around in his pocket at this late day; nor would he talk about his successful experiments so freely

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if there were the slightest danger that they might be used as a basis for suspecting him of murder."

"I know. But—"
"Yes, Mrs. Racina?"

"But it seems that Colonel de Valcourt's avocation is horticulture. It was their mutual interest in this that formed the basis of the friendship between him and Hilary—not that Hilary's much of a gardener himself, but practically all the family money that doesn't come from talc mines comes from the elder Thorpe's nurseries—they're famous throughout the United States. It seems that the grounds of Colonel de Valcourt's chateau in France were laid out by the landscape gardener of Francis I., and they've made the estate a show place for generations. Moreover, he's very proud of the way he's improved and developed the gardens on the property he's rented at Chiswick. He was very much intrigued when I told him about the Lancaster and York rose that we have on my father's farm."

"Anyway, he said he was going to try to get sent on a mission to the United States, so that he could come and see it. Of course, that was just a joke, but there was genuine enthusiasm back of it. And he asked Joe and me to come to tea tomorrow—or is it today?—with Lady Laura and Althea, to see his flowers at Chiswick. He's especially proud of his roses. He says the English climate, which otherwise he doesn't like very much, is wonderful for them. And—"

"Yes, Mrs. Racina?"

"Nothing. Except that, as a horticulturist, Colonel de Valcourt would, of course, be able to purchase cyanide without any difficulty. I don't need to tell you that."

There was a long pause. Then the Inspector straightened out his papers and rose.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Racina," he said. "I think we will not disturb Mrs. Castle just yet, after all. I think that

before we do that, as soon as I have put in one telephone call, I had better have a short talk with Colonel de Valcourt."

The multicolored patch of ribbons on Jacques de Valcourt's blue tunic glowed in the lamplight like a magnified fragment of some intricate mosaic, whose pattern was no longer discernible in so minute a fraction of the whole. He bowed with chill formality as the Inspector waved casually towards one of the large chairs.

"Sit down, do, Colonel," Kirtland urged. "No use being

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stuff about this, is there? After all, neither one of us is here from choice, eh?"

De Valcourt inclined his head slightly, let himself down into the designated armchair, and proffered his thin, platinum cigarette-case to the Inspector, who, however, declined with amiable thanks.

"I'm a man of few words myself," the Inspector said rather dryly, after waiting some moments for a reply to his civil overtures. "Apparently you are, too, Colonel. And, as I've already said, anyone who does not care to be questioned is quite free to go. On the other hand, since you all realise that this is a very serious situation—"

Do I not, my old one? But in my place, at present, one needs to walk most cautiously,

though without seeming to do so. All may yet march as it should, if I remember I cannot afford to utter one careless word, while leading you along a trail which gives promise of reaching the goal you desire. No red herrings though—merely a cat of another color! But now I must tread as lightly as one myself."

"Let me assure Monsieur Kirtland of my willingness to answer any questions of which I know the reply."

"Thank you, sir. Then if you're really prepared to assist me, suppose we begin by asking whether you ever met Mr. or Mrs. Castle before?"

"Until this afternoon, at Mr. Thorpe's cocktail party, I never laid eyes on either of them. In the case of Mrs. Castle, I express the hope that today marks not only the first, but also the last, time that I do so."

"But you knew of Mr. Castle? I mean you knew who he was, what he did, and so on? As a young officer you served for a time in Lebanon, I believe."

"Certainly the name was familiar. So was that of Lawrence of Arabia. But nothing in my work ever brought me into contact with either one."

"I can understand that—I was thinking merely of possibilities. And I suppose it is not even a probability that your work in Lebanon had political as well as military and diplomatic significance."

"Quite right. You are, of course, aware that the French had a high commissioner in Lebanon at that time but our interests stopped at what was then still called the Far East. They never went as far as Aristan, and they were in no way connected with oil—which, if I am not mistaken, is the political connection for which you are groping at the present moment."

"Well, then, Colonel, let me ask you something quite different: you have other interests besides those that are strictly military and diplomatic, haven't

To page 87



Someone isn't using AMPLEX

Horrid idea, isn't it, to think that your breath may smell without your even knowing it. Strong foods, alcohol, smoking—there are many things that can lead to unpleasant breath. But whatever the reason, Amplex keeps breath sweet and leaves body free of odour. That's because Amplex works from inside, safely and surely stopping odours at their source. Just pop one or two in your mouth and immediately you're confident, confident you don't annoy those near you.

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SNOW-TOPPED LEMON PIE

Shell: 3 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes, 1 cup butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon sugar.
Filling: 1 tin sweetened condensed milk, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 cup lemon juice, 2 egg yolks.

Snow Topping: 2 egg whites, 1 cup castor sugar.
Make the shell by creaming the butter and sugar, then blending in the finely crushed corn flakes. Press firmly around the bottom and sides of a pie plate. Chill. Combine the filling ingredients, stir till thickened, then turn into the shell. Beat the egg whites till stiff. Gradually beat in the sugar. Continue beating till glossy. Pile on filling, spreading well to edges. Chill till serving time.

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FOR LAZY DAYS**

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breakfasts in
every large
packet**



you, Colonel de Valcourt? That is to say, I understand you are quite an authority on horticulture. Is your interest in that more serious than your interest in tennis and polo, for instance? By that I mean—and I hope it is not impertinent to ask—is it a hobby on which you spend money, or is it a pursuit out of which you make money?"

"I spend money on it in England, but I make money on it in France. We not only have flowers, fruit, and vegetables in abundance for our own use on the estate which my mother and I jointly own; we sell them extensively. From our kitchen gardens we ship melons to the London market—you might easily have bought some yourself during the season at any large store. There is a large and growing demand for our camellias in the southern part of the United States and, from our greenhouses, orchids have gone to every part of the world."

The Inspector nodded. "I have heard about this establishment of yours in Chiswick, Colonel de Valcourt—apparently it is a very fine place, very fine indeed, and you live there in almost princely style and entertain in a very lavish manner."

"These things are all comparative. I do not do too badly by myself and my friends. I should be very pleased to have you visit me in Chiswick one of these days, and see for yourself if the setting and the entertainment justify the reports you have had."

"Thank you. Now, besides this place in Chiswick which you rent, you own an estate in France—a chateau with extensive grounds, as I understand it, which is situated just where?"

"In the lower part of the Loire Valley—which we call the Loire-Inférieure. It is not far from Nantes, which is sometimes known as Nantes la Grise—Nantes the Grey—or, more pleasantly and, I think, more appropriately, the Camellia City. The first designation always makes me think of nuns, the second of flowers—the human variety as well as the other kind."

"And this chateau in the Loire Valley, near Nantes, is called—"

"Vaujours."

"And this is the only property that you own in France?"

"No, I have a pied-a-terre in Paris and a small villa on the Cote d'Azur."

"Could you be a little more explicit in regard to the location of the latter?"

"It is not far from Menton."

"And, as I recall it, Menton is not far from Monte Carlo."

"Your geography is admirable, Inspector."

"And do you also make money on the pied-a-terre in Paris and the villa near Monte—I beg pardon, near Menton?"

"I assume that, considering your calling, you must have asked that question seriously, Monsieur Kirtland," he said, with a slight drawl. "Otherwise, I should certainly conclude that it had been asked merely pour rire, as we would say. It is inconceivable that a pied-a-terre in Paris and a small villa on the Cote d'Azur should represent sources of income unless they were rented to rich Americans, which mine are not. However, the pied-a-terre might be said to save me money, since it obviates the necessity of hotel bills, and I am obliged to spend a certain amount of time in Paris in connection with my business interests. I might stretch a point and say that the villa also saves me money, since it provides me with a means of escape from the terrible climate and arduous duties of London and permits me to relax in the sunshine. No doubt many doc-

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tors' bills are averted in this way."

"And am I to understand that, when you are in Paris, you devote all, or practically all, your time to your business interests, and that while you are on the Riviera you seclude yourself for a rest cure?"

"Again I find it hard to believe that you expect to be taken seriously, Inspector. Naturally, I lead the life of a normal man in both places—that is, a reasonable amount of my time is given to diversion."

"And these diversions include occasional visits to the casino at Monte Carlo?"

"Cela va sans dire—that goes without saying."

"You also entertain and are entertained a good deal?"

"Certainly I welcome my friends to my house, wherever I may be in residence, and certainly I go out among them. But neither the pied-a-terre nor the villa is on a scale to permit entertainment in the grand manner. I myself do not have either a yacht or a private beach."

"You do, however, give small parties with persons of prominence among your guests?"

"Yes, occasionally. Not as often as in London."

"Do you happen to be acquainted with the present Sultan of Aristan, Izet ibn Hamis?"

"I have met him, yes."

"I understand that he spends considerable time on the Riviera."

"My understanding is the same."

"Is your understanding based only on report? You have not seen the Sultan there frequently yourself?"

"As I said before, all these things are comparative. I do not know just what you mean by 'frequently.'"

"I will try to be more explicit. You yourself have spent approximately how much time on the Riviera this last year, Colonel de Valcourt?"

"About six weeks, all told, at intervals."

"And was the Sultan also on the Riviera each time you visited it?"

"Not as far as I know."

"Once perhaps?"

"Yes."

"Or perhaps twice?"

"Perhaps."

"And you were out in company with him—once or twice perhaps?"

"Yes."

"At private houses?"

"Yes, and elsewhere."

"Elsewhere, including the casino?"

"Yes, elsewhere including the casino."

"And you entertained him at your villa—once or perhaps twice?"

"As I recall it, he came once to a small dinner and once to a large cocktail party at my villa."

"As guest of honor?"

"As ranking guest, naturally. Now that you speak of it, I believe the dinner was planned especially for him. I could tell by consulting my diary, I am sure, however, that the cocktail party was not, that I was giving it anyway, just before my departure, and that the Sultan graciously signified his intention of honoring it with his presence."

"So that, all in all, you were in his company, either in your own house or elsewhere, at least four times. On one of these occasions he was the guest of honor at a dinner you planned especially for him and on another he signified his desire to attend an entertainment you were giving."

"As I said, I should like to consult my diary on one of those points. But I believe you have stated the case correctly."

"Yet, when I first questioned you about the Sultan, you only admitted that you had 'met' him. Permit me to say that I should consider your acquaintance with him a good deal closer than that."

"It is not my habit to boast about the prominent persons who have been good enough to admit me to their immediate circle. I hear enough of such pretentious remarks from others—usually either from nouveaux riches or down-at-the-heel aristocrats. I think I may say without arrogance that I belong to neither group. But since you are interested in the company I keep, I may mention that I have known several princes well enough to call them by their first name—and even one or two princesses."

"Could you tell me, Colonel de Valcourt, whether, in the course of these various meetings with the young Sultan the name of Baldwin Castle ever came up?"

"It will may have."

"Yet you told me—"



"Man, what a break! Finding a beauty like this so close to the surface!"

"Excuse me. You asked me if I had ever heard it in connection with my work, as a young officer in Lebanon. And I told you, quite truthfully, that I had not."

"Well now, I should be much obliged if you would tell me, quite truthfully, in what connection you heard of it on the Riviera."

"In connection with the possibility of a presidential appointment."

"Could you remember just what form the reference took?"

"Only that it was very casual. But I will search my memory and also consult my diary, if you would like to have me do so, to see if anything about it struck me particularly."

"I should be much obliged. Not that there is any hurry. I shall probably wish to question you a second time and, if I should, you can tell me then. You are quite sure that the reference was casual?"

De Valcourt smiled. "Quite sure. The little dinner at which I heard the passing reference was not a political meeting, Inspector. It was a social gathering with ladies present."

"I will take your word for it that this particular social function had no political significance. And I gather that it had no financial significance, either?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you there."

"I believe that fairly large sums of money are sometimes won—and lost—in certain circles under certain circumstances on the Riviera. I assume that, sooner or later, a day of reckoning comes."

"And you think I was reduced to borrowing from the

Sultan—or that he was reduced to borrowing from me?"

"I had not thought of either of you as being 'reduced,' Colonel de Valcourt. But money does enter the picture quite prominently, in one way or another, as I have just said, under certain conditions."

"You must know that the Sultan is one of the richest men in the world. And you are quite at liberty to investigate my financial status, if that is not as well known to you as my diplomatic and military record."

"Perhaps I shall. . . Now we seem to have dismissed the dinner party. And the cocktail party which the Sultan expressed a desire to attend—this had no political or financial significance, either?"

"None whatsoever. It was in the nature of a farewell fete."

"So you had no time for private conversation with anyone?"

"Practically none."

"If you should recall anything later, which you cannot seem to think of at the moment, I should be obliged if you would tell me. . . I take it

land said quietly. "Because cyanide is a component of many insecticides used in horticulture, especially in greenhouses. Because Colonel de Valcourt is an amateur in horticulture and the owner of profitable greenhouses. Because he is also famous for having introduced into the French Resistance new ways of using cyanide against the Nazis' occupying forces. Because Mr. Castle died of what appears to be cyanide poisoning. And because Colonel de Valcourt had at least two of those three important M's in my murder investigation—motive, method, and moment. Quite enough reasons, shouldn't you say?"

"Most assuredly, I would not say! For every one of your reasons, I could cite you a dozen why it would be nonsense to think I had anything to do with Mr. Castle's death. But instead, may I refer you to a famous motto of the genarmerie of my own land, a police force of no small repute, you will concede, no?"

"Carry on, sir."

"Cherchez la femme—look for the woman?"

Kirtland shrugged and glanced toward the door of the east bedroom of the suite. "Lady Laura and her daughter Miss Althea, Mrs. Racina, Mrs. Castle, and Miss Lester are all in there, as you know. I have spoken with the first three already and—"

"And, of course, found them all completely above suspicion."

"As I said, I have spoken with them already," the inspector replied levelly. "I have not yet spoken with Mrs. Castle."

"May I make a suggestion in that quarter?"

"Certainly, if you feel it would be helpful. But, to avoid needless repetition, I may perhaps tell you that Mrs. Racina has already informed me that Mrs. Castle was greatly intrigued—I think that is the exact word she used, intrigued—by what she had heard about certain experiments of yours from Mr. Thorpe, on the way from his house to the theatre; that she asked you further questions about them, on the way from the theatre to the Savoy; and also that you seemed perfectly willing to tell her about them."

"Ah. . . I see that Mrs. Racina, no less than her husband, could qualify as an observant reporter. But did Mrs. Racina also tell you that while we were at the theatre Mrs. Castle asked me for an aspirin tablet, to relieve a headache?"

"No, she did not mention that."

"Ah!" De Valcourt said again. "Well, I am glad to say that I was able to oblige Mrs. Castle, since I was well provided with aspirin—and with the coated variety, which is what I always take myself."

"Yes? And you are suggesting—"

"Nothing, really, any more than you are. I am only mentioning potentialities about which you will naturally wish to consult one of your chemists. But it does not seem to me to be beyond the range of possibility that, with the requisite type of tablet in her possession, a clever woman might have found a way of impregnating it with poison. As you doubtless know, there is a lavatory connected with the Royal Retiring Room. Mrs. Castle could easily have absented herself there a few minutes."

"Did you see her absent herself, as you put it, after giving her the aspirin tablet?"

"No, because during the second interval Miss Whitford and I took a stroll in the foyer. But there would have been plenty of time for Mrs. Castle to do so."

"I see. And since you are so

positive on that score, you should be able to tell me yourself, Colonel de Valcourt, whether you think the impregnation you mentioned would be possible under the circumstances. After all, you have had some considerable experience with it."

"I should not say it could be done easily. But neither should I say that it was impossible to do, in the hands of a clever woman with a destructive purpose."

"And that is how Mrs. Castle struck you—as a clever woman with a destructive purpose?"

"I believe you have been told that she was 'indisposed.' Well, in the case of an indisposition such as hers, it is of course difficult to judge character correctly, and, what is more, many characters seem to change completely. But again I should not say it was utterly impossible to assume that Mrs. Castle is far more clever than she seems and not in the least impossible to assume that she might have had a destructive purpose—considering how much she stood to gain, in certain ways, if she could accomplish such a purpose."

"And you would not put it past her either to have poison already in her possession, hoping that she might learn how and when it could be used to best advantage?"

"Certainly I should not put it past her."

"So it was Mrs. Castle you had in mind when you suggested we should look for the woman in the case?"

"She was one of those I had in mind. Miss Lester was another."

"Yes?"

"Yes. I did not know this before tonight, but it was quite obvious then that Miss Lester and Mr. Castle were not meeting for the first time when they did so at supper."

"And so?"

"Something in the atmosphere gave me the impression that they had not only met before, but that at one time they had known each other quite well."

"I am afraid that in cases of this sort we cannot be guided by anything so vague as atmospheric conditions."

"She called him a petit nom—what you would designate as a nickname or, in certain cases, as a pet name. This is one of the cases where I think the latter term would be applicable. And, as Miss Whitford and I were returning from our stroll, I distinctly heard Castle tell Ahmi that he had an appointment with Miss Lester in her dressing-room. Moreover, he obviously set great store by this appointment—so great that he cut short a discussion of international import in order to keep it."

"Then it would appear that they were on friendly terms rather than otherwise, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would appear so. But it's a cliché to say that appearances are often very deceptive. And to refer again to atmospheric conditions, on which I put more dependence than you do, I did not gather that Mr. Alban and Mr. Neville entertained very cordial feelings toward Mr. Castle. However, I must say that since one is a cheap charlatan and the other a morbid brooder, we should not take too much stock of their feelings, which are hardly those of a well-balanced man, in either case."

"We can discuss them later on if it seems best. Colonel de Valcourt. For the moment, suppose we confine ourselves to the aspects of the case which you yourself suggested: namely, the part which the—ah—ladies might have played. Did Miss Lester also show evidences of

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SAVOURIES *that make a party*

"And they're all made with Kraft Cheddar",



says *Elizabeth Cooke*

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert

Try the biscuit novelties above for your next party. Decorate Kraft Cheddar shapes with slices of gherkin and cocktail onions—they look wonderful and taste delicious.

Remember—when you use Kraft Cheddar for your savouries they'll be "party-perfect". Kraft Cheddar stays fresh—doesn't go soggy—and it slices easily, without crumbling. Here are some ideas for your Kraft Cheddar Savoury Plate.

Cheese Wedgies (centrepiece)

Using a pastry cutter, cut circles from slices of Kraft Cheddar and beef luncheon. Sandwich alternate slices together with Kraft Mayonnaise and garnish with stuffed olives and pickled onions on toothpicks.

Toothpick Savouries

Halved stuffed olives and cubes of Kraft Cheddar.
Kraft Cheddar cubes with coloured pickled onions.
Rolls of anchovy around olives stuffed with Basic Savoury Mix. (To make the Basic Savoury Mix: Blend 5 dessertspoons milk with 8-oz. of grated Kraft Cheddar. Season to taste with salt and cayenne.)

Savoury Boat Fillings

Halved gherkins with Kraft Cheddar "sails".
Grated Kraft Cheddar and whole sardines with parsley garnish.
Basic Savoury Mix garnished with tomato, parsley and gherkin.

Celery Sticks

One-inch lengths of celery filled with Basic Savoury Mix, gherkin garnish.

Fried Bread Shapes

Cut bread into fancy shapes with pastry cutter and fry in butter. Spread with Basic Savoury Mix. Dip some in grated Kraft Cheddar and garnish with halved stuffed olives. Others can be decorated with chopped ripe olives or capers and a dash of cayenne, with slivers of gherkin or with balls of Kraft Cheddar rolled in chopped parsley or chives.
Garnish your tray with Kraft Cheddar Matchsticks and spring onions.



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Your CHRISTMAS Cake

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

A touch of the unusual adds interest to traditional Christmas fare, and the new-style Christmas cake we feature this week does just that.

It is quick and easy to prepare, bakes in 2 hours, and costs approximately the same as a half-pound butter-cake mixture.

The cake will keep two to three months wrapped in clean food-wrapping plastic and stored in the refrigerator.

It is best served in small finger-length pieces.

In addition to this rich fruit-and-nut cake, everybody likes to have a conventional cake of "the-cut-and-come-again" type.

For this reason we have included on this page recipes for other Christmas cakes which have proved popular with our readers in recent years.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

NEW-STYLE CHRISTMAS CAKE

One and a half cups shelled whole Brazil nuts, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups walnut halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. stoned dates, $2\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped candied peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red maraschino cherries and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup green maraschino cherries (both drained free of syrup), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Grease sides and base of large loaf-tin (8in. x 5in.) and line with 1 layer of greased paper. Place unchopped Brazil nuts, walnuts, dates, peel, cherries, and raisins into a large basin. Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt together 2 or 3 times, then mix with sugar. Add to nuts and fruits and mix thoroughly. Make into a stiff mixture with beaten eggs and vanilla. Spoon into prepared tin, pressing and flattening with the back of a spoon. Bake in slow oven 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Leave in tin 10 minutes, loosen around edges and turn on to cake-cooler, then remove paper. When completely cold, wrap in food-wrapping plastic and store in refrigerator.

BOILED WHISKY FRUIT CAKE

One pound butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 10 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ wineglasses of boiled whisky (prepared as directed), 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. blanched almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. coarsely shredded peel, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Boiled Whisky: Melt and brown 1oz. butter with 2 tablespoons sugar. When very brown, remove from heat and add $1\frac{1}{2}$ wineglasses of whisky. Return to stove and simmer gently until sugar is dissolved. Use at once.

Cut butter into pieces in a large bowl. Soften by beating with a wooden spoon. Add sugar a little at a time and beat until creamy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition, about 10 minutes in all. Stir in boiling whisky, then fold in prepared fruit mixed with sifted dry ingredients. Turn into paper-lined 10-inch tin and bake in a slow oven for 5 hours. Allow to cool in tin, then wrap until ready to ice and decorate.

PINEAPPLE FRUIT CAKE

One pound sultanas, 12oz. raisins, 4oz. preserved figs, 4oz. crystallised pineapple, 2oz. cherries, 2oz. shredded peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice (fresh or tinned), 2 tablespoons sherry or rum, 10oz. butter, 10oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 6 eggs, 1lb. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons spice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2oz. blanched almonds.

Prepare sultanas and raisins, chop figs and pineapple and place in basin with cherries and peel. Add pineapple juice and sherry or rum, stand overnight. Cream butter and sugar with orange rind, add eggs one at a time, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with soaked fruit and chopped almonds. Turn into 8in. or 9in. cake-tin lined with 3 layers brown paper. Bake in slow oven 5 to $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours, allow to cool in tin. This is a very moist cake with good keeping qualities.

ECONOMICAL CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One pound beef suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. breadcrumbs (2 cups), 1 grated carrot, $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mixed fruit, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons brandy.

Mince suet finely, rub into sifted flour, salt, and spice. Add sugar, breadcrumbs, grated carrot, prepared fruit, and then beaten eggs mixed with milk and brandy. Allow to stand 1 hour. Divide between 2 greased basins, cover with greased paper, then tie a floured pudding cloth securely over the top. Plunge into boiling water and cook steadily 6 to 7 hours. Store in a cool, dry place and boil 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours longer on day of serving.

PLUM PUDDING

Half pound butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mixed fruit, 1 medium-size grated carrot, 1 small

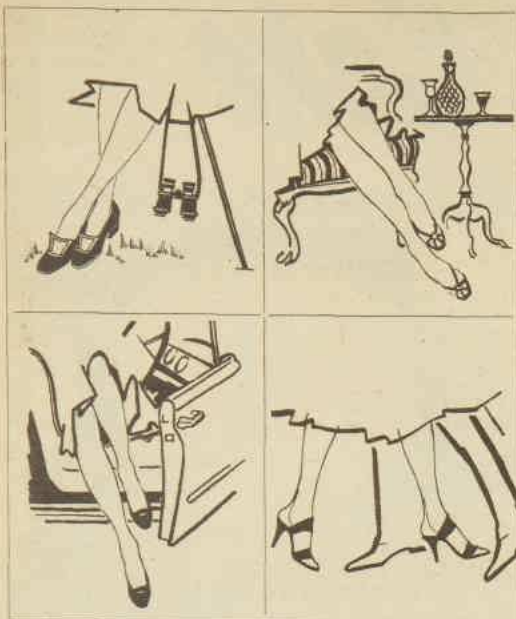
BURSTING with nuts and fruit, this new-style Christmas cake is so simple to make that it is mixed almost before you can say "Merry Christmas." See recipe on this page.

grated apple, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shredded peel, 4oz. breadcrumbs, 6oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2oz. chopped blanched almonds, 3 tablespoons brandy, scrubbed threepences or trinkets as desired.

Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar, grated orange and lemon rinds. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, mix well. Mix in fruit, carrot, apple, and peel. Fold in breadcrumbs, almonds, sifted dry ingredients, trinkets or threepences, and lastly brandy. Mix well together, allow to stand $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Fill into greased basin. Tie floured pudding cloth securely over top. Plunge into boiling water, boil rapidly 5 hours. Boil 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours on day of serving. Serve with thin brandy sauce or with hard sauce.



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READERS' RECIPES WIN PRIZES

● This week's cookery prize-winners are meringue nutties, asparagus-egg casserole, and wine steaks supreme.

MERINGUE nutties are unusual and surprisingly easy to make. The fruit and nut filling does not require any cooking, but if the mixture is warmed it is easier to shape into balls.

The meringue or the coconut, or both, may be colored to match or to contrast.

Asparagus-egg casserole, which wins a consolation prize, is not cheap to make, but asparagus cuts may be used instead of asparagus spears.

Wine steaks supreme, cooked with sherry, develop a delicious flavor.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.



TO MAKE meringue for prizewinning meringue nutties, beat egg-whites stiffly, add sugar a little at a time, and beat until mixture holds its shape as shown above. Date and nut mixture, rolled into balls, is then held on a fork and coated with meringue, using a stainless steel table knife as illustrated in the photograph at left.

finely. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Cut a pocket in each meat square, fill with kidney mixture. Secure with coarse thread or cocktail stick. Coat with seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Brown on all sides in hot fat, drain on kitchen paper. Place in ovenware dish, add sherry, cover and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes, or until meat is tender. Serve with brown gravy and vegetables.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Hodgson, 130 Dawson St., Cook's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.



MERINGUE NUTTIES

Half-pound chopped stoned dates, 4oz. chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, 2 egg-whites, 6 tablespoons castor sugar, coconut.

Mix dates and walnuts together, add orange juice and rind. Place in saucepan, stir over low heat until dates soften slightly. Remove from heat, mould into small balls a little larger than a marble. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with sugar. When date balls are quite cold and set, coat with meringue, toss in coconut. Place on greased tray, bake in very moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned and crisp.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Spencer, "Brecon," Box 60, Keith, S.A.

ASPARAGUS-EGG CASSEROLE

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon grated or finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1lb. home-cooked or tinned asparagus, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup buttered crumbs, 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese.

Melt butter, add green pepper and onion, cook over low heat until onion is lightly browned. Add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk all at once, stir until sauce boils and thickens, cook further 3 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Place alternate layers of asparagus and egg slices in greased ovenware dish, pour sauce over. Top with buttered crumbs and cheese. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes or until thoroughly reheated and top is bubbling and brown.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Pickstone, Dalveen, Southern Line, Qld.

WINE STEAKS SUPREME

One pound round steak, 2 sheep's kidneys, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, 1 cup sherry, melted fat.

Cut steak into 1in. thick slices, then cut into 2in. squares. Soak kidneys in warm salted water 15 minutes, remove skin and core, chop

Tony's special oyster recipe

"A USTRALIANS are a very fortunate people," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club, "because our oysters are the best in the world."

"Connoisseurs may say that it is a criminal thing to cook an oyster, but there are many who either tire of oyster 'au naturel' or else prefer them in a mornay."

"But if imagination is used

in the way they are cooked and served, even the 'au naturel' gourmet can be won over."

"I think my Oysters Colony is a delectable treat. Try it and see for yourself."

OYSTERS COLONY

One dozen of the best oysters, 1 tablespoon each of chives, shallots, and Swedish dill, chopped very fine, 4 cups of mornay sauce, 1 teaspoon

salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, and 1 tablespoon of grated Parmesan cheese.

Take a dozen oysters from the deep shells. Clean the shells and dry them very well. Poach the oysters lightly, then replace the oysters in the deep shells. Mix well the mornay sauce, rather creamy, with the chopped chives, shallots, and Swedish dill. Spoon sauce over oysters, be sure they are well covered. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese grated and mixed with nutmeg. Put under a griller and brown well. Serve very hot.

"Now here is my recipe for mornay sauce. It's a recipe you'll keep by you and use on countless occasions."

MORNAY SAUCE:

5 tablespoons sweet butter (unsalted butter), 6 tablespoons flour, 2 pints milk, 1 1/2 medium sized onions, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 egg-yolks.

Melt butter in saucepan. Add flour, mixing well, and cook until golden brown. Gradually add the boiling milk, stirring constantly. Add the onions and cook for about one hour over a low heat. Strain through a cheese cloth. Combine two slightly beaten egg-yolks for every cup of the sauce, add a tablespoon of butter and a tablespoon of Parmesan cheese.

Family dish

THIS week's family dish is a fish loaf made with tinned fish cutlets or an equal quantity of cooked flaked fish.

The loaf, which costs about five shillings and ninepence, is particularly good for Saturday luncheon or tea. It needs no last-minute preparation and can be prepared ahead and kept in the refrigerator. It yields four generous helpings.

FISH LOAF

One 12oz. tin fish cutlets (or 1 1/2 cups flaked fish), 3 gherkins, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 pint

thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt to taste, small pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Remove dark skin and bones from fish, flake well. Arrange slices of hard-boiled egg and pieces of gherkin in pattern on bottom of thickly greased loaf-tin. Chop balance of gherkins and eggs and add to fish with breadcrumbs, onion, white sauce, lemon juice, salt, cayenne, and Worcestershire sauce. Mix well and fill carefully into loaf-tin. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Unmould on to heated dish, serve sliced with tartare sauce.

Just the Soup for satisfying Summer meals



Serve **CONTINENTAL** BRAND **CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP**
as the one hot dish your family needs ...
And you and your kitchen stay cool!

says

Betty King

Noted Home Economist of World Brands Pty. Ltd.



Week-end lunch suggestion:
Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup
Egg and Tomato Salad
Mellah dessert with fruit

HUSBANDS and growing boys and girls need something warm and sustaining — even on the most sweltering days. This summer, plan lots of meals around good hot bowls of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup.

Crisp, cool salads, tasty sandwiches and frosty desserts all taste better after this tempting soup. It's the right soup for summer — light and nourishing and tasty as can be.



So you want something quick-to-fix for those sunshiny week-ends, when the family will come and go. Try Continental brand Chicken Noodle soup with a cold meat platter and crunchy rolls for Saturday lunches

... or with ham, tomato and cheese "Dagwoods" for tall appetites. Fine, too with crackers as a suppertime treat.

The real chicken goodness of Continental makes something special of all simple summer dishes. Delicately seasoned and brimming with enriched egg noodles, Continental brand Chicken Noodle soup is as wholesome as any home-made. Yet it takes only 7 minutes to prepare. Rejoice! You and your kitchen stay cool as iced lemonade.

Another nice thing about Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup is the way you can use it as a basic ingredient for a variety of savoury dishes with that popular chicken flavour. There's chicken in aspic, for instance. A real luxury dish at down-to-earth prices when you use Continental. Easy! Here's how:



JELLIED CHICKEN SALAD

INGREDIENTS: 1 packet Continental Chicken Noodle Soup, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
3 level dessertspoons gelatine
1 cup chopped cold meat (cooked veal, rabbit, lamb) $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each diced cooked carrots and peas, 1 dessertspoon minced onion (if liked)

METHOD: Soften gelatine in half cup cold water. Place remaining three cups water in saucepan and when boiling add contents of the packet of Continental Chicken Noodle Soup. Boil 7 minutes and remove from fire; add gelatine and stir till dissolved. Cool slightly before adding meat and vegetables. Pour into wetted mould to set. Serve with lettuce and salad vegetables.

★ ★ ★

So, summer-or-winter — delicious Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup is the handiest thing on your pantry shelf. Do try it.

WEEKLY CONTEST

A combined table lamp and book-holder made from an odd-shaped piece of driftwood and a piece of timber wins the £3/3/- prize in our homemakers' contest.

MRS. JOAN DENT, 238 Boundary Street, Roseville, N.S.W., who sent in this entry, writes:

"A piece of quaintly shaped driftwood gave me the idea for this lamp-stand. I oiled the wood well, then stained it to match the piece of cedar that was used for the base. My husband then fitted it to the base and attached the electrical fittings with plastic wood glue.

"The cord was brought down the back of the log and through a hole bored in the base. Two small left-over

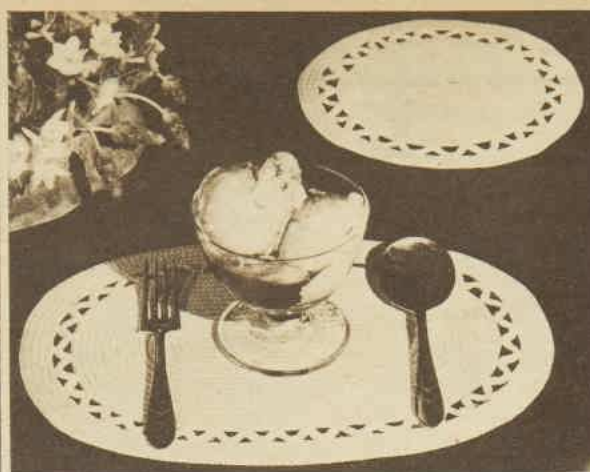
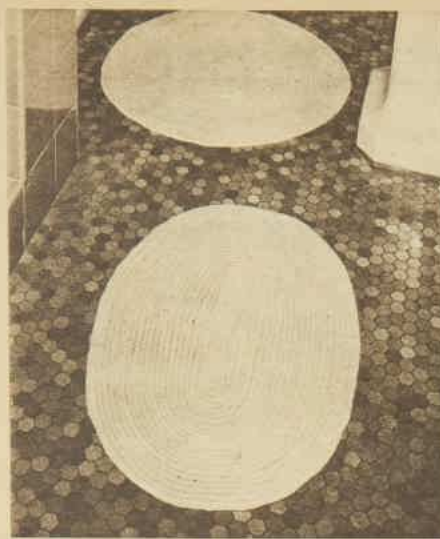
pieces of cedar were fixed to one end of the base to hold a few books.

"Fitted with a raffia shade, which I made myself, these odd pieces of timber made a most effective and useful lamp."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is paid for the best idea sent in on how to make something new from something old.

To enter the contest all you do is write out a full description of the article and tell what you did with it. Rough sketches or snapshots to show the "before" and "after" idea must be sent with each entry.

Address your entry to our Homemaker Department.



BATH SET (left) of a round and oval-shaped mat for which No. 5 cord and No. 4 knitting cotton was used.

TABLE MATS (above) have a looped row as an effective pattern. Directions and materials required for making are below.

Mats made from piping cord

These attractive mats are simply rows of white piping cord crocheted together with matching cotton. Easy to wash; long wearing.

HERE are the directions for the table mats:

Materials: 1 ball mercerised crochet cotton No. 30, 7yds. No. 2 piping cord for small round mat, and 12yds. for oval plate mat.

Measurements: Round mat, 7in. in diameter; oval mat, 11in. x 7in.

ROUND MAT

Commence by working single crochet over the cord for about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Form into a circle

and continue crocheting around, increasing to keep flat. Continue thus until 16 rows from centre have been worked. Now crochet over the cord for 1in. without going into the chain on the previous row, then work into the 6th and 7th stitches of chain of previous row to form a loop. Continue in this manner until the cord is looped all round. When the loop row is complete carry cord to the top and continue work-

ing around, picking up each loop and being careful not to make work too tight; work for three more rows, then finish last row with an extra row of chain around edge. Starch and press well.

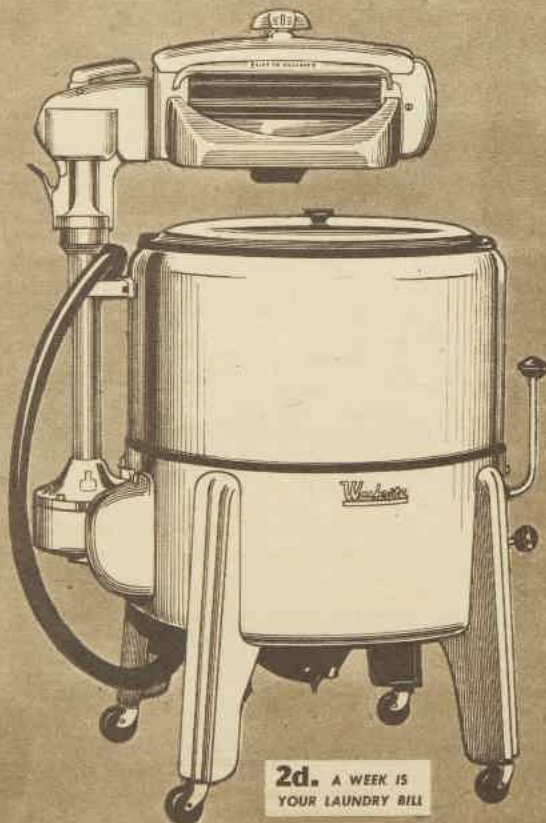
OVAL MAT

Commence by crocheting over cord for about 7in., turn and crochet over cord and into the chain just done. Continue in the same way as for round mat.



COMMENCE at centre with cord and cotton joining the rows to form a circle or oval as required.

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that cause Bad Breath and Tooth Decay!

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AMERICA'S LARGEST—AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST—THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING DENTAL CREAM

Continuing . . . The Royal Box

from page 87

being intrigued with your experiments with cyanide?"

"No, but she and the other principals in the cast of 'Gold Of Pleasure' visited me at my place in Chiswick about ten days ago—my house, my garden, and my greenhouses. You have taken some pains to stress the fact that cyanide is a component of many insecticides used in horticulture, especially in greenhouses. If Miss Lester had wished to help herself to this deadly poison, it would have been quite easy for her to do so unobserved."

"Easy, yes. But would it not also have been pointless? What could she possibly have thought, ten days ago, that she might wish to do with it?"

"That, of course, is for you to determine. You have mentioned three M's—motive, method, and moment. I have supplied you with the possible motive and a certain method. Certainly a man of your talents and experience should be able to supply the third M for yourself."

Kirtland appeared to be undisturbed by the mockery in De Valcourt's tones and indeed quite unaware of it.

"I should, indeed," he said pleasantly. "So if that is all the information you are prepared

to give me about Miss Lester, let me ask you if there is still another woman about whom you believe I haven't thought?"

"There is indeed."

"And she is . . ."

In Paris, the police would have seized that she-devil long ago—do the English then search for white women and no others? Naturally, I must admit you were not the one who saw her come out from behind the garden wall of Thorpe's villa that evening in Martinique, when I was waiting impatiently for the swift tropic dusk to end, so that I could discreetly make my presence known at a certain barred window of a villa which had nothing to do with my friend Thorpe. But behind his garden wall was a niche where once a gate had given on an orchard of mango and papaya—an excellent place to wait.

I knew the darkness would soon drop a curtain between me and these sights. Then there would be only fireflies and stars, bright jewels on the bosom of the night, yet less bright to me than the eyes looking down into mine from that window, less well barred than the old people thought; and I can still see before me the figure that stole out from behind the wall at its far end—the gay striped skirt, looped up over a white petticoat, the bodice with its kerchief outlining the breasts, the knotted tignon covering the black hair.

I can still hear the tinkle of the ornaments worn by the girl so clothed, when she slipped past my niche to the buttresses at the foot of a great silk-cotton tree. And I still think to myself, not only for me are nights the times for lovers' meetings . . .

"I'm waiting for your answer, Colonel de Valcourt. Can you tell me any other lady we should look for in trying to get to the bottom of this tragedy?"

"Yes. Thorpe's cook Lalisse. Has it occurred to you that she prepared and served food that Mr. Castle ate only last evening?"

"Certainly it has. And I may say, Colonel, that Mr. Thorpe offered to send for her. But since, if we did that, we might also logically have to consider the caterer and waiters responsible for the collation at the theatre, I suggested that we might wait before taking such action. However, upon reflection, I decided that the two cases were not necessarily comparable, and that I would not wait too long after talking with Mrs. Racina. I telephoned to headquarters and sent a sergeant to fetch Lalisse at Mr. Thorpe's house. And she has disappeared. There is not a trace of her to be found."

De Valcourt sprang to his feet. All his lassitude, all his indifference, had vanished as if by magic. He gave a triumphant exclamation.

"Why, then, your mystery is as good as solved! I cannot understand why you have kept me here, prattling about politics and finances and horticulture, and leading me on to make possibly damaging remarks about completely blameless women, when all the time—"

The Inspector raised his hand in the characteristic gesture.

"Not quite so fast, if you please, Colonel de Valcourt. The fact that Lalisse has disappeared from Mr. Thorpe's house does not necessarily establish her guilt as a poisoner, though certainly it serves to place her among the suspects."

"Among the suspects! At the top of the list, I should say!"

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

"Not even that. The list has no top, and no bottom as yet, Colonel de Valcourt, and I would not know just where to place this cook of Mr. Thorpe's on it. However, after he found he would probably be here most of the night, he sent his chauffeur Celestino home, telling the man to stay on call but saying he was welcome to snatch what sleep he could as long as he remained where he could hear the telephone and the doorbell. When the sergeant went to the house, Celestino admitted him and showed him the way to the cook's room. The door was locked and repeated knocking elicited no answer; so the sergeant had no choice, but to force his way in."

"There was no one in the room, but it was in perfect order, and there was clothing in the closet and in the chest of drawers—as much as such a woman would have been likely to possess; in fact, rather more. Everything pointed to a precipitate departure, but—"

"Of course it was precipitate departure! A departure which is clearly a revelation of guilt!"

"If you please, Colonel de Valcourt . . . Celestino admitted, telling Lalisse about the murder and investigation which is now taking place, and he probably painted the proceedings in the most lurid colors. He also admits that Mr. Thorpe told him we might wish to send for Lalisse later on—a piece of information, needless to say, which Mr. Thorpe cautioned him not to relay. The only reason it was given was to expedite the cook's arrival, in Mr. Thorpe's car, should we decide to question her. All in all, Celestino obviously succeeded in giving Lalisse a terrible fright. She is undoubtedly an ignorant, superstitious woman, and, as you know, she has had one bout with the police already—the French police—which may have left a very sad impression on her, even though she was exonerated in the end. I do not know with what crime she was previously charged, but—"

"I do. And I shall be very happy to tell you."

"Later perhaps—after you have consulted your memory and your diary on those other points under consideration. I may even wish to question Lalisse in your presence, though we do not habitually follow such a procedure."

"After you find her!"

"Exactly. After we find her. For I have not the slightest doubt that we shall find her, considering the thoroughness of the search which is now being made." The Inspector spoke rather dryly.

"Meanwhile, Colonel de Valcourt, I will excuse you—for the present. It is getting rather late and, as I wish to spare Mrs. Castle as much fatigue as possible, I think I should perhaps talk with her now, so that she may have that ordeal behind her and get some rest."

De Valcourt hesitated, obviously unwilling to leave the room without further discussion of Lalisse. It was, however, equally obvious not only that the Inspector had no intention of obliging him in this respect, but that he had been dismissed. He bowed with even chillier formality than when he had been ushered into the Inspector's presence and, turning abruptly on his heel, left the room with exaggerated military stiffness.

Kirtland waited until the door had closed behind the Frenchman before nodding to his sergeant.

"Consult Mrs. Racina again, will you, Griffin? Then, if she feels this would be a good time, ask Mrs. Castle to come in."

"Right away, sir."

To be continued



I'm getting hungry!..



I'm getting annoyed!..



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NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 79. Fashion Frock may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.



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